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Collection.
in 1878.

TIM BOBBIN.
Lancashire Dialect

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TIM BOBBIN ESQ.

containing his View of the

LANCASHIRE DIALECT,

With large Additions and Improvements:

also, his Poem of

THE FLYING DRAGON,

AND THE

MAN of HEATON;

Together with other Whimsical Amusements in Prose and Verse.

to which is added,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

MANCHESTER:
Printed and Published by J. Slack, 8, Market-street.

1818.

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LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

E Whoo-woo-whoo, what woofoo wark!
He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark!

Vide his Epitaph.

ROCHDALE *and its vicinity may be considered as the centre of the genuine* LANCASHIRE DIALECT; *a variety of the English tongue, which, though uncouth to the ear, and widely differing in words and grammar from cultivated language, is yet possessed of much force and expression: its peculiar aptness for humorous narrative has been displayed in the noted dialect, containing the Adventures of a Lancashire Clown, of which this district is the scene, written by* MR. COLLIER, *under the name of* TIM BOBBIN. *The following memoirs of this person were communicated by Richard Townley, Esq. to J. Aikin, M.D. and are inserted in his History of the Environs of Manchester, which are here copied verbatim.*

MR. JOHN COLLIER, alias TIM BOBBIN, was born near Warrington, in Lancashire;* his fa-

* Mr. Waldeworth, master of the free-school at Mottram, assures us, that he was born at Harrison's Fold, near this village. He was intimately connected with him from his youth.

ther, a clergyman of the established church, had a small curacy, and for several years taught a school. With the joint income of those, he managed so as to maintain a wife and several children decently, and also to give them a tolerable share of usefull learning, until a dreadful calamity befel him, about his 40th year; the *total* loss of sight. His former intentions of bringing up his son John, of whose abilities he had conceived a favourable opinion, to the church, were then over, and he placed him out an apprentice to a Dutch loom-weaver, at which business he worked more than a year; but such a sedentary employment not at all according with his volatile spirits and eccentric genius, he prevailed upon his master to release him from the remainder of his servitude. Though then very young, he soon commenced itinerant schoolmaster; going about the country from one small town to another, to teach reading, writing, and accounts; and generally having a night school (as well as a day one) for the sake of those whose necessary employments would not allow their attendance at the usual school hours.

In one of his adjournments to the small but populous town of Oldham, he had intimation that Mr. Pearson, curate and schoolmaster at Milnrow, near Rochdale, wanted an assistant in the school; to that gentleman he applied, and, after a short examination, was taken in by him to the school, and he divided his salary, twenty pounds a year, with him. This Tim considered as a material advance in the world, as he still could have a night school, which answered very well in that very populous neighbourhood, and was considered by him, too, as a state of independency; a favourite idea *ever afterwards* with his high spi-

rit. Mr. Pearson, not very long afterwards, falling a martyr to the gout, my honoured father gave Mr. Collier the school, which not only made him happy in the thought of being *more* independent, but made him consider himself as a *rich* man. Having now more leisure hours by dropping his night school there, though he continued to teach at Oldham and some other places during the vacations of Whitsuntide and Christmas, he began to instruct himself in music and drawing, and soon was such a proficient in both as to be able to instruct others very well in those amusing arts. The hautboy and *common* flute were his chief instruments, and upon the former he very much excelled; the fine modulations that have since been acquired or introduced upon that noble instrument being then unknown to all in England. He drew landscapes in good taste, understanding the rules of perspective, and attempted some heads in profile with very decent success; but it did not hit his humour, for I have heard him say, when urged to go on in that line, that drawing heads and faces was as dry and insipid as leading a life without frolic and fun, unless he was allowed to *steal in* some leers of comic humour, or to give it a good dash of the caricature. Very early in life he discovered some poetic talents, or rather an easy habit for humorous rhyme, by several anonymous squibs he sent about in ridicule of some notoriously absurd or very eccentric characters; these were fathered upon him very justly, which created him some enemies, but more friends, I had once in my possession some humorous relations, in tolerable rhyme, of his own frolic and fun with persons he met with, of the like description, in his hours of festive humour,

which was sure to take place when released for any time from school duty, and not too much engaged in his lucrative employ of painting. The first regular poetic composition which he published was styled the *Blackbird,* containing some spirited ridicule upon a Lancashire justice, more renowned for political zeal and ill-timed loyalty than good sense or discretion. In point of easy, regular versification, perhaps this was his best specimen, and it also exhibited some strokes of *true* humour. About this period of his life he fell *seriously* in love with a handsome young woman, a daughter of Mr. Clay, of Flockton, near Huddersfield, and soon afterwards took her unto him for a wife; or as he used to style her, his crooked rib, who in proper time increased his family, and proved to be a virtuous, discreet, sensible, prudent woman; a good wife, and an excellent mother. His family continuing to increase nearly every year, the hautboy, flute, and *amusing* pencil, were pretty much discarded, and the brush and pallet taken up *seriously.* He was chiefly engaged for some time in painting altar pieces for chapels, and signs for publicans, which pretty well rewarded the labours of his vacant hours from school attendance; but after some family expences, increasing more with his growing family, he devised, and luckily hit upon, a more lucrative employment for his leisure time:—this was copying Dame Nature in some of her humorous performances and grotesque sportings with the human race (especially where the visage had the greatest share in those sportings,) into which his pencil contrived to throw some pointed features of grotesque humour; such as were best adapted to excite risibility, as long as such strange objects

had the advantage of novelty to recommend them. These pieces he worked off with uncommon celerity; a single portrait in the leisure hours of two days at least, and groups of three or four in a week: as soon as finished, he was wont to carry or send them to the first-rate inns at Rochdale and Littleborough, in the great road to Yorkshire, with the lowest prices fixed upon them, the inn-keepers willingly becoming Tim's agents. The droll humour, as well as singularity of style of those pieces, procured him a most ready sale from riders-out, and travellers of other descriptions, who had heard of Tim's character. These whimsical productions soon began to be in such general repute, that he had large orders for them, especially from merchants in Liverpool, who sent them upon speculation into the West Indies and America. He used at that time to say, that if Providence had ever meant him to be a *rich* man, that would have been the proper time, especially if she had kindly bestowed upon him two pair of hands instead of one; but whenever cash came in readily, it was sure to go merrily: a cheerful glass with a joyous companion was so much in unison with his own disposition, that a temptation of that kind could never be resisted by *poor Tim;* so the season to grow rich never arrived, but Tim remained *poor* Tim to the end of the chapter.

Collier had been for many years collecting, not only from the rustics in his own neighbourhood, but also wherever he made excursions, all the awkward, vulgar obsolete words and *local* expressions which ever occurred to him in conversation amongst the lower classes. A very retentive memory brought them safe back for insertion into his vocabulary or glossary, and from thence he

formed and executed the plan of his *Lancashire Dialect;* which he exhibited to public cognizance, in the adventures of a Lancashire Clown, formed from some rustic sports and gambols, and also some whimsical modes of circulating fun at the expence of silly, credulous boobies, amongst the *then* cheery gentlemen of that peculiar neighbourhood. This publication, from its novelty, together with some *real* strokes of comic humour interlarded into it, took very much with the middle and lower classes of the people in the northern counties (and I believe every where in the southern, too, where it had the chance of being noticed,) so that a new edition was soon necessary. This was a matter of exultation to Tim, but not of very long duration; for the rapid sale of that second edition, soon brought forth two or three *pirated* editions, which made the honest unsuspecting owner exclaim with great vehemence, "That he did not believe there was ONE honest printer in Lancashire; and afterwards to lash some of the most culpable of those insidious offenders with his keen sarcastic pen, when engaged in drawing up a preface to a future publication. The above named performances, with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, made Tim's name and repute for whimsical archness pretty generally known, not only within his native county, but also through the adjoining districts in Yorkshire and Cheshire; and his repute for a peculiar speeches of pleasantry in his hours of frolic often induced persons of much higher rank to send for him to an inn (when in the neighbourhood of his residence,) to have a personal specimen of his uncommon drollery. Tim was seldom backwards in obeying a summons to good cheer, and seldom, I believe, disappointed

the expectations of his generous host; for he had a wonderful flow of spirits, with an inexhaustible fund of humour, and that too of a very peculiar cast.

Blessed with a clear masculine understanding, and a keen discernment into the humours and foibles of others, he knew how to make the best advantage of those occasional interviews, in order to promote *trade* as he was wont to call it, though his natural temper was very far from being of a mercenary cast; it was often rather too free and generous; more so than prudence, with respect to his family, would advise, for he would sooner have had a *lenten* day or two at home than done a shabby and mean thing abroad.

Amongst other persons of good fortune who often called upon him at Milnrow, or sent for him to spend a few hours with him at Rochdale, was a Mr. Richard Hill, of Kibroid and Halifax, in Yorkshire, then one of the greatest cloth merchants, and also one of the most considerable manufacturers of baizes and shalloons in the north of England. This gentleman was not only fond of his humorous conversation, but also had taken up an opinion that he would be highly useful to him as his head clerk in business, from his being very ready at accounts, and writing a most beautiful *small* hand in any kind of type, but especially in imitation of *printed** characters. After several fruitless attempts, he at last, by offers of an extravagant salary, prevailed upon Mr. Collier to enter into articles of service for three years certain, and to take his family to Kibroid. After signing

* The Lord's Prayer in the size of a split pea of the garden kind; the Apostle's Creed in the size of a sixpence: both most distinct.

and sealing, he called upon me to give notice that he must resign the school, and to thank me for my long-continued friendship to him. At taking leave, he like the honest Moor,

> Albeit unused to the melting mood,
> Dropp'd tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
> Their medicinal gum.

and in faltering accents entreated me not to be hasty in filling up the vacancy in that school, where he had lived so many years contented and happy; for he had *already* some forebodings that he should never relish his new situation and new occupation. I granted his request, but hoped he would soon reconcile himself to his new situation, as it promised to be so advantageous both to himself and to his family. He replied, it was for the sake of his wife and children that he was at last induced to accept Mr. Hill's *very tempting* offers; no other consideration whatever could have made him give up Milnrow school and independency.

About two months afterwards, some business of his master's bringing him to Rochdale market, he took that opportunity of returning by Belfield. I instantly perceived a wonderful change in his looks: that countenance that used ever to be gay, serene, or smiling, was then covered and disguised with a pensive settled gloom. On asking him how he liked his new situation at Kibroid, he replied, Not at all; then, enumerating several causes for discontent, concluded with an observation, that he never could abide the ways of that country, for they neither kept *red letter* days themselves, nor allowed their servants to keep any. Before he left me, he passionately entreated that I would not give away the school, for he should never be hap-

py again till he was seated in the crazy old elbow-chair within his old school. I granted his request, being less anxious to fill up the vacancy, as there were two other free-schools for the same uses within the same townships, which have decent salaries annexed to them.

Some weeks afterwards I received a letter from Tim, that he had some hopes of getting released from his vassalage; for that the father* having found out what very high wages his son had agreed to give him, was exceedingly angry with him for being so extravagant in his allowance to a clerk; that a violent quarrel betwixt them had been the consequence; and from that circumstance he meant, at least hoped, to derive some advantage in the way of regaining his liberty, which he lingered after, and panted for as much as any galley-slave upon earth.

Another letter announced, that his master perceiving that he was dejected, and had lost his wonted spirits and cheerfulness, had hinted to him, that, if he disliked his present situation, he should be released from his articles at the end of the year; concluding his letter with a *most earnest imploring* that I would not dispose of the school before that time. By the interposition of the old gentleman and some others, he got the agreement cancelled a considerable time before the year expired; and the evening of the day when the liberation took place, he hired a large Yorkshire cart to bring away bag and baggage by six the next morning to his own house† at Milnrow. When

* The father and son were not in partnership, but carried on distinct branches of the woollen trade.

† His father-in-law built a very decent house for him and his daughter, upon a small plot of ground near the school, on a 999 years lease, at the small chief of a shilling per annum.

he arrived upon the west side Blackstone-Edge, he thought himself once more a FREE *man*, and his heart was as light as a feather. The next morning he came up to Belfield, to know if he might take possession of his school again; which being readily consented to, tears of gratitude instantly streamed down his cheeks, and such a suffusion of joy illumined his countenance, as plainly bespoke the heart being in unison with his looks. He then declared his *unalterable* resolution never more to quit the humble village of Milnrow: that it was not in the power of emperors, kings, or their prime ministers, to make him any offers, if so disposed, that would allure him from his tottering elbow-chair, from humble fare, with liberty and contentment. A hint was thrown out, that he must work hard with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, to make up the deficiency in income to his family: that, he promised to do, and was as good as his promise, for he used double diligence, so that the inns at Rochdale and Littleborough were soon ornamented, more than ever, with ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broom-sticks, &c. &c.

Tim's last literary productions, as I recollect, were Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Whitaker's History of Manchester, in two parts; the Remarks will speak for themselves. There appeared rather too much seasoning and salt in some of them, mixed with a degree of acerbity, for which he was rather blamed.

Mr. Collier died in possession of his mental powers but little impaired at near eighty years of age, and his eyes not so much injured as might have been expected from such a severe use of them during so long a space of time. His wife died

a few year before him, but he left three sons and two daughters behind him. The sons were all attached to the pallet and brush, but in different branches of the mimetic art.

THE FOLLOWING

OBSERVATIONS

may be useful to those who are Strangers to the Lancashire Pronunciation.

IN some places in *Lancashire* we sound *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example we say *far*, instead of *for*; *shart* instead of *short*; and again we say *hort* instead of *heart*; and *port*, instead of *part*; *hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *all* are generally sounded broad as *aw* (or *o*,) for *all*; *haw* (or *ho*,) for *hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we sound *k*, instead of *g*; as *think*, instead of *thing*; *wooink*, for *wooing*, &c.

The letter *d* at the end of words, and the termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for *wind*; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some parts it is common to sound *ou*, and *ow*, as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *ka* (or *ca*,) for *cow*; *heawes*, for *house*; *mcawse*, for *mouse*.

The Saxon termination *en* is generally retained

but mute; as *hat'n, lov'n, desir'n, think'n, bought'n,* &c.

In general we speak quick and short; and cut off a great many letters, and even words by apostrophes; and sometimes sound two, three or more words as one. For instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut',*) for *I'll go to; runt',* for *run to; hoost,* for *she shall; intle* (or *int'll)* for *if thou will; I wou'didd'n,* for *I wish you wou'd,* &c.

But as trade in a general way has now flourished for near a century, the inhabitants not only travel, but encourage all sorts of useful learning; so that among hills, and places formerly unfrequented by strangers, the people begin within the few years of the Author's observations to speak much better English; if it can properly be called so.

READER.

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th' *Eawther* and his *Buk*.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his sell, beawt Wig; Grinning on scratting his nob.

Tim. GOOD lorjas deys, whot wofo times ar' these!
Pot-baws ar scant, an dear is seawl an cheese!
Eawr Gotum guides hus seely sheep dun rob;
Oytch public trust is choyng'd into a job;
Leys, taxes, customs, meyn our plucks to throb!
Yet I'm war thrutch'd, between two arran rogues,
For bigger skeawndrills never treed o'brogues,
Than Finch and Stuart—Strawngers to aw reet,
They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?
This meys me neaw to cross theese rascots eends
To send again to my owd trusty friends:
For truth is truth, tho't savors like a pun,
I'm poor God-wot—

Buk. Heaw so?

Tim. My crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo! Whot pleagu't withth' owd company? Rine an poverty agen! Neaw een the dule scrat o'—I thowt idd'n go bank, for yoar sib to those Gotum tikes otteh complen'n on so, on ar nee'r satisfy'd.

Tim. Whooas tat tee owd friend? I thowt

teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-mad, weh, thoose foster feathers o' thine, *Stuart, Finch.* an *Schofield, o' Middlewich.*

Buk. Ne beleady, naw I; I'd scorn't touch sitch powsments with tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot tat creawse tike *Stuart,* and clummerheads *Finch,* an *Schofield,* han donn'd oytch on um a bantling eh three o'the kest-off jumps, and think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok? It's sitch wark os 'tis ot meys met' scrat where eh dunnaw itch, hears to me?

Buk. Yigh yigh; I'v heard on't; boh the dule ride humpstridd'n o begging, o' thoose ot connaw tell a bitterbump fro a Gillhooter, sey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dey! Belike theaw does naw know ot those ott'n steyl win lie: an ot teyn mey no bawks o tellink fok, ot teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits; an to clench it, they'n shew ther whelps e' the owd petch-wark-jump—an heaw then?

Buk. Ney this is a cutter too-too! a wofo blessin indeed! Boh ister no wey o cumming meet with um? s'flesh I'd rime on um, or summot—Yoar us't e cudd'n a rim't.

Tim. Odds fish! they're partly like karron crows, mon; they're naw worth me shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think, dunneh aim at sending me eawt agen on another tramp?

Tim. Wuns eigh; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a tup's a sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' hullets ar worth shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at piggin if e pede for garthing; do yo' clap some pleagy

rimes, oth' neb o me cap, eh plene print hond, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum.

Tim. I did berm up some rimes o top on sign pow, before *Stuart's* shop e *Wiggin;* boh they're sitch rackless, dozening gawbies; ot I think o sharp red-whot whotyel would naw prick a pirate's conscience; for theyn nother feeling, sheme, nor grease!

Buk. Doo as I bid o' for wonst; let't leet heaw't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my heart—boh howd; le me see its none so good t' begin o riming, ot I see on—hum—neaw for't.

> Robbing's a trade that's practis'd by the great,
> Our ruling men are only th—es of state.

Buk. Howd howd howd the dickons tak o'—! I see whot's topmost; yoan be hong'd or some mischief—on then aw'll be whooup with o' efeath!

Tim. Not e goddil belike! dust think so—? 'slid boh I hete honging—do thee set ogete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o thiss'n.

> E whiff-waff *Stuart*—! sniftering *Finch!* yo known,
> Virtue has left o'—Truth is fro o' flown!
> Pirate's a Name———

Tim. Whot te dule art' woode—Whot il't doo weh this whiffo whaffo stuff? dust think rime mun awlus tawk stump Loncasher?

Buk. Eigh, why naw: let um speyk greadly os we done e godsnum.

Tim. Ne ne; ittle naw doo; to mitch of owt's good for nowt; heawe'er in't wou'd hav' un't meeon some heaw o that'n, theyd'n bettert' be o thiss'n.

Ah, doughty *Stuart!* worthy *Finch!* you know
Virtue's a bubble—Honesty a shew!
Pirate's a name, you're not asham'd to own,
Tho' this and foot-pad unto Tim's all one.
Such men as these for gaining of a groat
If screen'd by law—would——

—

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast!

Buk. Then yoar fast with a little efeath; for I con lose o' e that point.

Tim. Le me see—ho, neaw I height, it's be,

Slash ther neighbour's coat.

Buk. Ne byth' lord harry shall it naw; if I mun rule; for it's be,

Cut ther neighbour's throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart; boh let *Stuart, Finch,* and *Schofield,* those bell-weathers, an *Hitch,* and *Haws;* ther sheepish followers ley ther sows together, an tey which the lik'n best.

Buk. Well well its cleverly rim't o Tim heawe'er, let't be whether it will: whot an awf wur I t' pretend rime weh yo!

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this foisty matter; lets tawk o' summot elze; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on eh the last jaunt?

Buk. Gooa on! beleady, I could ha gon on wheantly, on bin o whoam ogen with crap e meh slop in a snift; if id naw met at oytch nook, thoose basterly whelps sent eawt be *Stuart, Finch,* an *Schofield.*

Tim. Pooh—I dunnaw meeon heaw fok harbort'n't or cuttern't o'er thee; boh whot thoose

fawse Lunnoners sed'n abeawt te jump ot's new over-bodyt?

Buk. Ho ho—neaw I height; yo meeon'n thoose lung-seetit fok ot glooar'n second time at buks; an whooa I'r feer'd woud rent me jump to chatters.*

Tim. Reet mon reet—that's hit—

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a gorse wagging; for they took'n me ith' reet leet too a hure.

Tim. Heaw's tat e godsnum!

Buk. Why ot yoad'n donn'd me a thiss'n like a meawntebank's foo, for th' wonst, to meyth' rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law! an did'n the awvish shap, an the pecklt jump pan, sed'n the?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely efeath—! for the glooar'nt sooar at me; turn't me reawnt like a tealier, when e measers fok; chuck't me under th' chin; ga me a honey-butter-cake, on sed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a queer shap, an a peckl't jump, gee better eh ther live.†

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I—theese wur'n th' boggarts ot flayd'n thee! but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no gonnerheeods.

Buk. Gonnerheeods! now now not te marry: boh I carrit me sell meety meeverly tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw towd um th' tele, an sed th' rimes, an aw, did to?

Buk. Th' tele an th' rimes! 'sflesh I believe

* The Reviewers.

† For understanding this Sentence, vide *Monthly Review*, for Dec. 1750, page 156.

e did, boh I know no moor on um neaw; than a seawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the; whot seys to! has to foryeat'n th' tealier finding th' urchon; an th' rimes!

Buk. Quite, quite; as e hope to chieve!

Tim. Neaw ee'n the dule steawnd te sey I! whot a fuss mun I hav' to teach um the ogen!

Buk. Come, come, dunnaw fly up in a frap; o body connaw carry oytch mander o think e ther nob.

Tim. Whau, boh mind, neaw theaw gawm-blink tike, otto con tell th' tele, and seyth' rimes be rot, titely.

Buk. Fear me naw, sed doton; begin.

Tim. A tealier e Crummil's time wur thrunk pooing turmits in his pingot, on fund an urchon ith' had-loont-reean; he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoavte his whisket oe'rt, runs whoam, an tells his neighbours he thowt in his guts ot he'd funde a think at God newer mede eawt; for it had nother heead nor tele; hont nor hough; midst nor eend! Loath t' believe this, hoave a duzz'n on um wou'd geawt' see if they coud'n mey shift 't gawm it, boh it capt um aw; for they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a keawnsil, anth' eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawse, owd felly; het on elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think; for they look'nt on him as th' hammil-scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o leet thin a glow-worm's a—se. When theyd'n towd him th' kese, he stroakt his beeart; sowght; an ordert' th' wheelbarrow with spon-new trindle t' be fotcht. 'Twur dun, an the beawlt'nt him awey toth' urchon in a crack. He glooart at't a good while; droyd his beeart deawn, an

wawtit it o'er with his crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother side sed he, for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dous his spectacles, steart at't agen, on sowghing sed; breecther, its summot: Boh feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd kersun it—wheel me whoam ogen.

Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese viewers cou'd gawn it, oytch body cou'd naw; for I find neaw ot yo compare'n me too an urchon, ot has noather heead nor tele; 'sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to bobbersome?

Tim. Now naw naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' rimes, but very lite wou'd understand th' tealier an his urchon.

Buk. 'Th rimes—hum—le me see—'sblid, I foryeat'n thoose too, I deawt!

Tim. Whoo-who whoo! whot a dozening jobberknow ar teaw!

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con; con the? Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh hoyd titely, sey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

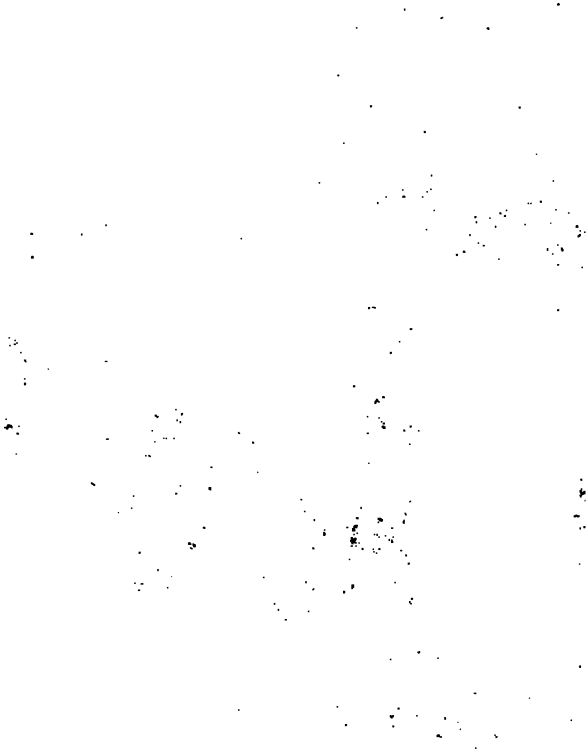
> Some write to shew their wit and parts,
> Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* hearts:
> Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,
> And some are *M——st——l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody seys so—an gonnerheeods they are for their labbor.

> *Tim.* Some few in virtue's cause do write,
> But these, alas! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'——Wheel rim't heawe'er——gooa on.

Hammil Sexance and Urchon



Tim. Some turn out *maggots* for their head,
Which die, before their *author's* dead.

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandshire'll* think a ır glenting at toose fratching, byzen, crad- ly tykes, as writ'n sich papers ostth' *Test;* sich cawf-teles as *Cornish Peter,* ot fund a r ward, snying weh glums and gawries.

Tim. Some write such sense in *prose* and *rhyme,*
Their works will *wrestle hard* with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wrostling efeath,— I'ver heard um sey, Time conquers aw things.

Tim. Some few print *truth,* but many *lies,*
On *spirits*—down to *butterflies.*

Buk. Reet abeawt boggarts—on th' tother d—on mon ith' moon, an sitch like geer:— t eendway; its prime efeath.

Tim. Some write to *please,* some do't for *spite,*
But want of *money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' miss th'owd story ogen, boh I ık e meh guts at it's true—ittle doo—yo d'n rime no more, for it is better in lickly— hewt on Tummus on Meary.

ENTER

Tummus and Meary.

Tum. ODDS me Meary! whooa the dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o thee here so soyne this morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

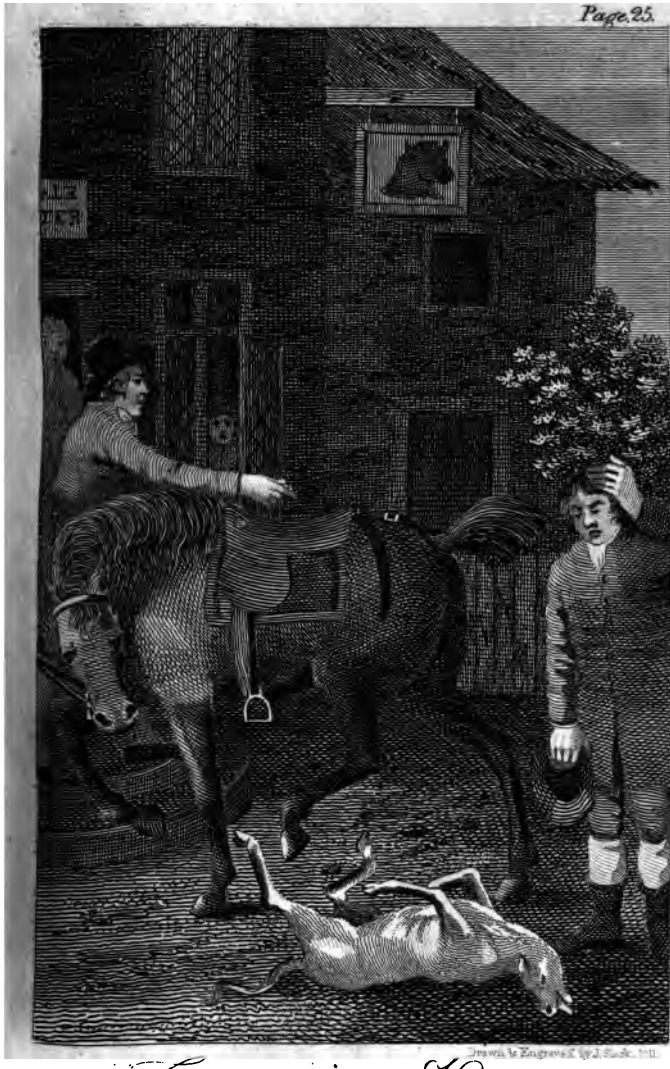
Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had sitch o' traunce this morning as eh neer had e' meh live: For I went to Jone's o Harry's o' lung Jone's, for't borrow their thible, to stur th' furmetry weh, an his wife had lent it to Bet o' my gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hoo'd lent it Kester o' Dick's, an the dule steawnd 'im for a brindl't cur, he'd mede it into shoon pegs! Neaw would naw sitch o moonshine traunce potter anybody's plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think longur ot fok liv'n an'th' moor m schoances they han.

M. Not awlus o Goddil—But whot meys o't' slowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I' feue see o' whick an hearty.

T. Whick and hearty too! Oddso, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargin o't im oather whick or hearty, for 'twur seign peawnd t'a tuppunny jannock, I'd bin as deeod os o dur nele be this awer; for th' last oanderth boh one me measter had lik't o killt meh: on just neaw, as sure os thee an me are stonning here, I'm actilly running meh country.

Tummus and Mary.



Tammus and Kauve

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt withur measter?

T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey!—For whot dust think? bo'th' tother day boh yusterdey, huz lads moot'n ha' o bit on o hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we must do some odds-on eends; on I munt oather breeod mowdy-warp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o keaw on o' why-kawve—Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither, on had o mind on o jawnt: so I donn'd meh sundey jump, o top o meh singlet, on wou'd goa with keaw on th' kawve; an the dule tey aw bad luck far me, far eawer bitch *Nip* went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawin heaw that cou'd mey ill luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no mon elze till they known; boh here's o fine droy canking pleck under this thurn, let's keawer us deawn oth yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh heart, for meh deme's gon fro whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw: So I geet up be skrike o dey, on seet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within two mile oth teawn; when os the dule wou'd height, o *tit* wur stonning ot an eleheawe dur; on me kawve (the dule bore eawt it een for meh) took th' tit for it mother, on wou'd need seawk her: On I believe th' foolish tooad of a tit took th' kawve far hur cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur hough on kilt meh kawve os deeod os o nit!

M. E Lord;—whot o trick wur that!

T. Trick! Odds flesh, sitch o trick wur newer plede eh Englondshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? Yoad'n be quite brok'n!

T. Doo! what cou'd eh do? flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good veeol os e'er deed on a thwittle; for me measter moot ha had seignteen shillings on susepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' loue?

T. Ne Meary; I'r naw sitch o gawby os tat coom too noather: For as luck wou'd height, o butcher wur ith' eleheawse, on he coom eawt when he heard meh kawve bawh. But estid o being sooary, when he saigh it sprawling oth yeoarth, th' fly'ring karron seet up o gurd o leawghing, on cou'd for shawm tell meh he'd berry it me for a pint of ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap; for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, towd me, at he berrit o chilt tother dey ot Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green,* o groat for a greave no bigger in o phippunny trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be: but I'd naw geet im; For I borrot a shoo on wou'd berrit me seln; I'r thrunk shoaving it in when a thowt coom int' meh noddle ot th' hoyde cou'd be no wor; so I'd flee it; but the dule o thwittle wurt' be leet on bo'th' butcher's, on the spoytfoo tyke, wou'dnaw leeond it meh: Neaw Meary, whot cou'd onnymon doo?

M. Doo! I'st o gon stark woode.

E. I believe ot wou'd, or onny mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my kese: So I bargint with th' rascot; he'ur to teyth' hoyde grooing toth' carcuss, on geh meh throtteen pence: so I geet th' brass, on went eend wey with keaw.

M. Neaw meh mind misgives meh ot yoar'n gooing a sleeveless arnt; on at felly wou'd naw tak'th' keaw bateth' kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles of a leawse; for it wur lung, on lunger, ofore eh wou'd: Boh whent I towd him heawt wur knock oth sow, with a tit coak'n os he coom, on that he moot order weh meh measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung-length: Then I went on bowt two peawnd o sawt on on eawnce of black pepper for eawr fok, on went toart whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfo heyvy heart I'll uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true—boh whottle to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit kawve; boh sowd it et *Owdum* that oandurth, for two pence hawpunny o peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh troth it wur fere cheeoting: but it's meet like their rascotly tricks; for there's not an honest booan it hoyde o never o greasy tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy mind; for it wur reet rank: Boh I think eh meh guts ot rascots ith' ward, ar os thick, as wasps in o hummobee-neest.

M. Its not 'tell, buh I'st marvil straungel yon yo leet on o wur kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh little oth matter.——Boh theawst hear——i'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a mile or so, ofore he saigh o parcel o lads on hobbletyhoys, as thrunk as thrap-wife: When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm what tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o steeigh o ther shilders, onother had o riddle in his hont, on *Hal o' Nab's* ith' *Midge-lone* had his knockus lapt in his barmskin: Awth' rest

on um had hoyts, or lung kibboes, like swinging sticks or raddlings.

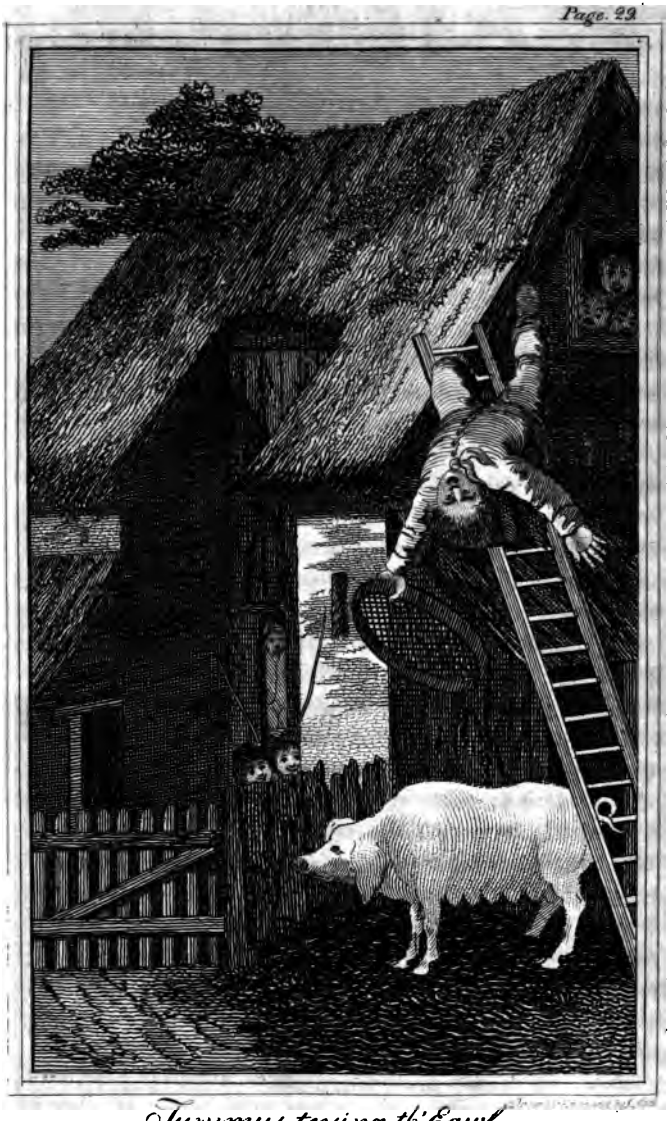
M. I' th' neme o katty, whot wur'n the for?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw mey be shure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wus weh um: Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last shearing-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geete thear churn; this seme scap-gallows wur tean eh thear pleawmtre; on wur en sitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he feell, on broke th' collar booan on his leg.

M. O wrang joynt hong im: I know him weel enough, for th' last great snow he'ur for honging o hare e some hure gillers; on throttlt eaw'r poor teawzer in o clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme—So I asht him whot tearn far? Why sed he, ween meet neaw seen on eawl fly thro' yon leawp-hoyle into th' leath, on we'er gooing tey hur: Come Tum (sed he) egad, iftle geaw with us, theawst see sitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the live: Beside theawst howd the riddle: —sed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howding th' riddle, boh I'll geaw weh aw meh heart intle teytch meh; I con shew the in a crack sed he: So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth leawp-hoyles, on th' slifters ith leath woughs full o awts; then we reeart th' steeigh sawfly ogen th' wough under th' eawl-hoyle. Neaw lads—(sed Hal) mind yer hits: I'll lap meh honds he meh barm-skin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle: *Tum o' William's* mun clime th' steeigh thrutch th' strey eawt oth' leawp-hoyle, on howd the riddle cloyse on't. Awth' rest mun be powlerers, on flay hur into't—So owey they seete into th' leath, on toynt dur; on I—

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha seent in o puppy-show.



Tummus teying th' Cauvl

T. Good lorjus Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' steeigh in o snift, shoavt th' awts eawt, on smackt me riddle oth' hoyle: Id no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um sey; see o, see o, hoos teear!—Shu, sed one; shu, sed another,—Then they aw begun a hallowing and whooping like hey go mad. I thowt it wer rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal mon saigh: so I gran, an I thrutcht, till meh arms warcht ogen; still they kept shuing, on powlering ith leath; on then I thowt I feld summot nunge th' steeight—I lookt deawn, on there were an owd soo bizzy scratting hur a—se o one o'th' strines.—'Sflesh, thinks I t' meh seln hool ha me deawn eend neaw;—Just then I thowt I heard th' eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' riddle.

M. Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on eawl's naw so sooyne tean—boh I con hardly tell the l'm—so waughish—for I'm ready t cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur non tey Meary.

M. Whot no eawl?

T. Now, now,—not teear—it wus nowt oth' warld o God boh arron owd lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther breeches in't: on that hodge-podge coom eh me fease whe sitch o ber, ot o sun-heaw it made meh measy, on I fell off th' steeigh: Boh moor be choance thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' soo wey sitch o soltch; ot I think he meh guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

M. E lord! who o wofoo faw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, faw eigh; for I thowt id brok'n th' crupper-booan o me a—se, boh it wur better in

lickly; for I'd no hurt boh th' tone theawn stunnisht, on th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirl-booan o meh knee, ot mede meh t' hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! I'st o bin stark-giddy at um, on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or onny mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry mon's not a witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't reawnd th' leath fort' snap some oth' bullocking basturts: Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they'rn aw cropp'n into th' leath; on th' durs os sefe os *Beest'n* castle: Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath; far thear'n aw wherrying on leawghing, whooping on sheawting, like maddlocks ot ther new tean eawl os teh cawd'n meh: Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar i'st o set th' how leath on o hallibash in id deed for't; boh then th' soo kept sitch o skrikeing reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no lenger for fear o sumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur deeoth: so I scampurt owey os hard os eh cou'd pinn; On ran o mile eh that pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: Then I leep o'er o ryz'n-hedge, on os o rindle o wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: On aw little enough too; for I think eh me guts I'st stink like a foomurt while meh neme's *Tum.*

M. Neaw een be meh troth! I thowt ye savort'n fearfoo strung on o yarb: Boh when aw's done *Tummus,* this killing o'th kawve, on eawl-catching, wur none awlung of Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary;* far I oather angurt some he witch, or the dule threw his club oe'r meh that morning when eh geete up: Far misfartins coom on me os thick os leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip: On I wud hur neck had bin brock'n eh neen spots, when hoo'r whelpt far mee (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly washt, no fettl't meh! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing felly in o blackish wigg; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip; Ko he onnest mon wilt sell the dog? Sed I, meh dog's o bitch, on so's ne'er o dog ith' teawn: For be meh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f—t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh dog or bitch sed t' felley, if I'd known on hur three deys sin, I'd o gen the twenty shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *bandyhewit;* on there's o gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three mile off, ot wants one meet neaw.——Neaw, Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on sell im meh *sheep-cur* for o *bandyhewit;* tho' I no moor knew, in th' mon ith' moon whot a *bandyhewit* wur. Whaw, sed I, hoose primely bred; for hur moother coom fro *Lunnun,* tho' hoor whelpt ot ne measter's; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *Englandshiar,* I'll sell hur if meh price come.

M. Well done *Tummus!* Whot sed eh then?

T. Wau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth a ginny on o hawve o gowd, sed I; boh o ginny I'll ha far hur: Ko he, I gen o ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o creawn, boh iftle gooa to justice——justice hum——le me see.—But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte matter on im, far I think he's piece on o rascot, as weel ost rest) he'll be fene o'th' bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to; wur it naw?

T. Yigh' meeterly.—Then I asht im whot wey he munt gooa? On he towd meh; On o wey I seete, weh meh heart os leet os o bit on o flaight; on carrit Nip under meh arm, for neaw theaw mun understond I'r feear o loysing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough, t' pay meh measter for th' kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus.*

T. Whau, boh theawst hear: It wur o dree Wey too-to; heawe'er I geete there by suse o'clock; on ofore eh opp'nt dur, I covert Nip with th' cleawt, ot eh droy me nese weh, t' let him see heaw I stoart hur.—Then I opp'n dur; on whot te dule dust think, boh three little tyney *bandy-hewits,* os I thowt then, coom weawghing os if th' little rott'ns wou'd ha worn meh, on after that swollut meh whick. Then there coom o fine fresh-cullert wummon ot keckt as stiff as if hood swallut a poker, on I took hur for o hoo justice, hoor so meety fine:—For I heard *Rotchot o' Jacks, o' Yem's,* tell meh measter, that th' hoo justices awlus did mooast o'th' wark.—Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Justice wur o whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur meawth t' sey eigh, or now; boh simpurt on sed iss, (the dickons iss'ur on him too) sed I, I wudidd'n tell him I'd fene speyk to 'im.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd; i'st o bin timmer-some:—But let's know heaw ye went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey Nip, on cheeot ot ill os one o ther clarks on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnaw frump, nor teeos um, for they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n ye on?—Wurth' justice o whoam.

T. Eigh, eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh whot

he wantut? Whau, sed I, i've a varra fine *bandy-hewit* t' sell, on I hear yo want'n one sur:——Hump——sed he——a *bandyhewit*——prethee let's look at.——Yigh sed I; on I pood th' cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' back, on sed; hoos os fine o *bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o tele.

M. Well done *Tummus!* yo cud'n naw mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed sed th' justice; on its o theawson pities boh I'd known on hur yusterdey: For o felly coom, on I bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o ginny; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh cou'd leet on a chapmon sed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, sed he, on I think, I con tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur, if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert justice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary; theaw tawks like o seely ninnyhommer: For tey meh wort for't, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o mon deeols weh rascotly fok: Boh as i'r telling thee, he meant a felley ot wooant obeawt three mile off on him (boh the dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart thew meh be shure: On boh os eh thowt eh cou'd ashelt sell hur eh this tother pleck, it wou'd sartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord bless us! it wur lik't trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon

a feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt bruck, weh a feaw narrow sapling brig o'er it. As it had reint th' neet afore, os th' welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' wetur wur bonkful; tho' it wur feggur o deeol i'th mourning; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er, meh shough slipt on deawn coom I, arsy-versy, weh Nip eh meh arm i'th wetur; Nip I leet fend for hur sell'n, on flaskert int' eh geete howd on o sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n; or ezle nother theaw, nor no mon elze had newer see *Tum* ogen: For be me troth I'r welly wherk'nt.

M. Good lorjus deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't to shad awth' tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, fur it wur a greyt marcy ye wur'n naw dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw, noather: Boh theaw meh be shure I'r primely boyrnt, on os weet os ewer eh could sye: Beside i'd no com to keem meh hure, so ot I lookt licker o dreawnt meawse in o mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be os cowd os iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non mough'n: Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gone oboon o stone's thrut; efore eh wundurt whot teh pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundurt pissmotes wur eh meh breechus: I loast um deawn, boh cou'd see nowt ot wur whick: on yet I lookt os rey os o fleed meawse; (for were seln beawt th' scrat at my measter's) 'sflesh, i'r ready t' gooa woode on knew neaw whot eh ealt: ——On then I unbethowt meh o me sawt.

M. E wea's me! i'd freeat'n that too! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite marr'd: Its true, I went wigglety-wagglety, for an eawer or so, ofore i'r ogreath ogen: On when he geet

reet, on coom t' groap eh meh singlet pocket for meh sawt the dule o bit o sawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey.—On neaw it jumpt into me mind ot I saigh two rott'n pynot (hongum) ot tis seme brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad fartin; Far I heard my gronny sey, hoode os leef o seen two owd harries os two pynots.

T. Eigh, so says meh noant *Margit,* on o meeny o fok: On I know pynots ar os cunning eawls os wawk'n oth' yeoarth. Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with smart, on one think on onother, i're so starct woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh heart ta punchtth' bitches guts eawt; On then I thowt ogen Nips' eh no fawt: For he meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed, *Tummus,* I believe o; boh o lack o dey purring th' bitch, wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet clooas; wur'ney naw welly parisht?

T. Yigh be me troth; I dithert ot meh teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen; Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt scoance in a strawnge country, five or suse mile fro whoam: So that I maundert ith' field oboon two eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o noon: On in id howd'n up meh hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't in he con see o fleigh o thee neaw; on here it wur I geet into a gete: For I thowt, I heard summot coming, an if truth mun be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummus*, no marvil ot o wur so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

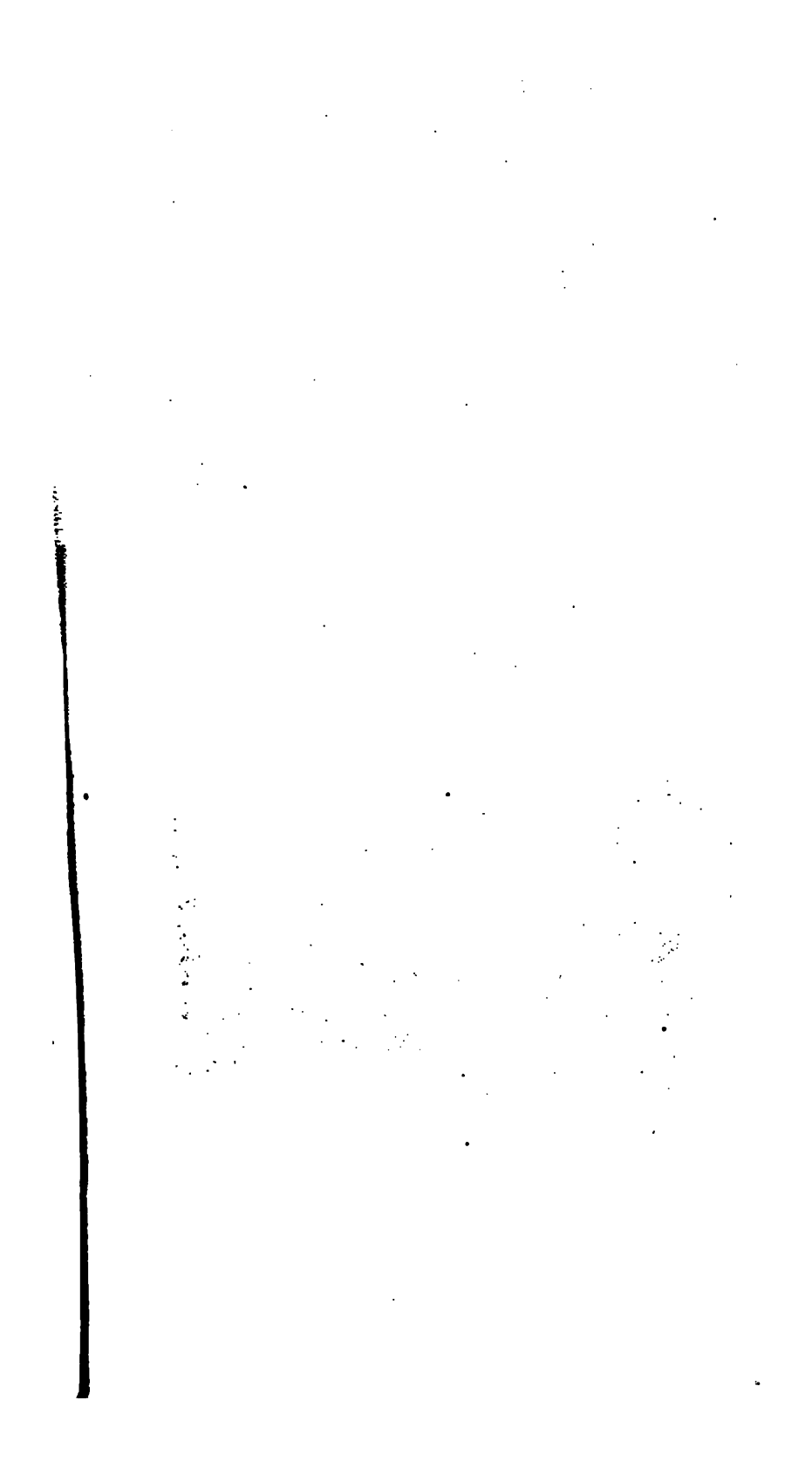
T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't, an up speek I——Whooas tat; a lad's voice answert in a crying din, elaw, dundaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh; now, now, sed I, I'll naw tey the, beleady: Whooas lad art to?——Whau, sed he, i'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marrion's o'Dick's o'Nethon's o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms, an i'm gooink whoam. Odd, thinks I't meh sell, theaw's a dree-er neme in me: An here *Meary* I cou'd naw boh think whot lung nemes sum on us han; for thine and mine are meeterly; boh this lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone hawve.

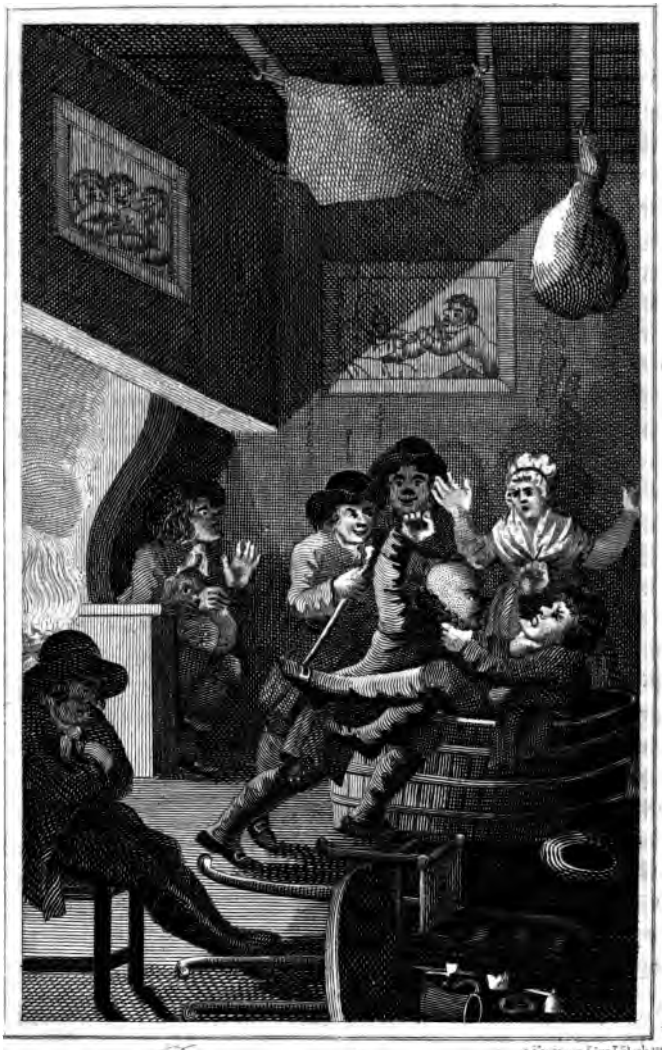
M. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung nemes leet'n?

T. Um—m—mn, le meh see—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) i'd ash him for th' wonst whot uncoth's he heard sturrink. I hear none, but ot Jack o'Ned's towd meh, ot Sam's o'Jack o'Yeds Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink charn-milk with pitcher, with lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? seys he, he's 'prentice weh Isaac o'Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on ho'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peters ith' Dingles for hooave a peawnd o treacle t' seaws'n a beest-puddink weh; on his feather and moother wooan at *Rossendaw*, boh his gronny's alive an wooan weh his noant Margary e Grinfilt, at pleck where his nown mother coom fro. Good lad, sed I, boh heaw far's tis *Littlebrough* off; For I aim t' see it to neet if he con





Battle at Littlebrough.

hit. Sey's t' lad, it's obeawt a mile, on yo mun keep streight forrud o yer lift hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thiss'n we partit; but I mawkint, an lost my gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er yeates on steels, hedges on doytches, til eh coom to this *Littlebrough;* on there I'r ill breed ogen, for I thowt i'd seen a boggart; boh it prooft o mon weh o piece-woo, resting im on a stoop ith' lone. As soon os eh cou'd speyk for wackering, I asht him where ther wur on eleheawse? On he shoad meh: I went in on found'tn two fat throddy tok wun'nt teer: On theyd'n some oth' warst fratchingst cumpany, or e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, banning, on cawing one onother leawsy cawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood o cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith' nook, o side oth' hob: I'd no soyner done so, boh o feaw seawr lookt felley, with o wythen kibbo he had in his hont, slapt o sort of o wither meazzlt feas't mon, sitch o thwang oth' scawp, ot aw varra reecht ogen with; on deawn eh coom oth' harstone, on his heeod ith esshole: His scrunt wig feel off, on o hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt, on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt o'er his sow, on lee like o hawmbark on his shilders. I glendurt like a stick tup, for fear on o dust meh seln: On crope fur into th' chimney. Oytch body thowt ot mezzil fease wou'd mey a flittink on't, on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n eawt a doctor, a doctor, while others mead'n th' landlort go saddle th' tit to fotch one. While this wur e dooink, some on um had leet on a kin on a doctor ot wosant o bit off, an shew'd 'im th' mon oth' harstone. He leyd how'd on his arm to feel his pulse I geawse, on pood, os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother

arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him: After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he geete fro his whirly-booans, and sed to um aw, while his heart beeots an his blood sarclates there's hopes, boh when that stops its whooup with him efeath. Mezzil fease hearink summon o' whooup, startit to his feet, flote none, boh gran like a foomurt-dog; on seete ot black swarfly tyke, weh booath neyves, on wawtit him o'er th' gal keer, ful o new drink wortching; He begun o possing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur blendit t'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary! theaw'd o bepiss't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; on whot o hobthrust eh loookt weh aw that berm obeawt im: He kept droying his een, boh he moot as well ha sowt um in his a—e, tin the lonledey had mede an eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot pump: When he coom in ogen, he glooart awvishly ot mezzil fease; on mezzil fease glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noother warrit, nor thrapt: So they seet um deawn, on then th' lonledey coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey far th' lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh drink's war be o creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two tumblers, three quifting pots, on four pipes masht, on o how papper o bacco shed: This mede 'umpt' glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black tyke's passion wur coolt at't pump, on th' wythen kibbo had quiet'nt tother; so ot teh camm'd little or none; boh agreed t' pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, on wur friends ogen in o sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Meary; for berm's o howsome smell: Heawe'er when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' foyar ogen; for I

wantot o whawm fearfully, for I'r booath cowd on weet, os well as hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yo moot'n weell; boh yoarn in o good kele too to, ot idd'n money he yer pocket.

T. Eigh, I thow' I'd money enough; but theawst hear moor o that een neaw. So I cawd for summot t'eat, on o pint o ele; on hoo browt me some hog-mutt'n on special turmits; on as prime veeol on pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip neaw on then o lunshun, boh Tum took care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for I eet like o *Yorshar-mon*, on cleeart th' stoo.

M. Well done Tummus! yoad'n sure need no ree supper; for yo shadd'n wrynot, on slanst th' charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on drank me pint o ele; boh as I'r naw greadly sleckt, I cawd for another, on bezzilt tat too; for I'r os droy os soot; On as't wur t' lete t' gooa anny whither weh meh bitch, I asked th' lonledey in eh cou'd stay aw neet; hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the ko hoo? Whot ar to feeard o boggarts, or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw sleep beawt o pap? 'Sflesh, sed I, whot ar ye tawking on? I want gut' bed! Ho, ho; if that be aw sed hoo Margit s't shew the: So Margit leet o condle, on shewd meh o wisty reawm, on o bed weh curtners forsuth; I thowt Margit pottert on fettlt lung i'th choamber ofore hoo laft it; on I mistrust it ot hoo'r meawlt for o bit o tussling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for catterweawing: So I sed nowt too 'ur: Boh I forthowt sin, for

hoor no daggletele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o lass os Seroh o' Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honsome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er when hoor gone, I doft meh donk shoon on hoyse, on me doage clooas, on geet in, on eh truth Meary I newer lee eh sitch bed sin eh wur kersunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n sleep seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did; for I'r meetily troublt abeawt me kawve.—Beside, I'r feeard o eawer fok seeching meh, on meh measter beasting meh when he geet whooam: Its true meh carkuss wur preety easy, boh meh mind moot os weel o line on o Pissmote-hoyle, or in o rook o hollins or gorses; for it wur one o'clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me een.

M. Weel, on heaw went'n ye on ith' mourning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwooanish clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh brass o meh brekfust: So I cawd, on th' lonledey come, on kestit up to throtteen-pence: So; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded deeol! Whot strushon hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund me seln o how wick weh hus for that money. Ist naw hav one boadle t' sphere o meh hoyde silver: On neaw I'r in os ill o kele os meetshad! Wur eh naw?

M. Now marry naw yo: Id idd'n mede strusshon, on bezzilt owey moor brass inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o hure. into will Meary; for byth' miss, when ot eh coom'tg rope eh meh stop t' pey 'ur, I'r weawnedly glopp'nt,

Tummus and Londledey

Sed I, boh its true, on yo me grope eh meh breeches in he win. —
Theaw'rt some mismanert jackonapes I'll uphowd tey, sed hoo.
Nay, nay, I'st naw grope eh the breeches not I. ——

for the dule o hawpunny had eh! On whether eh lost it ith' bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th' doytch-backs; I no moor know in th' mon ith' moon: But gon it wur! I steart like o wil-cat, on wur welly gawmless: On ot last I towd hur I'd lost meh money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon mon: Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me; that tele winnaw fit meh; for yoar like't pey o sum-heaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo me grope eh meh breeches in he win. Theaw'rt some mis-manert jackonapes I'll uphowd tey sed hoo; Ney, ney, I'st naw grope eh the breeches not I. Whau, sed I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh woollen mittens, and meh sawt cleawt: Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw booth worth oboon two groats.—I nowt elze, sed I, beawt yean ha me sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet; becose Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last kersmuss. Let's see um, said hoo, for theaw'rt some arron rascot I'll uphowd tey; So I gen um hur; on still this broddling fussock lookt feaw os tunor when id done.

M. Good-lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th' warst luch ot ewer kersun soul had!

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw: Well, I'r toyart o that pleck; on crope owey, witheawt bit or sope, or cup o sneeze! for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I soyn sperr'd this gentlemon's hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' shipp'n, on seed o mon stonning ith' groop. Sed I, is yer measter o whoam prey o? Eigh, sed he; I wou'd idd'n tell him I'd fene speyk at him, sed I; Yigh, sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner gooan, boh a fine, fattish, throbby gentlemon, coom in a trice, on axt meh whot e wantut? Sed I, I understond yo want'n

o good *bandyhcwit,* Sur, on I'v a pure on t' sell here: Let's see th' shap on hur, sed he: So I stroakt hur deawn th' back, on crobb'd hur oth' greawnd. Hoos th' fin'st ot ew'ry saigh said he; boh I deawt things leet'n unluckily for the; for I geete two this last week, on they mey'dn up meh keawnt.——Neaw Meary, i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whot's teh price sed he? I connaw thwole hur t' meh nown brother under a ginny, sed I. Hoos cheeop ot that sed he; on no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

M. Odds like! Yearn lung e finding o chapmon; oytchbody 'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut eigh; far they ned'n none no moor in I need wetur eh meh shoon, not tey: But theaw'st hear. Then sed he, there's on owd cratchenly gentlemon, ot wooans at yon heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us; ot I believe 'll gi thee the price: If not justice sitch o one's o likely chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last oandurth, on he'd leet o one th' yoandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, sed he:—Eigh, sed I, so it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o labber obeawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd gentlemon's lik'ly'st of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh manners, on seete eawt for this tother pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better luck, egodsnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: For neaw it popt int' mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur tele heeigh enough, on ot fok wou'd naw buy hur becose o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two eawnce o' pepper when id meh sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o thar-cake, i'd rub hur a—sc weet: For I'd seen *Oamfrey o'Matho's* pley

that tutch be his creawparst-mare: that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geete teear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd mon ith' fowd, ossing t' get o' tit-back. Sed I, to him, is yoar neme Mr. *Scar*? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons; Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh arms here, as onny's eh *Englondshiar*. That's a greyt breeod, sed he; but prethe let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd felley, too-to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' biggest rascot, on um aw; Boh I leete im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his honds whackert so despratly, ot eh cou'd naw stick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the tele, on show the sell: Boh estid ot that, hoo seete up o yeawll, clapt th' tele between hur legs, on crope into o hoyle ith horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'st ha bin os mad atter os o pottert-wasp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur sell so wofully; heawe'er I sed to th' owd mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoose no foo-goad on o bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoose os fat os o snig, on os smoot os o mowdywarp. On I find os plene os o pike-staff, be hur lennock yeears, ot hoose reet bred; On I'd a had hur if hood cost meh o moider, but ot o friend has sent meh one eawt o *Yorshar*, on I need no moor: Boh i'll swop with the into will.

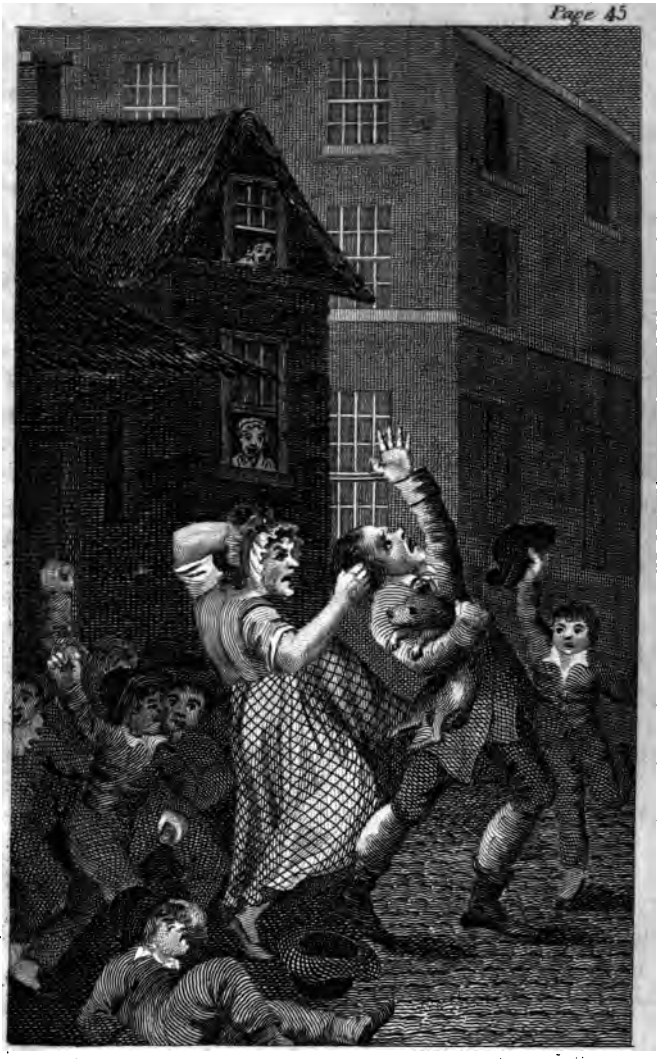
Now, sed I, i'll swop none: for i'll oather have o ginny for hur, or hoost newer gooa while meh heeod stans o meh shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, sed he; boh hast' bin ot yon fine biggin anent us; Eigh sed I, boh he's onoo on um. Well but they're os scant neaw os ower the wur eh this ward, sed he; an there's one *Muslin* eh *Ratchdaw*, ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I, I'st go see.——On neaw Meary, I begun t' mistrust ot tear'n meying o foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak'um, boh tey ne'er wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey tung o bit, on theawst hear; for I thowt i'd try this tother felly, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: For then it would be os plene os *Blackstonc-Edge* ot tearn meying an arron gawby on meh. So I went t' *Ratchdaw*, on sperr'd this mon eawt. I fund im o back oth shopboort, weh o little dog ot side on im: Thowt I t' meh seln I would teaw'r choak't, this felley 'll be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he, onnist mon, whot done yo pleeost' have? I want nowt ot he hon, sed I; for I'm com'n t' sell ye o *bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this rascot os weel os't rest, roost meh bitch to the verra welkin; but ot tat time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit neatril on o!

T. O neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur mede sin Kene kilt Ebil; On neaw I'r so strackt woode, I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh heart 't a jowd aw ther sows together. I'r no soyner areawt boh o threave o rabblement wur watching on meh at t' dur. One on um sed, this is im; onother, he's here; on one basturtly-gullion asht meh if i'd sowd meh *bandyhewit?* By th' miss



Summuss disaster in Ratchdaw

Meary, I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' yeear, on then weh meh hough, puncht him into th' riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' lad wur for shure: Then they aw seete ogen meh, on ofore id gon o rood, th' lad's moother coom, on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' rindle, on th' hoor ot top on meh: While th' tuffle lastut, hur lad, (on th' basturts ot took his part) kept griming, on deeting meh weh sink-durt, ot I thowt meh een would newer ha done good ogen; for I moot os well ha bin o'er heeod in o middingspuce, or ot teying o two eawls.

M. E walla-day, whot obunnanze o misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* owt me o spite, he pede meh whoam weh use; For while th' skirmidge lastut, awth' teawn wur cluttert obeawt us; I sheamt os if id stown summot, on skampurt owey weh o fleigh eh meh yeear, on up th' broo intoth' church yort: There I'd o mind see if onny body follut meh, I turn'd meh, on whot the dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip!

M. Whot senneh!

T. It's true meary: so I cawd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wurt' be fund, he nor low: On for aw I knew, meh measter seete sitch stoar on hur, becose o fotchink th' beaoss on sheep; I durst os tite o tean o bear by th' tooth osta ost seech hur ith teawn. So I took eendwey, for it wur welly neet; on I'd had noather bit nor sope; nor cup o sneeze of aw that dey.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os o grewnt; on welly fammisht.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydert: Then

I thowt meh heart wou'd ha sunk int' meh shoon; for it feld os heyvy os o mustert-boah, on I stank so, it mede meh os waughish os owt, on I'd two or three wetur tawms: Beside aw this, meh bally warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle whoam, on fease meh measter!

M. E dear! whot o kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'st tell the moor o that eend neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that os I'r gooink toart whoam os deawn heartit on mallancholy os a methodist, ot thinks he's in-pig of Owd-Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o tit-back on leeoding onother: thinkst I t' me seln; this is some Yorshar horse-jockey; I wou'd he'd le meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r wofoo week on waugish. This thought had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before ot fello sed; come honesty; theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart; theawst ride o bit, into will, That's whot eh want sed I, in ye pleeas'n for I'm welly done. So loothe Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer rid yeasier sin eh cou'd geet o humpstridd'n o tit-back.

M. A good deed *Tummus* that wur no ill felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

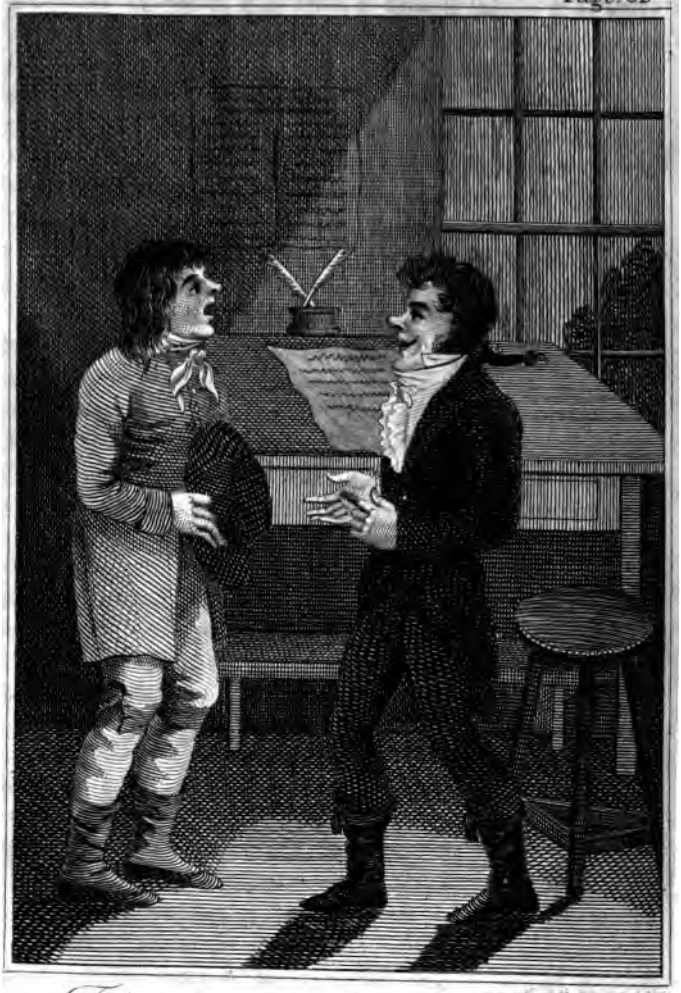
T. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p—sses by the bow ogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's hobby-horse a how dey t'gether estid o getting o this tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five rood but felly asht heh heaw far Ir' gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll stey for the there. So he seet

off like hey go-mad ; boh I kept o foot's pese : for meh tit swat on semm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch o boon hawfe o mile boh I heard some fok commink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the deel had hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' mass, this is my tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd nick ston ith' gap. With that o lusty wither tike pood eawt o think like o piece on o bassoon on slapping me oth shilders weet, sed, friend I'm o cunstable, an yore my prisner.

The deel tey yer friendship, on cunstableship too, sed I ; whot dunneh meeon mon? Whot mun I be prisner for! Yoan stown that tit sed he, on yoast goo back wimmy before o justice. I stown non ont' sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o mon ots gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh leeof ; so whot business han oather yo or th' justice weh me! Stuff, stuff, meer balderdash sed the cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' tit in o greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the deel o ; for I know nowt ont nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus ; that wur monfully sed, on done too ; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur: Cum, cum, sed th' cunstable, that whiffo whaffo stuff winnow doo for me ; for gooa yo booath mun on shan, oather by hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some ir'n trinkums, on rick t' like o parsil o cheeons. Weawns thinks I t' me sell, whot ar theese? In the bin shackils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed ; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur: I'st be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time ; For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of



Tummus and Justices Clerk

If I knew a hawter munt mey meh neck os lung os o gonner neck to morn,
I coud naw rease hoave a guinney.

M. Primely spok'n efeath *Tummus*! yo meet shad'n wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I; boh whot sed th' justice then?

T. Whau, he sed; hears to me ogen, theaw yungster; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith oandurth, will to. Whau, sed I, I seet eawt fro whoam soon ith' yeandurth wi' o keaw on o kawve for Ratchdaw; meh kawve wur kilt oth' lone, with o tit coak'n os eh coom; on ith oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this neighbourhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh bitch ot fok caw'dn o *bandyhewit* t' see if eh cou'd mey th' kawve money up for me measter; but waes me e'ery body wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r kest into th' dark, on forc't stey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yusterdey, sed justice? Wheau, sed I, I maundert up an deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme sleeveless [illegible]nt, on wur forc't harbour awth' last neet in o [illegible]rn where boggart swarm'n (Lord bless us) on [illegible]eed'n, I believe; for oytch body seys its never [illegible]awt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whoam I leet [illegible]this felly ot I took for a horse-jockey, on so [illegible]t tean up be theese fok for a tit-steyler. Boh [illegible]k the meh, theaw prisner, sed th' justice, wur [illegible] theaw here tother dey boh yusterdey wi' the [illegible], prethee? I wur sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, [illegible] yoarn fittut too. Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'clock, sed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeave-by, sed he. Here, yo, measter cunstable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot dust think? boh while theese two wur eawt o bit, this teastril; this tyke of o clark caw'd me aside an proffert bring meh clear off for hoave o ginney. Seys I, mon, If I knew a hawter munt mey meh neck os lung os o

gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw rease hoave a ginney: for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawpunny t' seve meh neck wi'. Boh says he, wilt gi' the note for't? Ill gi' no notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, ost steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord o marcy! moor rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sitch teastrils for ever on o dey lunger, sey I.

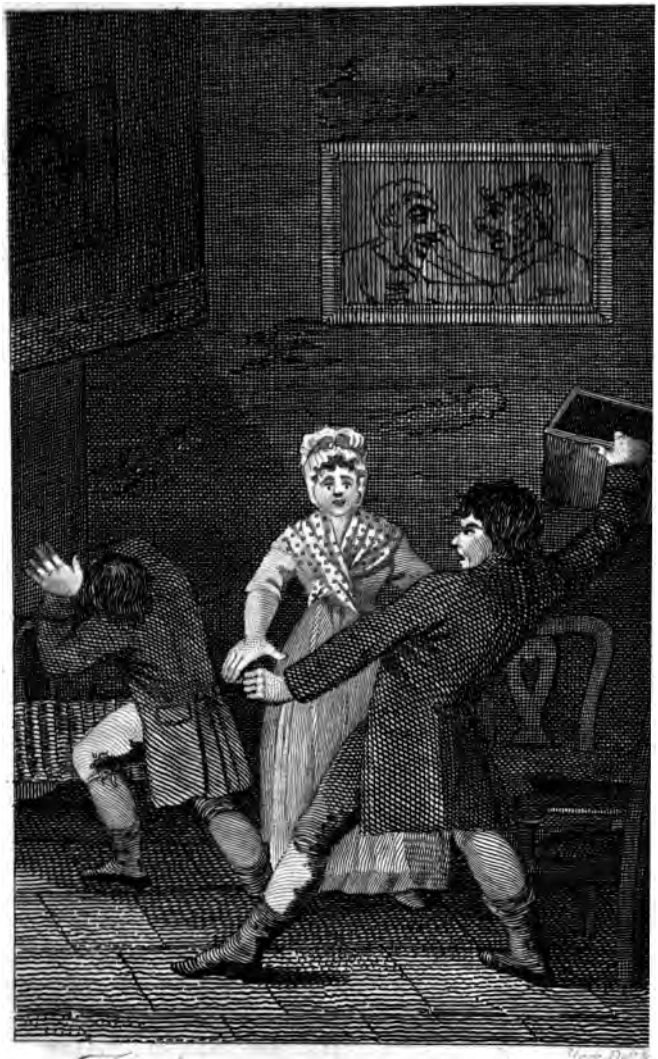
T. Hustt hustt, *Meary;* for neaw th' justice an th' cunstable coom in.

M. E law I'll be hong'd meh seln if eh dun-naw dither for fear: boh go forrud *Tummus.*

T. Why, th' justice after rubbing his broo on droying his fease deawn, sed; Here, yo measter cunstable, on yo, fellow ot owns this tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith rang box: an han gett'n th' rang soo by th' yeer. For this youngster here cou'd naw steyl this tit th' last oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'clock that dey I seed him here me sell: on yo sen this tit wur stown fro' Cown-edge obeawt that time. Neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So heors to meh yung mon, I mun quit thee as to this job; so go the wey whoam; on be honest. I will, sed I, on thonks measter justice: for yoan pood truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt scroap weh meh shoough on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merri-ly too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bless aw honest justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh; on so sey I too: for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t' a towd teh this tele. Boh yet *Meary,* I think eh



Tummus escaping from his Meaiste

meh guts ot teers meawse-neezes omung some on um, os weel os omung other fok; or why shou'd tis seme clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o ginney? Had naw this o strung savor of fere cheeoting; no deawn-reet nipping o poor fok. On does theaw think ot tees justices do naw know, when these tikes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that fawse felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi' theese catterpillars their clarks: on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme rod wi'ther clarks, hears to me?

M. Now now, not tey marry: for if sitch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger rascot shou'd ha' th' bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus*. Boh greyt fok oft dun whot te win wi' littleons reet or rank; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof sitch to mend when the con hit on't; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither measter.

T. Eigh byth' Miss *Meary* I'd freeat'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh sitch o kese os tat I'd no skuse to mey, for I towd im heaw th' kawve wur kilt ith' lone; on ot I'd sowd the hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor; for he nipt up th' deashon, ot stoode oth' harstone, on whirld it at meh; Boh estid o hitting me, it hit th' reeam-mug ot stood oth' hob; on keyvt awth reeam into th' foyar: Then the battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' barn ot wur ith' keather I know naw, for I laft it rooaring on belling; so as I'r scamp'ring awey, eaw'r *Seroh* asht meh where e wou'd gooa? I towd'r ot Nicko

oth farmer's greyt leath wur th' next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' spots ith' ward, there wou'd not I ha com'n for a yepsintle a ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw meeons becose fok sen boggarts awlus hawntit it: Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is meds'n for a mad dog, os I towd te afore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha sunk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an just as i'r gett'n to th' leath dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's their new mon.

M. That leet weel; for Yed's as greadly o lad as needs t' knep oth' hem of a keke.

T. True: So I towd im meh kese e short, an sooary he lookt too-to: I wish e durst let te lye we meh sed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this dey sennit, I dare naw venter: But I'll shew thee a prime mough o hey, an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, sed I, shew it me, for i'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it me with scoance, he sed; I summot tell the *Tum*, but I'm loath. Theaw meoons o beawt boggarts, sed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaws meet hit it sed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' tits mun eawt very yarly, I mun provon um o beawt one o'clock, an I'll cawt' see heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid sed I, if theaw mun eawt so yarly, I'll fodder an provon the tits for the, an theaw mey sleep intle ley th' proven ready. Then he shew'd me heawth' mough wur cut with a hey knife, hawve wey deawn like a great step, on that I moot come off yeasily o that side: So we bid tone tother good neet. I'r boh meet sattlt

when eh heard summot ith leath. Good-lor-jus Meary! meh flesh crept o meh booans, on meh yeears crakt ogen weh hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew th' voice, an sed, whooas tat tee Seroh? Eigh sed hoo, an I stown a lyte weturpodditch, an some thrutchings, and a treacle-butter-keke if eh con eyght um. Fear me not, sed I, for I'm as hongry as a rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with um, sed hoo; an yo mey come on begin for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e sitch a flunter egetting to th' wark ot I'd freeat'n th' spot ot Yed towd me on, so I feell deawn offth' heest side oth' mough, an sitch a floose o hey follut me, ot it driv meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd us booath.

M. Cots fish, this wur a nice trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' podditch wur naw scawding: For when we'd'n mede shift to heyve an creep fro underth' hey, some oth podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth weastbant o meh brecches, an th' treacle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's brat. Heawe'er, weh scrawming abeawt ith dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging mey wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd strackling, an if I went whoam agen I'st be edawnger o being breant: That me deme wou'd ha met' run for I shou'd be lose ot feersuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnsil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother sark: Hoo did so, an I thankt 'ur, bid

farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattlt meh sell ith mough under o floose a hey, an slept so weel ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er slept me sell on cou'd naw provon th' tits e' time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n sleep at aw, for I'st ne'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, but I startit up to go to th' tits and slurr'd deawn to th' lower part oth' mough; and by the maskins-lord whot dust think, boh I leet hump stridd'n up o' summot ot feld meety hewry, an it startit up weh me on its back, deawn th' lower part oth' heymough it jumpt; crost t'leath; eawt oth' dur wimmy it took; an intoth' watering-poo as if the deel o hell had driv'n it; and there it threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell whether for th' life on meh.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo? whot ith' neme o God winneh sey!

T. Sey,—why I sey true as t' gospel; an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get eawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an me feel off th' bridge.

M. I never heard sitch teles sin meh neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I!

T. Teles—! Udds bud, tak um awt gether an theyd'n welly mey a mont ston oth' wrang eend.

M. Well but wur it owd Nick, think'n eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't, wilt howd te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be shure.

M Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bless meh Meary! theawrt so yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I

did naw know me sell whot it wur of an eawer.—If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw wen'tn yo on then?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geete eawt oth' poo; an be meh troth lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh neen: An as I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' leath, I crope under a wough an stoode like a gawmbling, or a parfect neatril till welly dey; an just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel considering th' kese ot yoar'n in.

T. True, lass; for I think I'r never feaner t' see no-body sin ir' kersunt.

M. Whot sed Yed!

T. Why he heeve up his honds, on he blest, and he pray'd, an mede sitch marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that wofo pickle I'st a bross'n weh leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet? An why e stoode teer? An sitch like, I towd him I cou'd gi' no okeawnt o meh sell; boh that I'r carrit eawt oth' leath be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a notion whot it wou'd prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howd te tung a bit,—theaw puts me eawt. I towd im I thowt it wur owd Nick; for it wur vast strung; very hewry; an meety swift.

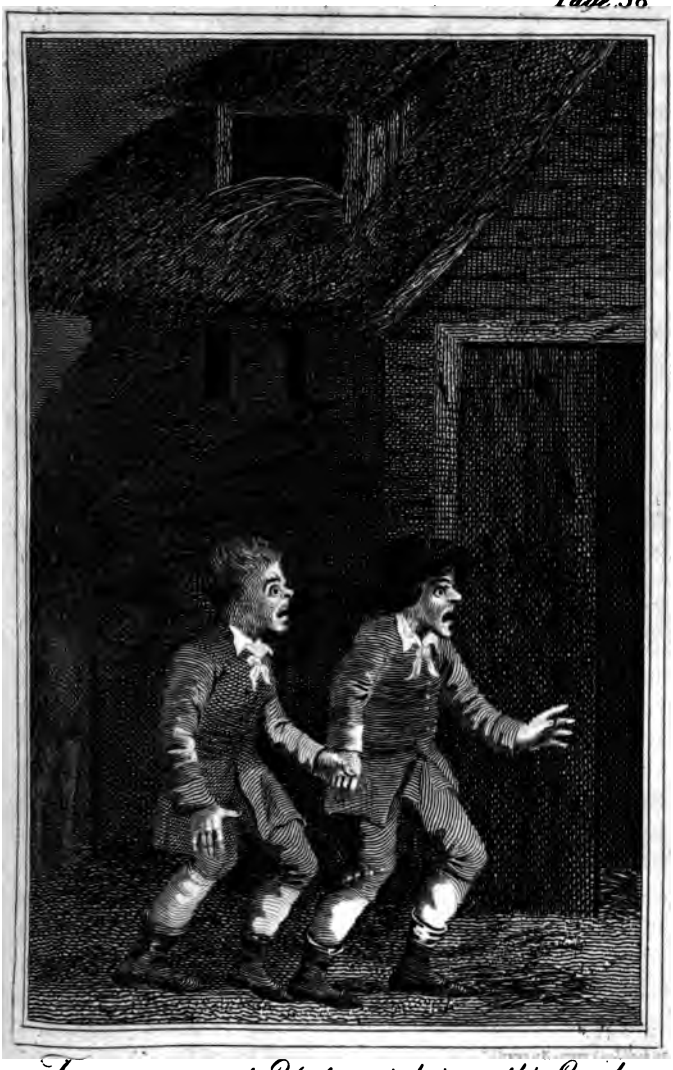
M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore where ye ar Tummus!

T. Eigh Meary so't is; for its moor in I expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur so flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd im ot he geete meh by th' hont an sed, come Tummus, let's flit fro this pleck; for my part I'll naw stey one minnit lenger. Sed

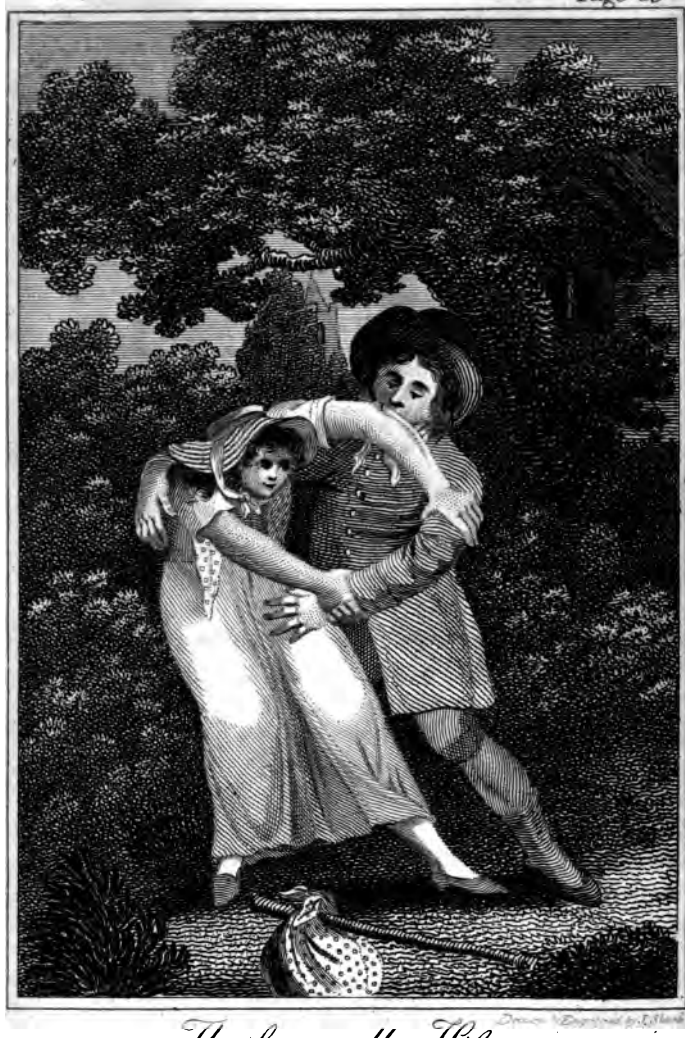
I, iftle fotch me sark eawt oth' leath I'll geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll never do while my nemes Ned. Whau, sed I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw trouble the nob obeawt tat; I two o whoam, an I'll gi' theeth' tone, come let's get off sed he. So were'n marching owey; but before wed'n gone five rood, I seed summot an seete up a greyt reeak (for I thowt I'd seen owd Nick agen, Lord bless us:) Seys Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus? I pointit th' finger, an sed, is naw tat te dule? Which, sed he: That, under th' hedge, sed I. Now, now, naw hit; that's eawer yung cowt ot lies reawt, sed Yed. The dickons it is sed I! Boh I think eh meh guts ot that carrit me eawt oth' leath. Then Yed axt meh, if th' dur wur opp'n? I towd im I thowt it wur. But I'm shure I toynt it sed Yed. That moot be sed I, for after theaw laft me eawr Seroh browt me meh supper; an hoo moot leave it opp'n. By th' Miss sed Yed, if so Tum, this very cowt'll prove th' boggart! lets into th' leath, an see, for it's naw so dark as't wur. With aw meh heart sed I; boh lets stick toth' tone tother's hond then. A thiss'n we went into th' leath, and by meh truth Meary I know naw whot' think: There wur a yepsintle a cowt-tooarts upoth' lower part oth' hey-mough, and th' pleck where it had lyen as plene as a pike staff. But still, ift' wur hit ot carrit meh, I marvil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur eh sitch a hurry to get awey!

M. What te firrups! it signifies nowt, for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I find that eawr owd Nick wur th' cowt at lies reawt.

T. Whau, I connaw sey a deeol abeawt it, it looks likly, as teaw seys; But if this wur not a



Tummus and Ged gooink into th' Leath



The farewell Kiſs.

M. Ney.-Neaw.-So Tummus; go teaw, on slaver Seroh o Ratchots in ye bin so kipper.

boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly siftit into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore miud,—but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer sark.

T. Eigh, eigh; I height eh meh pocket se the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Yed, on neaw theaw sees I'm running meh country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo?

T. I think t' be an ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle tit's, os weel os onny one on um aw, theaw mey think it's gawstring.

M. Ney, I con believe 'o———E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' stey onny lunger. God be with o; for I mun owey.

T. Howd:—Ney Meary; le me ha one smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none sitch o feaw wheau noather.

M. Ney.—Neaw,—So Tummus; go teaw, on slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytfoo theaw art? Whot in o body doo like Seroh; there's no body boh the lik'n somebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sometimes some-body likes some-body elze.

T. I geawse whot to meeons: For, theawr't glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-slotch Bill o' owd-Katty's: Becose ot fok sen Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what te dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t' luff thoose ot luff'n other fok: Boh yoar o ninny hommer t' heed 'ur; for there's none sitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they sey?

M. I munnaw tell:——Beside yoan happly tey't non so weel in o body shou'd.

T. Whau, I connaw be ongurt ot tee, chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o mawkinly, dagg'd—a—st, whisk-tel't, whean; on—on—

T. On whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey sen ot hur moother took Bill ot owd Katty's on hur he bed t'gether, last Sunday morning.

T. E—the dev—(good Lord bless us) is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be otherways for hur moother wur crying, on soughing to me deme last Munday yeandurth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn intoth' yeoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een sooary for't: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod while it heart brasts o bit?

T. E Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh plucks! forif t' did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good troth, I con hardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en luff's clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o parcil o thumping lies o purpose t' pump o.

T. The dickons tey the Meary——Whot on awkert whean ar teaw! Whot teh plague did t' flay meh o thiss' far! theawrt o wheant lass—I'd leefer o gon the arnt forty mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. It's o greyt marcy yo connaw doot neaw for cruttling deawn.—Boh I mun owey: For if meh deme be cumn whoam there'll be ricking.—Well think on ot yoad'n rether ha' tene forty cawls.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit whisky chez whot Seroh o Ratchot's is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint' lying, on ot proof oth pudding's ith eyghting.—So fere weell Tumminus.

T. Meary, fere the weell heartily; on gi'meh luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then?

T. Byth' Miss will eh Meary; froth' bothum o meh crop.

A

GLOSSARY

OF

Lancashire Words & Phrases:

Containing

About 800 Words more than were in any of the five first Editions.

In which

Many of the useless corruptions are omitted, and wherein the Reader may observe,

That Words mark'd { A. S. / Bel. / Br. / Da. } come from the { Anglo-Saxon. / Belgic. / British. / Danish. }

That Words mark'd { Du. / Fr. / Sw. / Teu. } come from the { Dutch. / French. / Swedish. / Teutonic. }

A

ACTILLY, *actually.*
Ackersprit, *a potatoe with roots at both ends.*
Addle, *to get; also unfruitful.*
Afterings, *the last of a cow's milk.*
Agate, *on the way.*
Agog, *set on, begun.*
Aighs, *an ax.* *A. S.*
An, *if, and.*
Ancliff, *ancle.* *A. S.*
Anent, *opposite.* *A. S.*

A

Appern, *apron.*
Appo, *an apple.*
Ar, *are.*
Are, *an hour, also our.*
Areawt, *out of doors.*
Ark, *a large chest.* *A. S.*
an Arr, *a mark, or scar.*
Arran, *arrant, downright.*
Arsewood, *backward, unwilling.* *A. S.*
Arsey-versy, *heels over head.* *A. S.*
Ashelt, *likely, probable.*

B

Ash, Ax, Axen, Ash'n, } *ask. A. S.*

Ashlar, *large free stone, or moor stone.*

Asht, Axt, } *asked.*

Ashes, Axes, } *asks.*

Asker, *a nute.*

Astite, *as soon. A. S.*

Awf, *an elf, an earthly demon.*

At't, *at it.*

Awkert, *untoward; also comical. A S.*

Awlung, *all owing to, because.*

Awlus, *always.*

Awmeety, *Almighty.*

Awnsert, *answered.*

Aw o'like, q. *all I love, an interjection.*

Awto'pont, *out upon it.*

Awtert, *altered.*

Awvish, *queer, comical.*

B

BACCO, *tobacco.*

Backurt, *backward.*

Bakstone, q. *bake-stone. A. S.*

Bagging-time, *baiting-time.*

Balderdash, *hodge-podge. A.S.*

Ball, *the body of a tree.*

Ballocks, *the testicles. A. S.*

Bally, *belly.*

Ban, *cursing. Bel.*

Bandyhewit, *a name given to any dog, when persons intend to make sport with his master.*

B

Bang, *to beat. Bel.*

Bankreawt, *broken credited.*

Barklt, *dirt, &c. hardened on hair, &c.*

Bant, *a string.*

Bargin, *bargain.*

Barmskin, *a leather apron.*

Barn, *a child. A. S.*

Barst, *burst.*

Bastertly-gullion, *a bastard's bastard.*

Bate, Beawt, } *without, or except, also about, or trial.*

Batter, *of which pancakes are made.*

Battril, *a batting-staff used by laundresses.*

Bautert, vid. *barklt.*

Bawk, *a piece of timber laid across a house; also to deceive.*

Bawks, *discouragements; also a hayloft. Bel.*

Be, *by.*

Beasting, *a beating.*

Beawls, *bowls.*

Beawlt'nt, *bowled.*

Beck'n, *to call with the finger.*

Becose. *because.*

Beeart, *a beard.*

Been, *nimble, clever.*

Beeos, *cows.*

Beest, *undigested milk, that next after calving. A. S.*

Beest'n-Castle, q. *Beeston-Castle,* 7 *miles from* Chester.

Beet-need, *a help on particular occasions.*

Begant', Begunt, } *began to.*

Behint, Behunt, Behund; *all signifying behind.*

Beleady, *by our lady.*

B

Beleakins, *a diminutive of our lady, or an interjection.*
Bells, q. *bellows, makes a noise.*
Beleeft, *believed.*
Beleemy, *believe me.*
Belive, *by and by.*
Bellart, *a bull or bear's-ward.*
Bell'n, Belling, } *making a noise.*
Bench, *a seat.*
Ber, *force.*
Berm, *yeast.* *A. S.*
Beshite, *to foul, to dirty.*
Beshote, *dirtied.*
Bezzle, *from embezzle, to waste.*
Bib, *a breast-cloth.*
Bin, *been.*
Bitter-bump, *the bittern.*
Blackish, *inclining to black.*
Blackstone-Edge, *a hill between Lancashire & Yorkshire.*
Blain, *a little bile.* *A. S.*
Bleb, *a bubble.* *Bel.*
Bleffin, *a block, or wedge.*
Bleffin-head, *a blockhead.*
Blend, *mix.* *A. S.*
Blendit, *mixed.*
Blid, *from blood, an interjection.*
Blinkert, *blink of one eye.*
Blur, *a blot.* *Sp.*
Boadle, *half a farthing.*
Bode, *did abide; also foretel.*
Boggart, *a spirit, an apparition.*
Boggle, *to be afraid.* *Du.*
Boh, *but.* N.B. *This and some other Lancashire words ending with e, are pronounced with a very short aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.*
Boke, *to point the finger at.*
Bonkful, *bankful.*
Booan, *a bone.*

B

Booart, *a board.*
Bookth, *bulk, the largeness of a thing.* *A. S.*
Boose, *a cow's stall.* *A. S.*
Bote, *did bite.*
Bo'th', *but the.*
Bought, Boot, } *the bend, as the bought of the elbow, &c.*
Bowd, *bold.*
Borrut, *borrowed.*
Boyrn, *to rinse or wash.*
Boyrnt, *washed.* *A. S.*
Brabble, Brangle, Brabblement, Branglement, } *a squabble or falling out.*
Braggot, *new ale spiced, with sugar, &c.*
Brad, *spread, opened.*
Brass, *copper-money, also all sorts of coin.*
Brast, Brastit, } *burst.*
Brat, *a child; also a coarse apron.*
Brawn, *a boar.*
Breeans, *brains.*
Bree, *broth without meal; also to fear a person.*
Breechus, *breeches.*
Breed, *frightened.*
Breether, *brother.*
Breckfust, *breakfast.*
Breve, *brave.*
Breyd, *a board.*
Brid, *a bird.*
Brigg, *a bridge.*
Briggs, *irons to set over the fire.*
Brimming, *a sow is said to be so, when she wants to engender.*
Brindlt, *a mixture of colours in cows, dogs, &c.*

C

Britchel, *apt to break.*
Brok'n, *broken.*
Brog, *a swampy place; also a bushy place.*
To Brog, *there are two ways of fishing for eels, called brogging, one with a long pole, line, and plummet, the other by putting the hook and worm on a small stick, and thrusting it into holes where the eels lie. Du.*
Broo, *brow, forehead.*
Bruarts, *the rims, or brims of a hat.*
Bruart, *the blades of corn just sprung up.*
Bruck, *brook.*
Brunt, *burnt. Bel.*
Bruit, *a rumour, a report.*
Bruited, *reported.*
Bruzz'd, *broken, or dulled; also to bruz the skin off, is to knock it off.*
Buck, *a book.*
Bullockt, *bullied, cheated*
Bun-hedge, *a hedge made of twisted sticks.*
Bunhorns, *briars bored for to wind yarn on, used by woollen weavers.*
Burley, *thick, clumsy. Teu.*
Bur, *a very tenacious flower-bob, or seed of the large water-dock.*
Buzz'd, *whispered.*
Byth' Miss, q. *by the mass, an interjection.*
Byzen, *blind.*

C

CADGING, *to stuff the belly; also to bind or tye a thing.*
Cam, *awry. Br.*
Camm'd, *crooked, gone awry; also argued crossly, ill naturedly.*
Camp, Cank, *to talk of any thing.*
Camperknows, *ale pottage, in which are put sugar, spices, &c.*
Campo, Cample, *to prate saucily.*
Cankard, *rusty; also ill natured.*
Cant, *healthful, chearful. Bel.*
Capable, *able to do.*
Caper-cousins, *great friends.*
Capt, *to be set fast, to over do a person.*
To Cark, *to be careful and diligent. A. S.*
Carl, *a clown.*
Carlings, *peas boiled on Care-Sunday are so called,* i. e. *the Sunday before Palm-Sunday.*
Carrit, *carried; also a carrot.*
A Carry-pleck, *is a boggy place whose water leaves a red sediment.*
Carron, q. *carrion, a term of reproach.*
Catter, *to heap up, to thrive in the world. Fr.*
Catter-wawing, Catter-walling, *wooing, or rambling in the night, after the manner of cats, from whence it comes.*
Cawd, Cawd'n, *called.*
Cawn, *they call.*
Cawfe, *a calf.*
Cawfe-tail *a dunce.*

C

Chaffo, *to chew.*
A Char, *a small job of work, also to stop. A. S.*
Charger, *platters, dishes.*
Chark, *a crack.*
Charn, *a churn.*
Charn-curdle, *a churnstaff.*
Chary, *careful, or painful.*
Chat, *to talk; also a small twig. Fr.*
Cheeons, *chains.*
Cheeot, *cheat.*
Cheop, *cheap.*
Chez, *from chuse.*
Chieve, *to prosper.*
Chill, *cold. A. S.*
Chill-blains, *swelling in the fingers and toes.*
Childer, *children.*
Chilt, *a child.*
Chimley, *a chimney.*
Chip, *an egg, is said to chip when the young cracks the shells.*
Choamber, *a chamber.*
Choance, *a chance.*
Chomp, *to chew; also to crush, or cut things small.*
Choynge, *change.*
Churn-getting, *a nightly feast after the corn is cut.*
Clammer, *to climb; also a great noise.*
Clammy, *gluish, tough. A. S.*
Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*
Clatter, *a sudden noise. A. S.*
Cleeart, *cleared.*
Cleawd, *a cloud.*
Cleawt, *a clout.*
Cleek, *to catch at hastily.*
Cleeon, *clean.*
Cleeoning, *after-birth of a cow.*
Clemm'd, *famish'd starv'd.*

C

Clever, } *lusty, skilful; also*
Cliver, } *very well.*
Clewkin, *a sort of strong twine. A. S.*
A Clock, *a beetle.*
Clocking, *the noise of broody hens.*
Clooas, *clothes.*
Cloyse, } *very near; also a*
Close, } *croft or field.*
Clotted, *sticking together. Bel.*
Clough, *a wood; also a valley.*
Clozzoms, *talons, vid. clutches.*
Clum, *did climb.*
Clumst, } *unhandy, unweildy.*
Clumsy, }
Clussumt, *swollen with cold.*
Clut, *to strike, a blow.*
Clutches, *the hands, the talons of birds; also in possession of.*
Clutters, *all on heaps. Du.*
Cluttert, *gathered on heaps.*
Coaken, *the sharp part of a horse-shoe; also to strain in the act of vomiting.*
To Cob, *to throw.*
Cobstones, *stones that may be thrown; and also larger stones. A. S.*
Cob-coals, *large pit-coals.*
Cock, *to stand up, as cock thy tail, hold it high.*
Cockers, *to fondle; also an old horse without foot. Fr.*
Cocker, and Trashes, *old stockings without feet and over-worn shoes.*
Cocket, *pert. A. S.*
Cods, *the testicles. A. S.*
Cod-piece, *the fore part of breeches.*
Coil, *a great stir; also a lump on the head, by a blow.*

C

Collock, *a large pale.*
Com, Ceomp, } *a comb.*
Coom, *came.*
Con, *can; also to con a thing over, is to look it over.*
Condle, *a candle.*
Conny, *brave, fine.*
Cooth, *a cold.*
Cops, *balls or lumps of yarn.*
Cop, Copping, } *a fence. A. S.*
Copweb, *spiders web. Bel.*
Cokes, Corks, } *cinders.*
Cosey, *a causeway.*
Cost'n, *did cost.*
Costril, *a little barrel.*
Cotafish, q. *God's flesh.*
Cotter, Cotterel, } *a pin to hold the wheel on the axle-tree, by some called a lin-pin.*
Covert, *covered.*
Cowd, *cold. Du.*
Cowken, *a straining to vomit.*
Cown, *Coln in Lancashire.*
Crackling, *a thin wheaten cake.*
Craddins, *to lead craddins is to play bold adventurous tricks.*
Craddinly, *cowardly.*
Crags, *rocky rough places. Br.*
Cram'd, *crooked.*
Crap, *money.*
Crash, *the noise of any thing when it breaks.*
Cratch, *a rack for hay, &c.*
Cratchinly, *feeble, weak.*
Creawp-ars'd, *hog-breech'd.*
Creawn, *a crown.*
Creeas, *the meazles.*
Creawse, *very loving, lustful.*

C

Crevis, *a hole, or crack.*
Creemt, *to give a thing privately.*
Cretur, *creature.*
Crewet, *a sort of glass vial to hold vinegar.*
Crib, *a place to hold sucking calves; also a pinfold, a gaol.*
Cricks an howds, *pains and strains.*
Cricket, *a small stool; also a house insect.*
Crimble, *to go into small crumbs.*
Crimble ith' poke, *is to run back of a bargain, to be cowardly.*
Crinkle, *to bend under a weight; to rumple a thing. Du.*
Christins, *christians.*
Crom, *to stuff; also to put a thing in a place.*
Cromm'd. *stuff'd.*
Cronk, *the noise of a raven; also to prate. Bel.*
Crony, *a true companion.*
Croo, *a crib for a calf.*
Crope, *crept.*
Crop'n, *crept into.*
Crow, *an iron gavelock.*
Crummil, *Cromwell.*
Cun, Con, } *to give thanks, is to give thanks.*
Crump, *cramp, a disease; also to be out of humour. A. S.*
Crumple, *to ruffle.*
Cruttle, *to stoop down, to fall,* vid. *crinkle. Du.*
Cubbort, *cupboard.*
Cud'n, *could.*
Cudneh, *cou'd you.*

D

Cullert, *coloured.*
Cumbert, *cumbered. Du.*
Cumn, *come, or came.*
Cumpunny, *company.*
Cumt', *come to.*
Cun, *can.*
Cup o' sneeze, *a pinch of snuff.*
Curtners, *curtains.*
Cutter, *to make much of, as a hen or goose of their young.*
Cuzz'n, *cousin; also to cheat.*

D

DAB, *a blow; also being active at any thing.*
Dacker, *tickle, or unsettled weather. Teu.*
Daddle, *to reel, or waver on the road, to go as ducks.*
Daffock, *a dirty slattern.*
Dagg'd-arse, q. *dewy-arse.*
Dagg'd-tele, q. *dirty slut.*
Dane, *down.*
Dangus, *the same with daffock.*
Darn, *to draw up a hole with a needle. A. S.*
Dawnger, *danger.*
Dawnt, *to fear.*
Dawntle, *to fondle.*
Deawk, *to go over head in water.*
Deawmp, *dumb.*
Deawt, Date, } *doubt.*
Deeave, *to stun with a noise.*
Deeavely, *lonely.*
Deeing, *dying.*
Deeod, *dead.*
Deeol, *a deal, much.*
Deeols, *deals, trades with.*

D

Deeoth, *death.*
Deet, *dawbed, besmeared.*
Deg, *to wet, to sprinkle water on. Fr.*
Deme, *dame.*
Desunt, *handsome.*
Dey, *day.*
Didney, Didneh, } *did you.*
Dick, *a by-name for Richard.*
Dickons, *an interjection.*
Dicky, *a diminutive of Richard.*
Dicky o'Wills, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*
Din, *a noise. A. S.*
Ding, *to knock, to strike. Teu.*
Dingle, *a valley. A. S.*
Disactly, *exactly.*
Dither, *to tremble. A. S.*
Dithert, *quaked, trembled.*
Doage, *wettish, a little.*
Dock, *to cut off.*
Dofft, *put off, undressed.*
Donk, *a little wettish.*
Donn'd, *put on, dressed.*
Dons, *put on.*
Doo, *do.*
Dooal, *money, &c. given at a funeral, or other times.*
Dosome, *healthful.*
Dowd, *dead, flat, spiritless.*
Doot nor do, *lingering, a bad state of health.*
Doing, or Dowing } *healthful.*
Dowter, *daughter.*
Doytches, *ditches.*
Doytch-backs, *fences.*
Dozening, Dozing, } *slumbering.*
Draff, *grains, A. S.*
Draight, *a drought or team.*

E

a barren cow, one that
d with calf. A. S.
ps, drops.
nt, drowned.
long, tedious. A. S.
it, dreamed.
, to draw or let in water.
did drive.
, to rain softly. Bel.
to wipe, also thirsty
, q. drive, also to put off.
r, a large dish. Bel.
, knocked.
v, do not.
l, do you.
door.
eeks, the frame of wood
hich doors hang.
that piece of wood or
by which gates hang.
, dozen, 12.

E

ah! an interjection, al-
also in; also you.
iled.
very.
the eaves of a house.
our, also an hour.
owls.
e, ounce.
out.
umbling, outcoming, a
ger.
r, author.
bel.
n, eyebrows.
s, eyebrows.
an adder. A. S.
, grass after mowing.

F

Ee, *an eye; also, ee, ee, is yes, yes.*
Eem, *I connaw eem*, i. e. *I have not time.*
Een, *eyes; also even; also an interjection; likewise an Eve, or Vigil.*
Eendless-annant, *the straight gut.*
Eendways, *endways, forward.*
Eendneaw. *by and by.*
Eete, } *did eat.*
Eeyght, }
Egad, *a diminutive of the oath, by God.*
Egodsnum q. *in Gods' name.*
Efeakins, *a diminutive of, in faith.*
Eh, *he; in; I, and you.*
Eigh, *yes, the same with ee.*
E-law, q. *ah, Lord!*
Elder, *an udder, also a Cromwell's justice of peace.*
Ele, *ale, also ail.*
Ere ever, *before.*
Eshin, *a pale.*
Elsin, *a sort of a awl. Teu.*
Elt, *to stir dough sometime after kneading.*
Esshole, } *the hole under the fire*
Ashole, } *to hold ashes.*
Estid, *instead.*
Eteaw, *broken; in pieces.*
Ettercrops, } *spiders.*
Attercrops, }
Ett'n, *eaten.*
Ewer, *ever.*
Ex'n, q. *oxen.*

F

FADGE, *a burden or part of a horse's load.*

F

Fag, *to tire.*
Fag-end, *the tail-end, a remnant. A. S.*
Fair-faw, *a term of wishing well.*
Fammish'd, *starv'd by famine.*
Fangs, *the tusks of a dog or bear. A. S.*
Far, *for.*
Far-geh, *forgive.*
Farrantly, q. *fair and likely, handsome.*
Farrow, *a sow's bringing forth young. A. S.*
Farry, *a litter of pigs.*
Fartain, *fortune.*
Fash, *the tops of turnips, &c.*
Fattle be ith' Foyar, *all will be wrong.*
Fattish, *inclining to be fat.*
Faw, Fo, *fall.*
Fawn, Foan, *fallen.*
Fawse Lunners, *the ingenious authors of the Monthly Review.*
Fawt, *fault.*
Feear, *afraid.*
Feaberry, *gooseberries.*
To Feft, *is to give an estate for life, &c.*
Feathering, *the finishing or topping of a hedge, also laying hay on a cart. A. S.*
Feaw, *foul, ugly.*
Feawly, *ugly, unfortunately.*
Feaw whean, *an ugly woman.*
Fearfo, *fearful.*
Feel, *fell.*
Feggur, *fairer.*
Feld, *felt, perceived.*

F

Feelt, *a field.*
Feersuns-een, *Shrovetide.*
Felly, Fellow, *a man.*
Fellicks, Fellies, *the rounds of a wheel. Da.*
Felly'l, *the man will.*
Fend, *to endeavour, to provide for.*
Fere, *fair, honest; a fair, also fare, or cheer.*
Fest, Fest'n, q. *to fasten; to bind apprentice. A. S.*
Fethur, *father.*
Fettle, *dress, case, condition.*
Fewtrils. *little things.*
Fey, *the earth lying over stone, slate, &c.*
To Fey, *is to remove such earth.*
Fib, *a lye.*
Fin'st, *best, bravest.*
Firrups, *a kind of imprecation.*
Fittut, *fitted, supply'd.*
Flaight, *a light turf.*
Flap, *the lap of a coat, &c.*
Flasker, *to dash or play in water.*
Flash, *a lake.*
Flasket, *a shallow basket.*
Flay, *to fear to frighten.*
Flay'd, *frightened.*
Fleak, *a hurdle made of twisted hazles; also a thing made to dry oatcakes on.*
To Fleak, *to bask in the sun.*
Fleckt, *spotted.*
Flee, Flay, *to skin.*
Fleed, *skinn'd.*
Fleigh, *a flea.*
Flet, *skimm'd. Bel.*

F

ilk, *milk with the cream*
ı *off Bel.*
a flitch of bacon.
› *remove. Da.*
g, } *a splinter or shiver. Da.*
q. *fleece of wool, &c.*
r-meawth, *blubber-lip-*
, *in a great hurry; out*
unter, not well, sickly.
to fly at, as two cocks.
to laugh scornfully.
to scold. A. S.
ı *pocket. A. S.*
rass after the mowing;
a mist. A. S.
a f—t.
stinking.
folk.
folk will.
followed.
ı *fool; also full.*
ad, *a play-thing.*
rt, *the pole-cat, or wild-*
Br.
ırtin, } *for certain, cer-*
ure, } *tainly.*
for it.
wght, *repented; also sight.*
h, *for sooth.*
l, *forward.*
ıt'n, *forgotten.*
fetch.
, *a fold, or yard.*
, *fire.*
new, *very new.*
potter, *an iron instru-*
ıt *to stir up the fire.*
ıut, *an iron ring that*

G

runs on a stake to which cows are fastened.
Frap, *to crack; also to fall into a passion.*
A Fratch, *a quarrel.*
Fratching, *quarrelsome.*
Freeat'n, *forgotten.*
Frem, *not a kin; also tender.*
Fresh-cullert, *rosy, well coloured.*
Fridge, *to rub, to scrat.*
Frim, *tender. A. S.*
Frist, *trust. A. S.*
Fro, *from*
Fro off on her, *off her.*
Frough, *tender, rather brittle.*
Frowt, *for ought.*
Frump, *a mock or jeer.*
Fun, *found; also sport.*
Furst, } *first.*
Furster, }
Fuss, *a great stir.*
Fussock, *a term of reproach for fat idle women.*

G

GA, *gave.*
Gable-end, *the wall at the end of the house, &c. Bel.*
Gablock, } *a strong iron bar*
Gavelock, } *used for a lever. A. S.*
Gad, *to run about, as cows in hot weather. A. S.*
Gaight, *gave it.*
Gainer, *nearer.*
Galkeer, *a tub to work drink in.*
Gam, *fine sport, diversion; also game.*
Gan, *give, did give.*
Gar, *to force.*

G

Garth, *a hoop for tubs, &c.*
Gash, *a large cut or wound.*
Gate, *a way or path.*
Gate-way, *gone forwards.*
Gaunt, *lean, empty. A. S.*
Gawby, *a dunce.*
Gawm, *understand or comprehend; also to mind.*
Gawmblt, *play'd the fool.*
Gawmless, *stupid, senseless.*
Gawpe, *to stare with open mouth.*
Gawster, *to boast.*
Gawstring, *hectoring, bragging*
Gawt, or Gote, } *a passage for water, a floodgate. A. S.*
Geaw, *go.*
Geawn, *the gummy matter issuing from tender eyes. Br.*
Gee, *to gee is to agree, to suit.*
Geer, *stuff of all sorts; also a horse harness. A. S.*
Geh, or Gi', } *give.*
Gerse, *grass.*
Geete, *did get.*
Geet, *give.*
Get'n, *got.*
Gex, Geaux, Geawse, } *guess. Du.*
Gezlings, q. *goslings, or young geese. A. S.*
Gibberidge, *stammering, broken or imperfect speech.*
Gig, *a machine used in dressing cloth; also a hole made in the earth to dry flax.*
To set oth' Gigg, *is to set on, to stir up.*
Giggle, *to laugh wantonly.*

G

Giglet, *a wanton girl. Bel.*
Gilders, Gillers, } *are lengths of hair twisted on which fishing lines are made.*
Gilliver, *a gilliflower; also a wanton woman.*
Gill-hooter, *an owl.*
Gilt, *a female pig tho' it be cut.*
An opp'n Gilt, *one ungelt, or uncut.*
Gimlet, *a nail-piecer to bore holes. Fr.*
Ginnel, *a strait street; a narrow passage.*
Girn, *to grin.*
Gizzern, *the stomach of a fowl.*
Glead, *a kite. A. S.*
Gleadurt, *stared. A. S.*
Glent, *a glance or sly look*
Glenting, *glancing. A. S.*
Gley, *to squint.*
Glib, *smooth slippery. A. S.*
Glimmer, *to shine a little.*
Glimmering, *shining a little, a spark. Du.*
Gliss'n, *to shine. A. S.*
Glister, *to shine or sparkle.*
Glitter, *to shine.*
Gloor, *to stare. A. S.*
Glooart, *stared. A. S.*
Glopp'nt, *frightened.*
Glossy, *shining. A. S.*
Glur, *the softest of fat.*
Gords, *customs; also play things.*
Goart, *pierced that blood appears. A. S.*
Gob, *a large piece of meat.*
Gobbin, Gobslotch, Godsnum, } *a greedy clownish person, a dunce, in God's name.*

G

Goddil, q. *God will.*
Gog, *to set a-gog is to set on. Br.*
Gonner, *a gander.*
Gonnerhead, *a stupid person or dunce.*
Gooa, *go.*
Gooan, *gone.*
Gooddit, *Shrovetide.*
Good lorjus deys, q. *good Lord Jesus what days! an interjection.*
Gooink, *going.*
Gooms, *gums. A. S.*
Gore, *blood; also a triangular piece of cloth put in a shirt to widen it. A. S.*
Gorses, *furze, a prickly shrub.*
Goshawk, *a fowl; also a duncely person. A. S.*
Gote, *a water passage.*
Gowd, *gold.*
Gran, *did grin.*
Grash, } *to eat greedily to*
Graunch, } *break any thing.*
Greadly, *well, right, handsomely.*
Greave, *a grave.*
Greawnd, *ground, the earth.*
Grease, *fat; also grass.*
Greawt, *small wort. A. S.*
Greece, *a little brow; also stairs. Fr.*
Greeof, or greeof by, *right or very near so.*
Grim'd, *besmear'd. Bel.*
Grin, *a snare; also a sneering look. A. S.*
Gripp'n, *clasped or clinched hand. A. S.*
Gripyort, Gripyard, *a seat of green-clods or turf, supported*

H

with twisted boughs (hurdle-wise) and generally, made round shady trees. A. S.
Grit, *sandy. A. S.*
Gritty, } *sandy.*
Gritley, }
Groats, *oats hull'd, but unground.*
Gronny, *a grandmother.*
Gronsur, *a grandfather.*
Groon, *grown.*
Grooing, *growing.*
Groop, *the place where cattle piss in a shippen.*
Grope, *to feel awkwardly or in the dark. A. S.*
Groyn, *a swine's snout.*
To Gry, *is an easy ague fit, or the auge hanging on a person.*
Gurd o leawghing, *a fit of laughing.*
Gutt', *go to.*
Guzzet, *a four square piece of cloth to widen the arm-pit of a shirt.*

H

HA,
Hav, } *have.*
Han, }
Hackt, *knock'd together; also to cut bunglingly.*
Had-loont-rean, *the gutter or space between the head lands and others.*
Had'n, *had.*
Hag, } *the belly.*
Haggus, }
Haft, or } *the handle of a knife:*
Heft, } *also heft is a lift.*

H

Haigs, *the white-thorn berries.*
Hal o' Nabs, q. *Henry of Abraham's.*
Halliblash, *a great blaze.*
Hallidey, *holyday.*
Halloo, *to shout.*
Halloo'd, *shouted.*
Hammeh, *have me.*
Hammil, *a village. A. S.*
Hangum, Hongum, } *hang them.*
Hanker, *to desire, to covet.*
Hap, *to cover; also to pat or encourage a dog. A. S.*
Happly, *perhaps.*
Harbor, *to entertain. A. S.*
Harr, *to snarl like an angry dog.*
Harms, *after, to speak the same thing, like an echo.*
Harry, q. *hurry, to tease, tired.*
Harry's, *Henry's.*
Harston, Harstone, } q. *hearthstone.*
Hask, *dry parched.*
Haver, *oats. Du.*
Haver-bread, *oat-bread.*
Haust, *a cough, a cold. Du.*
Hawmpo, *to halt.*
Hawmpow't, *did halt.*
Hawpunny, *half-penny.*
Hawms, *two pieces of crooked wood placed on the collar of a horse when he draws.*
Hawm-bark, *the collar of a horse.*
Hawps, *a tall duncely person.*
Hawve, *half.*
Healo, *bashful.*
Hearo, *hear you.*
Heasty, *hasty.*
Heck, *a half door. A. S.*

H

Hee, *a male; also high.*
Hed, *did heed, minded.*
He'er, *he was.*
Heer, *hoar frost; also a mist.*
Hee-witch, *a wizzard.*
Hear'n, *hear*
Heaw *how.*
Heawse, *house.*
Heaw't, *how it.*
Heeve, *did heave or lift up.*
Height, *have it, also high.*
Helder, *more likely.*
Helt, *likely.*
Hem, *the edge.*
Heps, *the briar's fruit.*
Herple, *to halt or limp.*
Het, q. *hight, or named.*
Hetter, *keen, eager, as a bull-dog.*
Hew'r, *hair.*
Hey-go-mad, *like mad, shouting mad; also to do any thing after an exceeding manner.*
Hey-mough, *hay-mow.*
Heyt, *have it.*
Hig, *a passion.*
Heyvy, *heavy.*
Hill, *to cover. A. S.*
A Bed-hilling, *a coverlet, a rug.*
Hight-nor-ree, *nothing at all of.*
Hippink, *a linen clout to keep infants clean.*
Hit, *it; the thing.*
Hitting, *a lighting on; also striking. Du.*
Ho, or Haw, } *a hall.*
Hoave, *half, also did heave.*
Hob-nob, *rashly. A. S.*
Hobs, *are stones set up or laid*

H

ther *end of the fire, a*
ely *fellow is also call'd*
b.
bin, } *a natural block-*
} *head or fool.*
-te-hoy, *a strippling at*
ge *of puberty.*
lin, *an apparition, a*
t.
rst, *the same; this is*
sed *to haunt only woods.*
g, *limping; also stam-*
g.
utt'n, *mutton of a year*
heep.
, *handle.*
hang.
and.
handful.
, *hungry.*
, *hang him.*
e. *Br.*
swelled, hard in the
· crook, *force.*
a *whore; also she was.*
she is.
she shall.
, *a sort of basket.*
a little basket. A. S.
on, } *steps to mount*
one, } *horses.*
hearty.
tockings. A. S.
g, *to limp, to go by*
, *as toads.*
to stir up, to vex.
g-mad, *very mad or*
ed.
a foot, sometimes the
hole.

I

Howd, } *hold.*
Howt, }
Howd-te tung, *hold thy prate.*
Howse, *to stir up, to potter.*
Howsome, *wholesome.*
Hoyde, *a hide, a skin; also to hide.*
Hoyse, *hose.*
Hoyts, *long rods or sticks.*
Hubbon, } *the hip.*
Huggon, }
Huckster, *a seller of herbs, roots, &c. Du.*
Hud, *hid or covered.*
Hugger-mugger, *conceals.*
Hummobee, *the large round bee.*
Humpstridd'n, *a stride.*
Hur, *her.*
Hurly-burly, *a great stir, a noise. A. S.*
Hure, *hair.*
Hurn, *a horn. A. S.*
Hurrying, *drawing, or dragging; also being in haste.*
Husht, *silence. Du.*
Hus, *we.*
Huzz, *to hum, to make a noise like bees.*
Hye, *to make haste. A. S.*

I

ICCLES, *long pieces of ice at the eaves of houses, &c.*
Id, *he had; also I had.*
I'd, *I had; also I wou'd.*
Idd'n, *you had.*
If Idd'n, *if you wou'd.*
Ift, *if thou.*
Iftle, *if thou will.*
I'll, *I will; also he will.*

J

Ill-favort, *ugly.*
Im, *him.*
Imp, *to rob, to deprive of.*
In, *that; also or if, also than.*
Inkling, *a hint. Teu.*
Infarm, *inform.*
Inneh, *if I; also if you.*
Innin, *if you will.*
Int, } *if it*
Intle, } *if you will,*
Into, *if thou,*
I'r, *I was.*
Ir, *you are.*
Irning, *the making of cheese; also the smoothing of linen.*
Ist, *is it, also is the.*
I'st, *I shall; also I shou'd.*
It', *I to.*
Ither, *in their.*
Ittle, *it will,*

J

JACKANAPES,, *a term of derision.*
Jannock, *a loaf made of oatmeal leavened.*
Jawms, *the sides of a window; and also of the bottom part of a chimney. Fr.*
Jawnt, *a walking, or riding out a journey.*
Jingum-bobs, *play things.*
Jim, or } *spruce, very neat.*
Gim, }
Jobberknow, *a dunce, or dolt.*
Jone's, *John's,*
Josty, *come to.*
Joyst, *a summer's grass; also a piece of wood laid across a floor. Fr.*

K

Jump, *a coat; also to leap.*

K

KA, or } *a cow.*
Keaw, }
Kazzarley, *subject to casualties.*
Katty, *a diminutive of Catharine.*
Keather, *a cradle.*
Keawer, } *to sit or stoop*
Kere, } *down.*
He Keawls, } *he's cowardly.*
Keawlt, }
Keawnty, *county.*
Keawnsil, *counsel, or council.*
Keawerser, *worse; also a hunter with greyhounds.*
Keckle, *unsteady; also the noise of an affrighted hen.*
Keck, *to go pertly. Du.*
Kee, or } *cows. A. S.*
Kye, }
Keegh, *to cough; also a cold.*
Keel, *to cool. A. S.*
Keem, or } *to comb.*
Kem, }
Keen-bitten, *eager, sharp-bit.*
Keep, *catch. A. S.*
Keke, *cake.*
Kele, *time, place, circumstance.*
Kene, *a cane, or Cain.*
Kere'n, *care.*
Kers'n, *christian; also to christen.*
Kersunt, *christened.*
Kersmus, *Christmas,*
Kese, *case.*
Kestling, *a calf calved before the usual time.*
Kest, *cast,*

K

Kestit, *reckoned up; also to vomit.*
Keyke, or Kyke, } *to stand crooked.*
Keyvt, *overturned.*
Kibbo, *a long stick.*
Kibe, *to draw the mouth awry. A. S.*
Kibe-heels, *cracked or sore heels.*
Kilt, *killed.*
Kin, *kind sort.*
Kindly, *a kindly cow, &c. is a handsome, healthy cow.*
Kink, *to lose their breath with coughing, the chin-cough.*
Kink-haust, *a violent cold.*
Kipper, *amorous, lustful.*
Kittle, *ticklish; also unstable.*
Kist, *a chest. A. S.*
Knaggy, *knotty. A. S.*
Knep, *to bite easily.*
Knoad, *knew.*
Knockus, *knuckles.*
Knoblocks, Knoblings, Knaplings, } *little lumps of coals about the size of eggs.*
Knattert, *gnawed.*
Knattle, *cross ill-natured.*
Knotchel, *to cry a woman knotchel is when a man gives public notice he will pay none of her new-contracted debts.*
Know, q. *knowl, a brow or small hill.*
Knurs, *knots, warts on trees.*
Ko, *quoth.*
Kreawse, vid. *creawse.*
Kyb'n, *to flout, by raising the under lip.*

L

LABBOR, *labour.*
Lad, *a boy; also did lead.*
Laft, *left.*
Lag, *to stay behind. Sw.*
Lamm, *to beat.*
Lant, *urine.*
Langot, *a shoe-latchet. Fr.*
Lap, *wrap.*
Larjus, Largess, } *much, a gift.*
Lastut, *lasted.*
Lat, *slow; also very late; also a lathe. A. S.*
Latching, *infecting, catching.*
Lawm, *lame.*
Lattent, *hindered.*
Lawmt, *lamed.*
Le, *let.*
Leach, *a lake.*
Lean, *to keep secret. A. S.*
Learock, *a lark.*
Leath, *a barn; also to invite; also ease or rest.*
Leawk, *long, barren or heathy grass.*
Leawky, *full of leawk.*
Leawpholes, q. *loopholes.*
Leawse, *a louse.*
Leck on, *put on water; also when a vessel will not hold water, is said to leck. A. S.*
Lee, *lay.*
Ledy, *lady.*
Leefer, *rather. A. S.*
I'd os leef, *I would as soon or rather. A. S.*
Leeof, *leave.*
Leep, *did leap.*
Leeond, *lend.*
Leet, *light of, on, or met with; light and lightning.*

L

Leett'n, *to lighten.*
Leetsom, *lightsome.*
Os thick os Leet, *as quick as one flash of lightning follows another.*
Leete, *let go.*
Lenger, *longer.*
Lennock, *slender, pliable.*
Lether, *to beat.*
Lew-warm, *blood-warm.*
Ley-land, *rest, or untilled land.*
Leyther, *rather.*
Lick, *to beat.*
Licker, *more likely.*
Lickly, *very likely.*
Licklyest, *most likely.*
Lieve, *believe.*
Like, *to love.*
Lik'n, *to guess; also to compare.*
Lik't, *likely to have; also did love.*
Lilt, Lilting, *to do a thing cleverly or quickly.*
Limp, *to halt.*
Linch, *a small step. A. S.*
Line, *layn.*
Lin-pin, *a cotter, or pin that holds the cart-wheel on.*
Ling, *long heath.*
Lipp'n, *expect; also leaped.*
Lipp'nt, *expected.*
Lite, *a few.*
Lithe, *calm; also to put oat-meal in broth. A. S.*
Lither, *idle. A. S.*
Littlebrough, *a country village near Rochdale.*
Livert, vid. *thodden.*
Loath, *unwilling. A. S.*
Loast, *loosed; also lowest.*
Lob-cock, *a great idle person.*
Lung, *long.*
Lod, *a lad.*

M

Loaad'n, *loaden.*
Loft, *a chamber.*
Lonleydey, *a landlady.*
Lone, *a lane.*
Loont, *a land, a butt, or division of ploughed land.*
Lopper'd-milk, *curdled milk.*
Loppering-brewis, *a brewis made at the killing of swine, with broth of the boiled entrails, &c.*
Lorjus o'me, *(from Lord Jesus have mercy on me) an interjection.*
Loothe, Loothy, *look thee, behold.*
Lost'n, *did lose.*
Lotch, *to halt; also to jump like a frog.*
Lother, *a lather. A. S.*
Loyers, *the chimney.*
Loyse, *to lose.*
Loyte, *a few.*
Luckit, *a nurse's term; also used by way of scoffing.*
Luck'o, *look you, see you.*
Luff, *love.*
Luff'n, *do love.*
Lug, *to pull by the hair.*
Lumber, Lumbert, *mischief, or hurt, also useless household stuff.*
Lunjus, *subtle, very surly.*
Lunnon, *London.*
Lunnun-boggarts, *the authors of the Monthly Review.*
Lunshon, *a large piece of meat.*
Lurdin, q. *Lord-dane, an idle lubberly fellow.*

M

MACK, *sort.*
Manchet, *white bread.*

M

Mander, *manner or sort.*
Mar, *to spoil. A. S.*
Marlocks, *awkward gestures; also fools.*
Marcy, *mercy; also the River Mersey.*
Mare, Meer, } *a large lake. Br.*
Margit, *Margaret.*
Marr'd, *quite spoiled. A. S.*
Marry, *a common interjection.*
Marry-kem-eawt, *a scornful interjection.*
Marvil, *wonder, to wonder, also admirable.*
Masht, *broke to pieces.*
Maskins, Mackins. } *a sort of petty oath.*
Matho, *Martha.*
Mattert, *signified.*
Mattock, *a tool in husbandry.*
Maukin or Mawkin, } *a bunch of rags &c. tyed to a pole to sweep an oven; also a dirty woman.*
Maunder, *murmuring; also a wandering, or walking stupidly. Fr.*
Mawkinly, *sluttish, dirtily.*
Mawkish, *sickly; also duncely.*
Maw, *the stomach. A. S.*
May-guts, *maggots.*
Mead'n, *a maid; also made.*
Meary, *Mary.*
Meary o'Dicks, vid. *Tummus o' Williams.*
Measter, *master.*
Measy, *giddy, vertiginous.*
Meawlt, *mouldy.*
Meawntebank, *a quack.*
Meawse, *a mouse.*
Meawt, *to moult. Du.*

M

Meawth, *a mouth.*
Meawg'nt, *did eat greedily.*
Meazysow, *giddy, or empty headed.*
Meds'n, *medicine.*
Meeon, *mean; also to go halves; also a thing had in its kind.*
Meawse-neezes, q. *mouse nests, knavish actions.*
Meeny, *a family; also very many. Fr.*
Meeterly, *indifferently, moderate.*
Meet-neaw, *this moment.*
Meet-shad, *exceeded.*
Meety, *mighty.*
Meeverly, *modestly, handsomely, gently.*
Meg-harry, *a robust girl that plays with boys.*
Meh, *me; also my.*
Mennaw, *cannot, may not.*
Mex'n, *to cleanse a stable, &c. A. S.*
Mey, or Make, } *may; also make.*
Meyt, *meat.*
Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery-fac'd full of red pimples. Du.*
Midge, *a gnat. A. S.*
Middingspuce, *a sink or sewer.*
Min, *to min on, is to put in mind.*
Misfartins, *misfortunes.*
Misgives, *forebodes, tells.*
Mismannert, *clownish, unmannerly.*
Mistrustit, *doubted, suspected.*
Mitch-go-deet'o, *much good may it do you.*
Byth' Miss, *a common kind of*

M

an oath from Mass.
Miscaw, *to call nicknames.*
Mishmash, *a hodge-podge.*
Mistene, *mistaken.*
Mistol, *a cowhouse.*
Mitch, *much.*
Mittens, *gloves without fingers, also a very strong pair to hedge in. Fr.*
Mizzles, *rains a little.*
Mizzleth, *raining softly.*
Mizzy, *a quagmire.*
Mob, *a woman's close cap.*
Moider, *a puzzle; also a moidore.*
Molart, *a mop to clean ovens,* vid. *mawkin.*
Mon, *a man.*
Monny, *many.*
Mooast, *most.*
Moods, *earth. Sw.*
Moor, *a hill; also a common, also more. A. S.*
Mooter, *mill-toll.*
Moother, *mother.*
Moot, *might. A. S.*
Moot point, *exact, very near.*
Moot'n, Met'n, *might have done.*
Mough, *a mow of hay, &c.*
Mough'n, *being very hot, to sweat from molten. A. S.*
Mourning, *morning.*
Mowdywarp, *a mole. A. S.*
Moydert, *puzzl'd, non-plus'd.*
Mullock, *dirt, rubbish.*
Mun, or Munt, *must.*
Munneh, *must I.*
Muse'n, *to think or wonder.*
Murth, *abundance.*
Mustert-bo, q. *mustard ball.*

N

Muyce, *mice.*
Muz, *a nurses term for mouth.*
Muzzy, *sleepy; also a little drunk.*

N

NAB, AB, *a by name for Abraham.*
Nang-nele, *a sort of corns.*
Narse, *fundament. A. S.*
Naw, *not.*
Nawstler, *an ostler.*
Ne, or Ney, *nay.*
Neeam, *an aunt. A. S.*
Neamt, *named.*
Neatril, *a natural, a fool.*
Neaw, Nah, *now.*
Neb, *a point; the fore par of a cap, &c. A. S.*
Ned, and Need'n, *these are used promiscuously, for need and did not need and governed by the word following.*
Necessary, *mistaken for accessary.*
Neeom, *an uncle. A. S.*
Neen, *eyes; also nine.*
Neest, *a nest; also nighest.*
Neet, or Neeight, *night.*
Neeze, *coughing by being tickled in the nose. A. S.*
Nele, *a nail.*
Neme, *a name.*
Nese, *the nose. A. S.*
Nesh, *tender. A. S.*
Nestlecock, *the darling, a last child. A. S.*

O

Nettle, *to vex.*
Newer, *never.*
Ney, *nay.*
Neyve, *a fist.*
Nice, *strange, comical, also neat.*
Nifle, *a nice bit of any thing, also trifling.*
Ninnyhommer, *a vile dunce.*
Nip, *the name of a dog; also to pinch, bite, cheat, or wrong.*
Noant, *an aunt.*
Nob, *the head.*
Noger, *an augur. A. S.*
Noggin, *a small pale holding a mess. Bel.*
Nominy, *a speech.*
Nook, *a corner. Bel.*
Noon, Oon, } *an oven.*
Noonscawp, *the labourer's resting time after dinner.*
Now, *now.*
Nown, *own.*
Nowt, *nothing; also naught or bad.*
Nudge, *to jog, or hit.*
Nuer, *never.*
Nuzz-e-boz, q. *nose ith' bosom.*
Nuzzle, *to stick the nose in bosom. A. S.*

O

O', *Sometimes used as a, on, you, and of.*
Oamfry, *Humfrey.*
Oandurth, *afternoon.*
Oather, *either.*
Obeawt, *about.*

O

Oboon, *above.*
Obunnunze, *abundance.*
Od, *a diminutive of God, an interjection; also strange.*
Odder, *very strange.*
Oddsfish, *a diminutive of God's flesh; an interjection.*
Odds-on-eends, *odd trifling things.*
Oe'rley, *a leathern surcingle.*
Or'escutcht, *done slightly.*
Oe'r't, *over it.*
Off-at-side, *mad, delirious.*
Ofore, *before.*
Ogen, *again; also against.*
Ogoddil, *if God will.*
Ogreath, *well, right.*
Ogreyt-matter-on-im, *no great matter on him, he's not worth pitying.*
On, *is on, and, of, and upon.*
Onner, *of your.*
Onny, *any,*
Onoo, *a sufficient quantity.*
Onough, *enough.*
On-o-wey, *always.*
On's, *one's.*
On ye been o mon, q. *if you be a man.*
Oon, *an oven.*
Oss, *to try.*
Os leef, *I would chuse.*
Ossing, *trying, offering.*
Ost, *as the; also, as it; also essay'd, try'd.*
Ot, *at; also that.*
Othergets, q. *otherguise, othersort, otherwise.*
Otherweys, *otherwise.*
Ots, *that is.*
Ottey, *that I.*

P

Ottle, *that thou will.*
Over bodit, *is when a new upper part is put to the skirts of an old garment.*
Ousel, *a black-bird. A. S.*
Owd, *old.*
Owd Harry, } *names for the*
Owd Nick, } *devil.*
Owdhum, *a large village near Rochdale.*
Owey, *away.*
Owse, *an ox. Du.*
Owt, *any thing; also good.*
Oytch, *each, every.*

P

PADDOCK, *a small enclosure.*
To Pan, *to join, to agree.*
Papper, *paper.*
Parfit, *perfect.*
Parisht, *starved, or very cold.*
Pars'n, *parson; also a person.*
Peawnd, *a pound.*
Peawr, *abundance; also might.*
Peaws-weawse, Paxwax, } *the strong white tendon in a neck of veal, &c.*
Pede, *paid.*
Pedidigree, *for pedigree.*
To Pee, *is to squint queerly.*
Peel, *did strike or beat.*
To Peigh, *to cough.*
Penny-whip, *very small beer.*
Peshunce, *patience.*
Pestil, *the shank of a ham of bacon.*
Pet, *to pet, is to be surly.*
Petch, *a patch.*
Petch-wark, *patch-work.*
Pews'nt, *poisoned.*
Pey, *a pea.*

P

Peyls, *does beat.*
Peyling, *striking rudely.*
Phippunny, *fivepenny.*
Pickle, *case, condition. Du.*
Piece-woo, *as much wool as makes a piece.*
Pilpit, *pulpit.*
Pingot, *a small croft, near the house.*
Pinn, *to do a thing in haste or eagerly.*
Pissmotes, *ants.*
Pleawmtree, *plumbtree.*
Pleck, *a place. A. S.*
Pleeos, *please.*
Plucks, *the lungs.*
Poo, *a pool, or pond.*
Poo'd, *pulled.*
Poogh, *a slighting interjection.*
Poots, *young hens, &c. Fr.*
Pop, *a short space; to pop in, to go in.*
Popt, *dipt; also put in.*
Possing, *an action between thrusting and knocking.*
Pot-crate, *a large open basket to carry earthen-ware in.*
Pote, *to thrust with the feet.*
Pottert, *disturbed, vexed.*
Pow, *to cut hair, also a pole.*
Powlert, *to ramble about; also to make a great stir in water with a pole.*
Powse, *lumber, offal.*
Powsement, *a term given to a bad person.*
Protty, *pretty.*
Preast, *praised.*
Pre o } *pray you.*
Prey o }
Prime, *the best, or very good*
Primely, *very well.*

Q

Prooft, *proved.*
Provon, *provender.*
Pumping, *asking of questions.*
Punch'd, Punst, Purr'd, } *kicked.*
Pule, *to cry; also a pew.*
Puppy, *a fool; also a puppet.*
Pynots, *magpies.*

Q

QUAGMIRE, *a very boggy place.*
Quandary, *at a loss, in a brown study. Fr.*
Queyn, Quean, } *a whore; a term of reproach. A. S.*
Quiet'n, *made still.*
Quifting Pots, *half gills, from quaffing. A. S.*

R

RABBLEMENT, *a crowd, a mob.*
Rack (for mutton,) *a neck of mutton, also a frame to hold fodder for cattle.*
Rack and reend, *to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin.*
Raddlings, *long sticks.*
Raddle the booans, *is to beat soundly.*
Rank, *wrong.*
Rap and reend, Rap and tear, } *do all they possibly can. A. S.*
Rapscallion, *an ill person.*
Rascotly, *knavishly.*
Rash, *a sort of itch with infants.*

R

Ratchdaw, *Rochdale, a town in Lancashire.*
Ratcher *a rock, rocky.*
Rattlt, *scolded from rattled.*
Reakth' Fire, *is to cover the fire to keep it in.*
Reawk, *to idle in neighbours' houses.*
Reawp, *a hoarse cold.*
Reant, *rained.*
Rearest. *finest, best.*
Reaving, *mad; also talking in one's sleep.*
Reawnt, *did whisper.*
Reawst, *rust.*
Reeak, Reeaw, } *to squall, to make a shrieking noise.*
Reeam, *cream.*
Reeam Mug, *the cream mug.*
Reean, *a gutter.*
Reeast, Reest, } *the outside of bacon.*
Reech, Reek, } *smoke. A. S.*
Reeok, *a shriek.*
Reesupper, *a second supper.*
Reecht, *smoake. A. S.*
Render, *to stew. to separate the skinny from the fat part of suet, &c.*
Restut, *rested.*
Rether, *rather.*
Rey, Rea, } *raw.*
Reytch, *reach, also rich.*
Rick, *to jingle; also to scold; also a stack of corn, &c.*
Ricking, *jingling; also scolding.*
Rid, *to part two fighting.*
Ridd'n, *did ride, or being rid.*
Riding, *is the hanging upon persons for liquor.*

R

Riddle, *a coarse sieve. Br.*
Rife, *common, swarming.*
Riff-Raff, *lumber. A. S.*
Rift, *to belch. A. S.*
Riggot, *a channel or gutter; also a half-gelded horse, &c.*
Rim, *the border or outside of a wheel or pot. A. S.*
Rindle, *a gutter.*
Rive, *to split. A. S.*
Riven, *is split. A. S.*
Romp, *to leap, or run about.*
Ronk, *rank, strong.*
Rooart, *roared.*
Rook, *a heap.*
Rooze, *to praise.*
Roost, *commended, praised, also a rest for poultry.*
Rops, *the entrails, bowels.*
Rottle, *to rattle in the throat.*
Rott'n, *a rat; also putrified.*
Roytch, *rich.*
Rufo, *rueful.*
Rue Bargain, *a repenting bargain.*
Runge, *a long tub with two handles.*
Runt, *a dwarf. Teu.*
Rushberring, q. *Rushbearing, a country wake.*
Ruchot o'Jack's, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*
Rut, *the path of wheels.*
Rynt, *stand off.*
Ryz'n-Hedge, *a fence of stakes and twisted boughs.*

S

SACKLESS, *innocent.*
Saig, *a saw. A. S.*
Saigh, *did see.*
Sam, *to gather together, to put in order.*
Sappling, *a young oak; also oak wood.*
Sark, *a shirt. A. S.*
Sartinly, *certainly.*
Satilt, *quiet, from settled.*
Savort'n, *did savor.*
Sawgh, *a kind of willow.*
Sawfly, *softly, slowly.*
Sawnter, *to walk idly about.*
Sawt, *salt.*
Scallion, *an herb, in taste, like an onion.*
Scampo, *to run fast.*
Scampurt, *run fast. Du.*
Scant, Scanty, } *very scarce, rare. A. S.*
Scarr, *a steep, bare, and rocky place in the side of hills.*
Scawd, *to scald.*
Scawd-head, *a scurfy or scabby-head*
Scawp, *the head. Du.*
Scap, *escape.*
Scap-Gallows, *a term of reproach, as much as to say he deserves the gallows.*
Schrieve, *to run wet matter, a corrupting.*
Scoance, *a lantern; also the head. Bel.*
A Scope, *a bason with a handle to lade water. Bel.*
To Scotch a wheel, *is to lay a stay under it.*
Scramble, Scrabble, Scrattle, } *a striving to catch things on their hands and knees on the floor. A. S.*
Scrannil, *a meagre, or lean person.*

S

Scratting, } *a pulling with*
Scratching, } *the nails. Du.*
Scrawn, *to climb awkwardly.*
Scrub, *to scratch or rub.*
Scrumple, *to ruffle. A. S.*
Scrunt, *an over worn wig, besom, &c.*
Scutcht, *whipped; also to do a thing slightly, or quickly.*
Seawke, *suck; also to suck.*
Seawl, *wet stuff, &c. to eat with bread. A. S.*
Seawndly, *soundly, heartily.*
Seawr, *sour; also ill-natured.*
Secont, *second.*
Seech, *seek.*
Seech'd, *do seek.*
Seed, *saw.*
Seel, or } *a sieve.*
Seeigh, }
Seel'n, *seldom.*
Seely, *weak in body; also trifling, also emptyheaded.*
See't, *saw it; also see it, also a sight.*
Seete, } *sat, did sit.*
Seet'n, }
Seete owey, *set off, or out.*
Seg, *a gelded bull.*
Seie, *safe.*
Seigh, *seven.*
Seln, *self.*
Selvege, *the edge of linen cloth.*
Sen, *say.*
Senneh, } *say you.*
Sen ye, }
Sennit, *a week.*
Setter, *an issue for cows, &c.*
Sey, *say.*
'Sflesh, *a diminutive of God's flesh, an interjection.*

S

Shad, *over did, excelled; also divided. A. S.*
Shan, *shall.*
Shaffle, *to shuffle, to trifle.*
Shaftman, *the length of a fist with the thumb standing up.*
Sharn, *dung. Teu.*
Shart, *short.*
Shawm, *shame*
Shed, *spilled.*
Sheeod, *to divide; also to overdo.*
Sheam't, *ashamed.*
Sheawt, *shout.*
Sheawtit, *shouted.*
Sheed, *to spill.*
Shiar, *or shire, quite, entirely.*
Shilders, } *shoulders.*
Shoolders, }
Shift, *a contrivance, a device; also a smock.*
Shipp'n, *a cowhouse.*
Shire, *wholly, entirely.*
Shoavt, or } *thrust or pushed.*
Sheawvt, }
Shog, *to jog, to go uneasily.*
Shoo, *a shovel.*
Shoods, *oat hulls.*
Shoon, *shoes.*
Shop-booart, *a counter from shop-board.*
Shough, *a shoe.*
Shu, *a term to frighten poultry.*
Shuing, *to frighten fowls.*
Shy, *backwards, unwilling.*
Sib, *related to, akin. A. S.*
Side, *very long.*
Siftit, *examined.*
Sike, *a gutter.*
Simpert, *minced words, affectedly. A. S.*

S

Sin, *since.*
Singlet, *an undyed woollen waistcoat.*
Sinkdurt, *channel mud.*
Sitch, *such.*
Size, *six; also proportion; also a glue to strengthen woollen yarn.*
Skam, *did skim or take off; also to throw a thing low.*
Skeawr, *to make haste; also to scour. Teu.*
Skellit, *a small pan with a handle. Fr.*
Skellut, *crooked.*
Sken, *to squint. A. S.*
Skew-whift, *awry.*
Skime, *to draw up the nose scornfully.*
Skire, *loose, open, thin.*
Skirmidge, *a little battle.*
Skrike, o'dey, *day-break.*
Skrikeing, *to squall or cry out.*
Skuse, *an excuse.*
Slab, *the first board of sawn timber.*
Slabby, *dirty. Du.*
Slaigh, Sleawgh, } *the black-thorn berry. A. S.*
Slap, *a blow.*
Slapt, *whip beaten.*
Slash, *a cut; also to cut.*
Slat, *dirtied or wet, also did set on dogs.*
Slaver, *the spittle.*
Slay, *the hand-board of looms.*
Sleawm, *a slumber.*
Sleawtch, *any thing that hangs-down; also an ill-looked person.*
Sleawtcht-hat, *i. e. uncocked.*

S

Sleck, *small pit-coal.*
Sleckt, *quenched*
Sled, *a carriage without wheels.*
Sleeat, *to set on dogs.*
Sleek, *smooth. A. S.*
Sleet, *snow and rain mixed.*
Sleeveless-arnt, *a going to no purpose.*
Slice, *a thin bit of wood to stir meat in pots, &c.*
Slid, *did slide, or slip; also an interjection. A. S.*
Slinch'n, *smooth. Du.*
Slifter, *a crevice.*
Slim, *sly, cunning. Teu.*
Sliven, *an idle person, slovenly. Du.*
Slooar, *to grasp.*
Sloode, *the path of cart wheels.*
Slop, *bending or bevil.*
Slopperty, *a dirty woman.*
Slotch, *a greedy clown.*
Slough, *the cast skin of an adder; the slime of snails; also a deep dirty place.*
Sloytch, *to take up water, &c.*
Slur, *to slide.*
Slutch, *mud.*
Slyvin, *a dirty idle man.*
Smack, *a blow; also the crack of a whip.*
Smeawtch, *a kiss.*
Smelt'nt, *smelled.*
Smit, Smut, } *a black spot. A. S.*
Smooring, *smothering.*
Smoot, *smooth. A. S.*
Snaffle, *to speak through the nose. Du.*
Snap, *quickly; also to bite at; also to cheat, over-reach.*
Sneap, *to check. Da.*

S

he lutch of a door.
snuffs. A. S.
urn, *a snuff-box made*
tip of a horn.
long grass, or stubble.
to hang on a person.
moment; also to
at the nose. A. S.
to snuff at the nose.
; Fellow, *a shuffling*
ig person. A. S.
eel. A. S.
go snips, is to go
or parts with a

Nese, *to blow the*
Br.
ooth, sleek. A. S.
a fillet to tye up
's hair.
smell.
to make a noise in
sleep.
cus of the brain.
e, handsome. Du.
swarm; also to pull
nose scornfully.
Sims, q. *Alexander*
eons.
od, or turf. Du.
lye in water to soften.
heavy fall.
q. *sand-blind, short*
.
sts. A. S.
w. A. S.
orry.
up, a little.
it.
head.
sigh.
ighed.

S

Sowd, *sold.*
Sowt, *sought.*
Spade-graft, *about a foot deep.*
Sparrow-bills, *short nails used by shoemakers.*
Spavin'd, *a strained horse.*
Speeaks, Spokes, } *the rays or staves of a wheel.*
Speek, *did spake.*
Speer, *a shelter in a house, made between the door and fire, to keep the wind off.*
Spelk, *a thin bit of wood.*
Sperr'd, *enquired; also to be sperr'd, is to be published in the church. A. S.*
Speyk, at him, *speak to him.*
Splinter, *a small piece of wood.*
Spokes, *the staves of a wheel.*
Spoat, *the spittle.*
Spok'n, *spoken.*
Spon new, *bran new, never wore.*
Spooart, *sport.*
Spoos, *bobbins for weavers shuttles.*
Spots, *places; also stains.*
Spoytfo, *spiteful.*
Scymous, Squemous, } *saucy.*
Staddles, *marks made by the small pox. A. S.*
Stangs, *long, strong staves.*
Stank, *did stink. Du.*
Stanniel, *a hawk.*
Stark, *very stiff. A. S.*
Stark giddy, *very angry, mad.*
Stark'en, *to stiffen as mutton fat in the front. A. S.*
Staw, *to be resty, will not go.*

S

Stawnch, *staunch, firm; also satisfy. Fr.*
Stawn-bons, *upright staves in a window. Fr.*
Stawp, *to go clumsily.*
Stawert, *reeled.*
Seart, *stared.*
Steawk, *a handle.*
Steawp, *to stoop down.*
Steawp on reawp, *all, every part.*
Steawt. q. *stout; also proud.*
Steeigh, *a ladder, also a stile.*
Steep, *rennet.*
Steepo, *a steeple.*
Steyl, *a handle.*
Stickle, *to stand stiffly to a thing. Teu.*
Stickle-but, *stickt.*
Stickt, *pierced, gored.*
Stiddy, *an anvil. A. S.*
Stingy, *sneaking. A. S.*
Stint, *to set bounds to.*
Stirk, *an heifer a year old.*
Stoar, Store, } *value, also treasure.*
Stond, Ston', } *stand.*
Stonning, *standing.*
Stoo, *a stool.*
Stoop, Stud, } *a stump in the roads to keep carts off, also pieces of wood or stone by which gates are hanged.*
Stown, *stolen,*
Stracklings, *rash foolish persons.*
Stract, *off their senses.*
Strawnge, *strange, unknown.*
Streek, *did strike.*
Strey, *straw.*

S

Strike, *two pecks. A. S.*
Strickle, *an instrument to mete corn; also another to whet scythes. A. S.*
Strinkle, q. *sprinkle.*
Strines, *the sides of a ladder.*
Stroakt, *stroaked.*
Stroke, *of corn two pecks.*
Strung, *strong.*
Strunt, vid. *scrunt.*
Strushon, *waste.*
Strowlt, q. *strolled.*
Stub, *an old stump.*
Stuff, *to cram; also a general name for many things.*
Stunnish, *to stun, also to sprain the sinews.*
Stur, *stir.*
Suds, *a lather. A. S.*
Sulky, *subtle, ill-natured.*
Summot, *somewhat.*
Sumheaw, *some way.*
Sunk'd, *sunk.*
Sus, *sir.*
Suse, *six.*
Swad, *a pease or bean husk.*
Swaith, Swathe, } *a single row of grass cut by a mower. Du.*
Swath-bawkt, *grass missed in cutting between the swathes.*
Swamp, *a boggy place.*
Swarffy, *tawny, blackish.*
Swarm'n, *do swarm; also a great number.*
Swat, *sweat, also did sweat; also to swoon.*
Swatch, *a piece for a sample.*
Swattle, *to wash things by degrees, to drink.*
Sweamish, *a bad stomach, saucy.*

T

hot with sweating, q.
. *A. S.*
› *burn, to blaze.*
· *to dash over, to*
'*iquor in a vessel.*
wash slightly.
; Stick, *a stick for*
r or opening wool.
tree, *a piece of wood*
› *the geers of a horse*

} *to blaze, to burn very fiercely.*

'o *faint. A. S.*
change.
put milk, &c. through
e; also to rain very

T

'ake.
a.
ake *it.*
's Father, *the Author*
lliamed, *or the Indian*
:opher.
tarried.
t.
they talk.
, *did talk.*
to swoon, to vomit.
tho; also the; also
they.
} *they had.*
a tailor.
aken.
they were.
o *eat.*
, *a cunning rogue.*

T

Teathy, *peevish, cross. A. S.*
Teaw, *to pull; also to work hard; also to ruffle a person; also thou. A. S.*
Teawing, *hauling ruffling, working hard. A. S.*
Teawn, *a town.*
Teawst, } *thou shall.*
Theawst, }
Teawrt, *thou art.*
Teawse, *to pull or ruffle.*
Teawzer q. *Towser.*
Ted, *to spread grass for hay.*
Tee, *thee also a hair rope to shackle cows in milking.*
Teear, *they were; also to rent.*
Teem, *to pour out. A. S.*
Teeny, *fretful*, vid. *Teathy; also very little. A. S.*
Tele, *a tail, or tale.*
Tell, *to know.*
Tem'd, *poured out. A. S.*
Tems, *a sieve. A. S.*
Ten, *then.*
Tent, *to guard*
Tey, *take; also thy.*
Tey't, *take it.*
Teytch, *teach.*
'Tharcake, q. *hearthcake, from being baked on the hearth. 'Tis made of oat-meal unleavened mixed with butter and treacle.*
The, *thee; also thy; also they.*
Theaw, *thou.*
Theawr't, *thou art,*
Thear'n, *they were.*
Theaw'll, *thou will.*
Theawm, } *thumb.*
Thame, }

T

Theaws'n, Theawson, } *thousand.*
Theawst, *thou shall.*
Theeigh, *a thigh*
Theese, *these.*
They'n, *they will.*
Thible, vid. *slice.*
Thick podditch, *thick water gruel.*
Thin, *than.*
Things'n, *things will.*
Think, *a thing.*
Thiss'n, *after this manner.*
Thooan, Thoan, } *wettish.*
Those'n, *those will.*
Thowt, *thought.*
Thodden Bread, &c. *is said to be thodden when it is stiff and close like the liver of hogs.*
Thooal, *to afford. A. S.*
Thrang, *throng. A. S.*
Thrap wife, vid. *thrunk.*
Thraw, Threeap, } *to argue hot, and loud. A. S.*
Thrift, *a pain in the joints of young persons. Teu.*
Thrimmo, *to finger a thing too long, as a miser his money; also yarn ill spun.*
Throddy, Throddle, } *fat, broad, bulky.*
Throtteen, *thirteen.*
Throttlt', *strangled.*
Thrung, Thrunk, } *very busy.*
Thrunk os Thrap-wife when hood hong'd 'er sell ith dishcleawt, *this is spoken of persons triflingly busy.*
Thrut, *the throw of a stone,*

T

&c. also the throw in wrestling.
Thrutches, *thrusts.*
Thrutcht, *did thrust; also am thrust, or squeezed.*
Thrutchings, *the last pressed whey in making of cheese.*
Thump, *a blow.*
Thumping, *a striking; also a thing very large or notorious.*
Thunk, *a lace of whitleather.*
Thurn, *a thorn.*
Thwack, Thwang, } *a great blow; also a large piece of bread or cheese.*
Thwole, Thooal, } *to afford, to allow A. S.*
Thooanish, *a little wet.*
Thwite, *to cut with a knife.*
Thwittle, *a wooden hafted knife.*
Tick, *a vermin on cows, &c.*
Tift, *to be in good tift is to be in good order.*
Tike, *perhaps from tick, which see, any out of the way person, is called a tike.*
Tilly, *till I.*
Timmersome, q. *timorous, fearful.*
Tin, *till; also to shut a door.*
Tinge, *a small red insect.*
Tinn'd, *is shut,*
Tit, *a horse, or mare.*
Titter, *to laugh. Teu.*
Titter, *or latter, sooner or later. A. S.*
Tite, *neat, spruce; also as well, as soon.*
Tizeday, *Tuesday.*
To, *too; also thou.*

T

Toart, *toward.*
Tone, *the one.*
Tooart, *a t—d. A. S.*
Tooad, *a toad.*
Tooat, *a tuft of hair, grass, &c.*
Toose, *those.*
To't, *to it.*
Too-to, *used when any thing excels.*
Topple, *stagger, also to fall.*
Tory-rory, vid. *hey-go-mad.*
Tother, *the other.*
Towd, *told.*
Toyne, *shut.*
Toynt, *is shut.*
Toyart, *wearied.*
Track, *a path, as sheep tracks, &c. Fr.*
Tramp, *a journey, to tramp is to travel.*
Trash, *a ripe fruit; also an over-worn shoe. Teu.*
Trat, *did treat.*
Traunce, *a tedious journey.*
Treacle-Butter-Cake, *bread spread over with treacle.*
Trest, *a strong large stool.*
Trice, *a moment, quickly.*
Trig, *to run softly.*
Trindle, *the trundle of a wheel barrow. A. S.*
Trouble'o, *trouble you.*
Troubl't, *troubled.*
Tum, *to tum wool, is to card it slightly.*
Tum, *a by-name for Thomas.*
Tummus o'Williams, o'Margit, o'Roaph's, q. *Thomas of Williams of Margaret, of Ralph's. These proper names are used in some parts of Lancashire to distinguish persons where there are many of the same name in the same neighbourhood.*
Tunor, *Tuner, a dog's name.*
Tung, *tongue.*
Tup, *a ram.*
Tupenny, *two-pence.*
Turmits, *turnips.*
Turmoil, *to vex; also to work very hard.*
Tussle, *to struggle, to wrestle.*
Tutch, *a comical trick.*
Tuttle, *an awkward person, in shape, humour, &c.*
Twattle, *to s—te; also to go about with tales. Bel.*
Twinge, *to nip, to squeeze.*
Twindle, *twins. A. S.*
Twinter, *a year old heifer.*
Twirl, *to whirl. A. S.*
Twirlpoo, *a whirl-pool.*
Twitch, *to pinch, to nip.*
Twitch-ballock, *the great black beetle. A. S.*
Twitter, *is to laugh secretly, within a twitter is within a little; twitter't yarn is unevenly spun. Teu.*
Twou'd, *it would.*
'Twur, *it was; also, it were.*
Tyke, vid. *like.*
Tyne, *to shut. A. S.*
Tyney, *very little.*

U

UDDZLUD, Uddzo, *diminutive oaths from Godsblood and Godswounds now interjections not commonly understood.*

V

Um, *them.*
Unbethowt, *reflected remembered.*
Unlaight, or Unleawght, } *unlaced.*
Unkert, Uncoth, } *strange; also news. A. S.*
Uphowd, *maintain, uphold, to warrant a thing.*
Uphowdteh, *maintain it thee.*
Uphowdo', *maintain it to you.*
Urchon, *a hedge-hog. A. S.*
Us't, *used.*

V

VARLET, *a vile person.*
Varment, *vermin.*
Varry, *very.*
Veeol, *veal.*
View-tree, *the Yew-tree.*

W

WAKKER, *easy to be awaked. Du.*
Wack'nt, *awaked. Du.*
Waddle, *to stagger, or go like ducks. Du.*
Weasme, *who is me.*
Waggle, *to go like ducks.*
Wamble, vid. *waddle.*
Wag, *to move to and fro; also an arch person. A. S.*
Walk-mill, *a fulling mill.*
Walladey, q. *wail the day! an interjection of sorrow.*
Wantit, Wantut, } *wanted.*
Want'n, *want.*

W

Wap, *a peep; wap't by, is went swiftly by.*
War, and war, *worse and worse.*
Wark, *work; also ached.*
Ward, Warld, } *world.*
Warry, *to curse. A. S.*
Warrit, *did curse. A. S.*
Warritt'n, *Warrington.*
Warst, *worst.*
Wartcht, *ached. A. S.*
Wattles, *the lowest part of a cock's comb. Teu.*
Waughish, *faintish, sickly.*
Wauter, *to stagger. A. S.*
Wawk'n, *walk.*
Wawt, *overturn. A. S.*
Wax, *grow. A. S.*
Waybroad, *the herb plaintain.*
Weal, *to chuse.*
Wear, *to lay out money; also a dam. Br.*
Wea's-me, q. *woe is me! an interjection of sorrow.*
Weaughing, *barking.*
Weaw, *the cry of a cat.*
Weeks of the mouth, *the sides of it.*
Weeky, *moist, wettish.*
Weel, *well.*
Ween, *we have; also we will.*
Weet, *wet; also with it.*
Weete, *to wet. A. S.*
Weh, *with.*
Well'd, *boiled, or scalded milk; also to forge iron.*
Welly, or Well-ney, } q. *well nigh, very near.*
Welkin, *the sky. A. S.*
Welt, *a doubling in the garment; also an hem.*

W

Wem, *the belly. A. S.*
Went'n, *went.*
Wetur, *water.*
Wetur-tawms, *sick fits, water qualms.*
Wey, *way.*
Weynt, *weaned.*
Whackert, *quaked, trembled.*
Whaff, Whaft, *a blast of wind. A. S.*
Whake, *to tremble.*
Wharle-knot, *a hard knot.*
Wharloch, *a wizzard.*
Whau, *why; also well; an interjection.*
Whawm, *to take a whawm is to warm one's self.*
Wheant, Wheint, q. *quaint, strange, also comical.*
Whean, Wheign, q. *quean, a whore, a slut. Du.*
Wheas'n, *the gullet. A. S.*
Wheeze, *to make a noise in breathing. A. S.*
Wheem, *near; also handy. A. S.*
Whewtit, Wheawtit, *whistled.*
Wherr, *very sour.*
Wherkn't, *suffocated with water, smoak, &c.*
Wherrit, *a box on the ear; also did laugh.*
Wherrying, *laughing.*
Whelpt, *whelped. A. S.*
Whick, *alive.*
Whiffo, Whaffo, or **whiff, whaff,** *trifling words or deeds.*
Whimper, *offering to cry. Teu.*
Whinney, *to neigh. Br.*
Whirl-booan, *the round bone of the knee, the patella.*
Whirly-booans, *the knees.*
Whisht, *hush, silence.*
Whisk-telt, *light of carriage, whoreish.*
Whinnit, *neighed. Br.*
Whithern, *whither will.*
Whizz, *to hiss as a flying bullet. A. S.*
Whoam, *home.*
Whoav't, *covered. A. S.*
Whooad, *who would; also who had.*
Whoats, *oats.*
Whoo-up, *shouting when all's over.*
Whoo-who,-whoo-who,-whoo! *an interjection of great surprise.*
Whot *what.*
What's, *what is.*
Whott'n, *what will they; also, what will you.*
Whottle, *what will.*
Whotyel, q. *hot awl, an iron to bore holes.*
Why-kawve, *a female calf.*
Wick, *a week.*
Wil-cat, q, *wild cat, the pole-cat.*
Wilcome, *welcome.*
Wimmy, *with me.*
Win, *will.*
Winnaw, *will not.*
Winrow, *hay put together in rows before housing it.*
Winte, *the wind.*
Wisket, *a basket.*
Wisty, *a large spacious place.*
Witheawt, *without.*
Wither, *very strong, lusty.*
Wither, *with her; also with you.*

Y

Wizz'n, *to pine away, to dwindle.*
Wolo, *woful.*
Wonst, *once; also on purpose.*
Woo, *wool.*
Wooans, *lives or dwells.*
Wooant, *did live. A. S.*
Woode, *mad. A. S.*
Wort, *a word; also new liquor. A. S.*
Wortch, *to work.*
Wou'd, *I wish.*
Wou'didd'n, Woudyedd'd, *I wish you would.*
Wough, *a wall. A. S.*
Wrang, Wrank, *wrong.*
Wrostle, *to wrestle, also to grow ripe.*
Wrostling, *wrestling. Du.*
Wrynot, *a surname. He shad wrynot, and wrynot shad the devil.*
Wrythen, *twisted; also, ill-natured. A. S.*
Wryth'nly, *peevishly. A. S.*
Wondert, *wondered.*
Wuns, *lives; also, an interjection from wounds.*
Wunt, *did live.*
Wur, *was.*
Wurneh, Worney, *were you.*
Wurr, *worse.*
Wurr'n, *was, were.*
Wurrit, Wurt, *was it.*
Wurther, *was there.*
Wythin Kibbo, *a strong willow stick.*

Y

Wyzles, *stalks of potatoes turnips, &c.*

Y

YARB, *a herb.*
Yammer, *to desire eagerly.*
Yarley, *early, soon in the morning.*
Yean, *you will; also a she is said to yean when she brings forth. A. S.*
Yeandurth, *before noon.*
Yeasing, *the eaves of an house*
Yestmus, Yestpintle, *a handful.*
Yeasy, *easy.*
Yeate, *a gate.*
Yearnstful, *very earnest.*
Years, *ears.*
Yeawl, q. *howl like a dog.*
Yed, *a by-name for Edward*
Yem, *a by-name for Edmund*
Yeoarth, *earth. A. S.*
Yepsintle, *two hands full.*
Yer, *your.*
Yigh, *yes, yea.*
Yo, *you.*
Yoan, *you will, you have.*
Yoar, *you are.*
Yood'n, *you was.*
Yorshar, *Yorkshire, to put Yorkshire of a man, is to trick, cheat, or deceive him.*
Yort, *a fold or yard.*
Yuletide, *Christmas time.*
Yugams, *Christmas games.*
Yusterdey, *yesterday.*

Y

Yusterneet, *yesternight.*
Yunk, } *young.*
Yung, }
Yunger, *younger*; *also youngest.*

Z

ZUNS, *a petty oath from Godswounds; an interjection.*

THE

BLACK-BIRD;

A POEM.

THE DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST HIGH, AND MIGHTY

STERN-VISAGED PLUTO,

PRINCE *of* STYGIAN DARKNESS, *chief* ENGINEER *of* NOCTURNAL THUNDER, *and* GENERALISSIMO *of all the* DEPARTED GHOSTS *in the INFERNAL REGIONS, &c. &c.*

SULPHUREOUS *and Dread* PRINCE!

I AM very sensible 'tis the highest presumption in me imaginable to address the following Poem to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable Ene-

my) but in your swarthy dominions? tho' at the same time she flies to you for protection, she's possessed with an ominous fear, that when her adversary makes his exit out of these terrestial regions, you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the bench, and assign to his profound and equitable care all the European provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant judge in your shady jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profound wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarch! that tis my humble opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling Critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my advocate, since 'tis the D—l of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure style, and therefore none so proper for its patron paramount, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient, or modern Higlers in Rhime, ever dedicated any of their productions to your dusky godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous name, extol your supreme power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the cosmography of your ample dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny gods,

and goddesses, of mere terrestial lump; and the press has given us a modern proof of a thresher, who has thrown down his unwieldy flail, and taken up the pliant nimble pen, to make one, who has lately passed thro' your sooty territories, as powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the goddess CYBELE was to the ancients.

Since the clumsy flail has presumed to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darkness! of the first fruits of the swift-paced shuttle; which was a scion that blossomed, and whose fruit came to maturity this keen benumbing storm, when looms were more terrible to cringing thin-bellied weavers, than ever the pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of your's *Pryn & Bastick.*

And now methinks I have almost beaten that modish, and much-frequented path of dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I tell your Stygian Gloominess that if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great self, you had never heard of the *Whistling Ouzel:* neither would I have you think, that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offered the *Blackbird* to your ghastliness as a propitiation for some

enormous crime, committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-bird,* on her well balanced sable pinions, to your sootiness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch and nestle about your awful throne: If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go whistle. I am,

tremendous Sir,

now,

and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,
Jan. 15*th* 1739.

THE

BLACK-BIRD;

A POEM.

THE INVOCATION.

Thou who with Ale or vile Liquors,
Didst inspire Whithers, Pryn, *and* Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their Stars to write;
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

B

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The southern course, and in our climes begun
To perfect blossoms, and the budding flow'rs
To paint the fields, and form the shady bow'rs,
The distant prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And school-boys stood, while sloth put on the reins,
And with cramm'd satchels sauntered in the lanes;
The younger sort wou'd stroll about to get
The *daisy*, *pimrose*, and the *violet;*

While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager eyes wou'd view
Each bush, and tree, from whence a *linnet* flew,
And every edge did pry into, to find
The downy structure of the feather'd kind.
Such were the days when MINOS would be drest
To look more awful on a day of rest;
His sapient head he deckt in perriwig
Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big;
His beaver cock'd, plain dealing-wise, he pull'd
So low his forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
But this was done, his visage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face;
Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
Thought HUDIBRAS o'er gloomy *Styx* had got:
And as that knight, so he'd a 'squire to wait,
Whene'er he sally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
This for his outward-man; but I must strain
For to dissect his wonder-working brain;
Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning muse
To bathe my skull in crowning laurel-juice;
But since I've ventur'd the out-side to scan,
I'll slightly touch upon his inward-man.
(But know, my angry muse reflects not on
This tinkling symbal for it's jarring tone;
But for affecting those celestial airs,
By which the organ charms the list'ning ears.)
IF speech be the true index of the mind,
And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,
We may conclude, that since his speech is clipp'd,
His moving garret is but half equipp'd:
But lest a pun won't please the *wou'd-be-wise*,
His wit wants ballast and his judgment eyes;
For nature made him without care, or art,
And left unfinished much the better part;

Or else in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his brain.
IF any wonder why as judge he's plac'd,
Or how the bench comes with his worship grac'd,
That thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we
Are sway'd by fools, much greater knaves than he:
We grant, he seems a genuine chip of those
Convention-Wits, who lead us by the nose;
Tis true, we go like BRUIN to the stake,
Who knows his task, and fain his bonds wou'd break;
But forced on, he shakes his shaggy fur,
And looks with fury on each bridl'd cur;
† *Craftsman*, the bearward, doth promulgate law,
And threatens wounds from deep Panonian-jaw;
Asserting ne'er a collar'd-whelp doth play
The game that's fair, but runs a thievish way;
And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,
Each cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first.
Or, if your please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast
And hairy-ruffi'ns kick'd from ev'ry post.
Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,
If my old grannum may be treasurer,
For I'm her only fav'rite, and must taste with her.
But lest some critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
And from a *Black-bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,
I'll to his worship once again repair,
That's going now to snuff the country air,
After a turn or two, within the room,
A hem breaks forth—and then he calls his groom;
Here Jack! Where's Jack? I'm here his man replies
Bring out my horse, and straightway *John* complies.

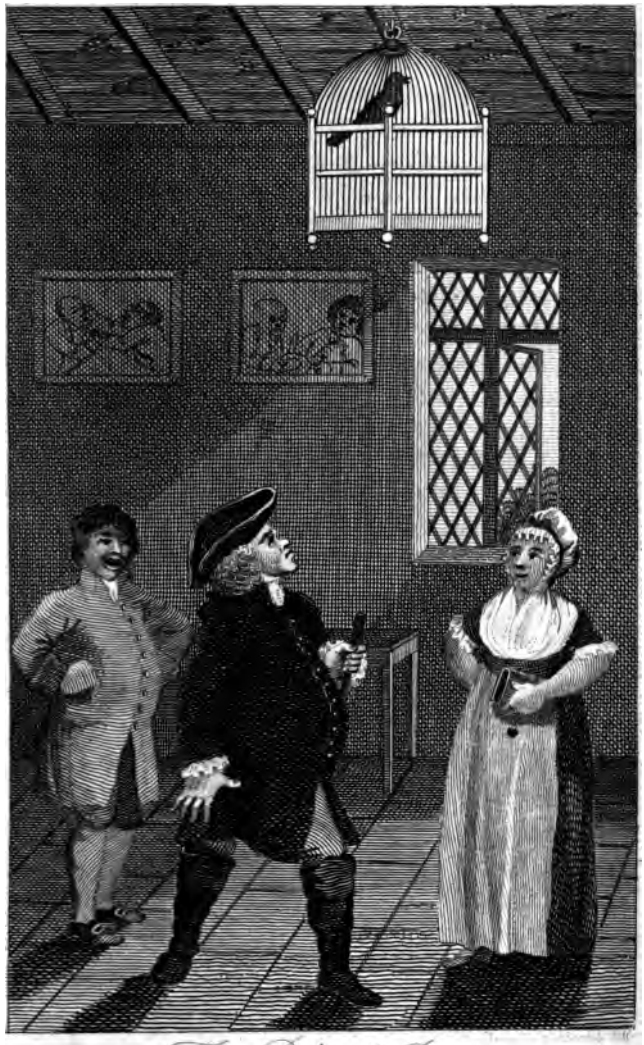
† *Vide* Gen. Mag. *for* Jan. 1740, *Page* 20.

He being gone, the knight must see the glass,
To fix some upright airs in oblong face;
His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd shirt he drew,
Unto his head, and set his wig askew;
Then gently strok'd his manly beard, and then,
Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again;
The bob before he'd often toss behind,
As pleas'd his curious self-admiring mind;
He lower'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
Pull'd in his chin, more majesty to show:
Pleas'd with the sight, and first aside the man
Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began:
"I'll say't thou'rt graceful;—very graceful—and
Thy very look will reverence command!
Thy dress is handsome,—very genteel:—still
Not the least foppish if I've any skill:
Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
Or, as the proverb says can see as far
Into a millstone"—here the Gate did jar;
For John had done according to command,
And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand.
THE steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS'S beast;
Nor ever was don QUIXOTTE'S dapple fit,
For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it;
So this you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
Of precious ware, as they, upon his back?
And all agree his worship's teeming full
Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull,
This bonny nag Sir MINOS did bestride,
And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride;
About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door:

And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
From contemplating on his wit, and pelf:
With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
(While pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise.)
He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.
Jack, thou must tell me true what now *I* ask,
Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task:
Sir, there's no doubt, (says John) then tell me pray
What says the world that now I bear such sway?
Why, sir! they speak exceeding well of you,
As wise, and good; to king and country true.
Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.
Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
As he came on; but hark thee, Jack:—tell true;
When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake?
Yes, that they do; and like an aspin shake.
What do they think, when I'm upon the beach?
You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.
Whose judgment is't a knotty matter clears?
Sir, your's alone sinks twice as deep as theirs:
Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
Thy words are good,—I'll mend thy wages, John.
I thank you, Sir;—I'm much oblig'd to you:
Now th' ouzel whistles, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u
And so went on like a shrill flute, to play
That gleesom tune, the twenty-ninth of May.
Hold, Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise
Within that house: 'tis sure some atheist's voice:
Tho' catholics, i've heard my father say,
Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing, o'th' Sabbath-day.
But who can this be? says John, I cannot tell,
But man, or maid, it whistles very well.

Some papist! Jack;—In that I'gree to you,
Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u.
Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,
The knight, more vex'd than e'er he was before.
Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious mood,
Said, I'll commit him,—he's the serpent's brood,
He sees me stand, and yet he whistles on
This sabbath-day; was such a thing e'er known?
'Tis papist-like to whistle against me,
Or, what's the same, against his Majesty:
No doubt he knows I represent the king,
And that we both are but the self-same thing.
Sir, says the squire, this thing I know't be true,
Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u.
And so proceeds with the old tune again;
The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane!
Was ever antichristian impudence
So base, to give both God and man offence!
'Tis most seditious!—Jack light off thy horse,
And bring the rascal, else use all thy force:
For I this moment will commit him safe,
Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
But he repeats, the whistling man must go
Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.
The man replies, "the whistler's good and true,
"And serves we well; but what's all this to you?
"He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat,
"Fawns on no kind, nor doth his country cheat;
"He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
"Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs;
"He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
"Within the room, and slight his stern command."

Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat;
Howe'er, he goes, and tells the justice flat,
The whistler wou'd not come; he fear'd no law,
Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.
But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
And sev'ral times thus by ASTREA swore,
I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
An everlasting monument of ill,
A sad example to seditious tools,
To pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.
And with these words he nimbly quit his horse,
Raging with passion; never fury worse;
And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
That slights the law? whom I myself must fetch;
Where is this whistling Turk? this stinking he-jew,
And now the bird sings wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u,
And then the twenty-ninth of May begun;
What (quoth the knight) was such a thing e'erknown,
And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,
To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.
The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,
Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd:
But still this whistler was not to be seen,
Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen;
He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
As tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling Jove;
And then burst out in this emphatic strain,
Ungodly! wicked! heath'nish, and prophane!
The king and me! 'twill never be forgiv'n:
A disaffected tune too! shameless man;
Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits' clan;
And then once more tow'rds heaven his eyes he sent
And saw the black-bird in a wire cage pent,
Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,



The Black Bird.

Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain.
He motionless as old Lot's wife did stand,
And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand;
But at the last, he wheels himself about,
His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out;
Is this the whistler? nay, I scarce believe,
But both my eyes, and ears, do me deceive:
I'll say 'tis strange! surpassing strange! a bird
To whistle tunes!—the like was never heard;
I thought it was not possible for art
To teach birds music!—not the easiest part:
Sure this is some Italian Ouzel brought
O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught:
Why poz,† I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
My life before, and with a thing so small!
I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite
That whistled thus, but who is always right?
A SOLOMON may play some foolish tricks,
And British CATO§ err in politics.
Then beck'ning finger, make the man draw near,
And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,
Here, honest man, I'll give thee half a crown,
To promise me this thing must not be known,
For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
'Twou'd shame both me, and our most gracious king.
The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow;
And knight perceiving that the bird was put
In close confinement, and in Limbo shut:

† *A favourite word of the Knight's for* positively.
§ *Walpole.*

Old Oliverian and fanatic zeal
Grew cold, and did to crusted ice congeal;
And, calm as midnight, took his leave, but said,
Be sure, this thing be never public made,
Thus MINOS left the black-bird closely pent,
And, mounting steed, on new adventures went.

The GOOSE:

A POEM.

To J—— B——, Esq.

SIR,

AS I have the honour to be a member of the ancient and venerable order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the laws of the great *Chin-Quaw-Ki-Po*, emperor of *China*, to read yearly some part of the ancient records of that country.

I was performing my annual task when the extraordinary piece of Justice in the following poem fell under my perusal; but more reasons than one determined me to translate it into verse.

Your worship is too well known in these parts, for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a patron.

The stupidity, peevishness, passion and vanity of the Chinese justice, will undoubtedly serve as foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate wisdom, and prodigious virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this regard I dedicated the poem to you: every true Briton, who hears of your justice, candour, and human-

ity, (especially to strangers) must be charmed with your conduct; for had all Britain such justices as your worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *Our country is finely governed!*

But though I give you your just praises, I am afraid I offend your modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the animadversions of critical ears: and for that reason have been often on the point of changing the title of my poem from *the Goose*, to *the Gander*. But reflecting, that the geese, who gave warning of the enemy's approach, were called *Servatores Romæ*, I chose to retain my former title in honour of them, and such-like illustrious patriots.

To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for protection, and begs leave to assure you, that the present *Poet Laureat** shall never want a quill to celebrate your immortal praises.

May your worship live as long here, as you are an ornament to the high station you are placed in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferred in the chair in the other, before *Æacus, Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the sincere wish of

SIR, &c.

* Colly Cibber.

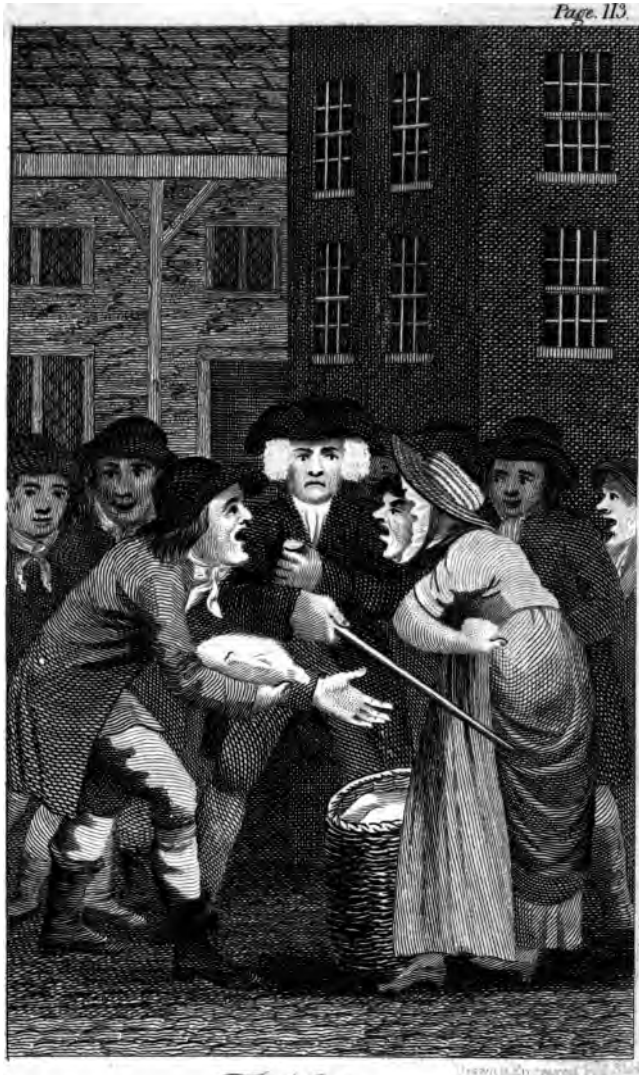
THE

GOOSE.

WEARY with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children, and a scolding wife,
A weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to-morrow:
For who the tiresome loom can always bear,
And not regale his stomach with good cheer?
WITH this intent he from his loom doth start,
And asks his pockets, if they'll take his part?
And fortune favours, for they answer—Yes:
Which makes him skip, and thank his stars for this;
The Sunday-coat he o'er his singlet* puts,
And in high spirits, to the market struts;
Where geese and ducks, and chickens feast his eyes,
But only one fat goose poor shuttle buys.
AND now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph, thro' the streets, and bear the trophy home,
But who can guard against the turns of fate?
The wench he bought the goose of, cries—a cheat!
From hence ensues a noisy, doubtful strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and wife:

* A woollen waistcoat undyed.

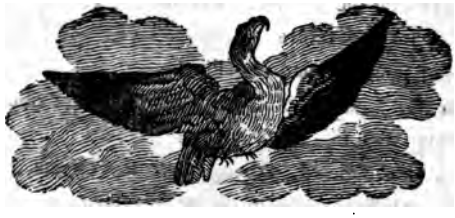
The gaping crond around in parties stand!
But, lo! old *Granidoodle's* just at hand:
When now their anger boils to such a pitch,
That there was whore, and rogue, and dog, and bitch!
But words like these a poem may debase,
And only suit the hero of the piece.
His worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud——"What noythe, what noythe ith there?
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do reprethent hith Chinethe majethty?
Or that in vain I wear, the Thowrd, and thield?
My name ith wath and will be———"
BOTH trembled at his voice—but first the man,
Made a respectful bow, and thus began.
"MAY'T please your worship's honour and your glory,
I will exactly tell you all the story.
This goose I bought for twelve-pence, and paid down
In good and lawful money, half a crown:
But now a saucy slut my change refuses,
Demands more coin, and gives me gross abuses."
"What thay you, Woman; ith thith falth or true,
Thith fellow doth athert contherning you?"
"MAY'T please your sov'reign lord, the king's great justice,
In whom for goose or money, all my trust is;
I wish I ne'er may see my spouse, or house,
If ever I receiv'd of him a souse."
"But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? if tho,
He shall to bridewell for correctheon go."
"FOR God's sake hear me, Sir, the weaver cries,
I'll swear to every thing which she denies:
If I han't given her half a crown, then never
Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together.
"What! huththe, thirrah! he thewear, you thewear too:
If Tholomon wath here, what could he do?"



The Goose.

The matter ith tho nithe upon my troth;
My mind inclinth me to confine you both:
But hold——————————
I'll toth a piecth of money up, thath fair,
Whitch thall decide the person that mutht thewar:
But mark me well, the woman ith to chuthe,
Or head, or tail, like chanthe to win or loothe."
No sooner said, than done—both parties willing
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid shilling;
While she (ah! nature, nature!) calls for tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail!
But chance decrees—up turns great *Chin-Quaw-Ki-Po*,
Whose very name my belly sore doth gripe—oh.
His worship view'd with joy the royal head,
And thus in broken lisping accents said:
"By thith event we very plainly find
That Juthtith will take plathe, tho' thumtimeh blind:
And had not I by providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like dog, and bear.
Here, fellow——take the book——for chanth decreethe
You take the oath——but pay me firtht my feethe:
From peril of the law you'll then be loothe:
Huththe, give him the changth, and eke the goothe:
And, thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You must not pamper your ungodly belly;
Geethe, duckth, and caponth, are for huth thage catothe,
Be you content with thjannock and pottatothe."
His work thus finish'd, passing thro' the streets,
He tells the wond'rous tale to all he meets;
And hugs himself for this rare action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on.
"Plain ath a pike-thtaff 'tith, that I in pow'r,
Do king and country thervice every hour;
And to my utmotht do good orderth keep,

Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
O two, three, four, nay, five timth happy nathion,
When magithrath have thuch a penetrathion!
No thrangerth now for bread thall dare to roam,
But with their wiveth and children stay at home:
Ath for philosopherth, I'll make them thqueek,
In thpite of all their Latin and their Greek.
Newton himself thoud here find no protecthion,
And all hith pupilth thall receive correcthion!
They're papith all, in diff'rent mathks, and we
Thou'd watch, like arguth, dangerth to forethee,
The nathionth right on Juthieeth depend,
And tith our duty roguth to apprehend.
THUS withe men alwayth act, and I, thith day,
Have churcth and thstate pretherv'd, by quelling thith thad fray."



A CODICIL

to the last Will and Testament of

JAMES CLEGG, CONJURER.

BE it known unto all men by these presents, THAT I, *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane, within Castleton*, in the parish of *Rochdale*, and County of *Lancaster*, conjurer; having made my last will and testament, bearing date the 18th of *February*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and ratify my said will: and if I die a natural death, *i. e.* elude the gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw Chapel*, then I will that my executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my house the day following, and with the advice and assistance of *James Worral*, order my funeral as follows:

I. I will that they invite to my funeral sixty of my friends, or best acquaintance, and also five fiddlers; to be there exactly at two o'clock.

II. That no woman be invited; no man that wears a white cap, or apron; that no tobacco or snuff be there, to prevent my sneezing.

III. That they provide sixty-two spiced cakes, value ten shillings; and twenty shillings worth of the best ale that is within two miles; allowing the best ruby-nose present, *Roger Taylor* and *John Booth*, to be judges.

IV. That if my next relations think a wooden-jump too chargeable, then I will, that my executors cause me to be drest in my roast-meat-clothes. lay me on a bier, stangs, or the like; give all present a sprig of rosemary, hollies, or gorses, and a cake: That no tears be shed, but be merry for two hours.

V. Then all shall drink a gill-bumper, and the fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home,* whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five minutes before the cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high road to *Shaw Chapel,* in the following order, *viz.* The best fiddler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two, playing *The Conjurer goes Home,* in the aforesaid tune. Then the bier and attendants, none riding on horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the stocks, *i. e.* face to tail, except *Mr. George Stanfield,* of *Sowerby,* (which privilege I allow him for reasons best known to myself.) Then the C——of S——C——l shall bring up the rear, dressed in his pontificalibus, and riding on an ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual office, then my executors shall, *nem. con.* pay him twenty-one shillings.

VI. If the singers at *Shaw* meet me fifty yards from the chapel, and sing the anthem, beginning, *O clap your hands, &c.* pay them five shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge ruins of *James Woolfenden,* late landlord of *Shaw Chapel;* which done, pay the sexton half a crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till

the shot amounts to thirty shillings; the fiddlers playing, *The Conjurer's gone Home,* with other tunes at discretion; to which I leave them; and then pay the fiddlers two shillings and sixpence each.

IX. If my next relations think it worth their cost and pains to lay a stone over me, then I will, that *John Collier* of *Milnrow* cut the following epitath on it:

HERE Conjurer CLEGG, beneath this stone,
By his best friends was laid;
Weep, O ye fiddlers, now he's gone,
Who lov'd the tweedling-trade!
Mourn all ye brewers of good ale,
Sellers of books and news;
But smile ye jolly priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your pow'r, and dues.

FURTHER, As I have some qualities and worldly goods not disposed of by my said last will, I do give and devise as follows: That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale* parish Methodists all my religion, and books of free-thinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary emollients.

ITEM. I give unto any one of that whimsical sect, who is sure the devil is in him, my slice of *Tobit's* fish, which my ancestor's have kept pickled up above two thousand years; being certain that a small slice fried, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's dominions

ITEM. I give unto any three of the aforesaid Methodists, who are positive that they have a church in their bellies, my small set of squirrel-bells to hang in the steeple; being apprehensive that a set of the size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a fabric of such an airy and tottering foundation.

ITEM. I give my forty-five-minute sand-glass (on which is painted, Old Time sleeping) unto that clergyman living within three miles of my house, who is most noted for preaching long-winded, tautologizing sermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one heat.

ITEM. I leave all my spring-traps, flying-nets, and all my other valuable utensils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious art of cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-hearted friend, *Mr. Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfied of his good inclination, and great capacity of the proper use of them.

ITEM. I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wheresoever he may be found, a pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancashire Dialect;* being fully persuaded few others capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM. I give all my humility, good-nature, benevolence, and hospitality, with all my other good qualities whatsoever, not before disposed of, unto that person in the parish of *Rochdale*, who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY. I will that this codicil be, and be adjudged to be, part of my said last will and testament, as fully as if the same had been inserted.

IN WITNESS whereof, I have hereunto fixed my hand and seal, this 24th day of *May* in the year 1751.

Witness, JAMES CLEGG.
Robert Lees,
Joshua Warren.

LETTERS

IN PROSE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CASE BETWEEN THE QUEEN AT THE BOOTH, AND THE AUTHOR.

To T. P. Esq.

JAN. 30th, 1752.

BY your favour of the 20th current, I perceive you have heard of the furious rupture that has lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain lady, who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others, the *Yorkshire Lawyeress;* and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my family and interest. I thank you for your tender care; but, cheer up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the law; for I have a particular friend that will

screen me from long and costly suits: I mean—Poverty.

You desire me to send you a full account of what has passed between us, I shall oblige you in this, though it will be both intricate and prolix; and as truth as always something of the agreeable attending it; I must own that I was the first aggressor: for it arose from that strong tincture of quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclined to fanaticism, I should give it another name, and call it the spirit of reformation.

The first time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel,* in the parish of *Huthersfield* where she immediately took my eye, and raised my curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very gallimanfry of a woman. She was dressed as gay, and airy as a girl of sixteen; though old age stared full at me through every wrinkle. In short, her out of the way figure and behaviour, spoiled my devotion, and raised my choler to that pitch that I could not be at rest, till I had given her a reprimand.

Service being over, I stepped into a little alehouse near the chapel, and enquired of the landlord who the bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He answered with a sigh, she's my own aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he replied, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few minutes, but madam not appearing, I went back into the chapel-yard amongst the crowd: but she had given me the slip, and so escaped my resentment at that time. However,

I left strict orders with her nephew (who promised me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable manner.

This past on about a month, when I chanced to see her again at *Ripponden:* And perceiving her ladyship was in no humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a resolution (Quixotte-like) to write a letter to her under a feigned name: and which, though I kept to matter of fact, she pleases to call a libel; and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the Author: But this opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatical order with her nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her nag, and rode to justice *R*—— for a warrant, to bring me to an account for that, to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her arrival there, and laying her complaint before the justice, he demanded whether she would swear the letter on me? N—o, but it is nobody else. Have you any evidence that will swear to this man's writing it? N—o, but he was at the *Black Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the letter was first found, and the very night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no warrant was granted.

Things past on about a fortnight, when she received intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire*. So she resolved to pay me a visit at *Mr. Hill's* before my departure. I happened to have the first glent of her ladyship as she came up the court, with the bridle of her

strong *Rosinante* on her arm, and a young woman *(Phœbe Dawson)* attending her.

On rapping at the door the old gentleman went out, and, after the usual salutations, she begun——I am come to see, sir, if you will suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No, mistress, that I would not do: Pray, have I any that does do so? Why have you not a servant they call *Collier?* No, that I have not, replied the old gentleman. But have you not some such a man about your house? Yes; he is in the house; and I believe there is some little connection between my son *R.* and him: but I have nothing to do with him. Very well, sir, then I have been wrong informed, and I will take it kindly if you will tell him I would fain speak with him. Yes, mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a lady desired to speak with me, I appeared surprised, though I guessed what she was about well enough; however, I went to the door, and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritated stomach scorned to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer you to the notes on Hoantung's Letter; only observe that a blue riding-habit, hooped with silver lace, a jockey's cap, and a pretty large black-silk patch, on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare at each other, she asked me if my name was *Collier?* Yes, madam, said I, what's your pleasure with me? Why, I want to know if you will stand to what you have done? O yes, to be sure madam, said I: What is it? Why about this Libel; Libel! said I, I do not know what a Libel is. I suppose you do; and I want to know if you will stand to it, or not, for you

writ it to be sure. Indeed, madam, your speech is all riddle to me. But as I am very busy at present, if you will go down to *Rippondon*, I will follow as soon as I can, and there get an explanation. That is what I want, she replied, but pray tell me what house I must go to? To Campenot's, to be sure, said I. And you will follow me, says she? O do not doubt it, madam. So away she goes, and her witness along with her: But I kept my distance, as wanting both time and inclination to follow her.

Messrs. *Hill's* laugh'd at me for being honoured with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my match: all the gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her; as she would undoubtedly ruin me, though I was worth thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any danger.

This affair happened on *Friday;* and the *Sunday* following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my journey into *Lancashire;* and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the road, behind an ash-tree, six papers, written all alike in a large print hand, a copy of which follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON *Friday* last from *Rishworth* stray'd,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps convey'd,
A chesnut mare, with prick-up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd and very sore;
A right whisk-tail, and grissel mane,
A heavy head, and body plain;
A filly trotting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.

Whoe'er can them to *Pluto* bring
Their owner, that grim sooty king:
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these papers, and what they were intended for: so I took care to have them put up at *Rippondcn, Ealand, Halifax, &c.* on that day before noon; and they causing much staring, and various surmisings in the country; some pick-thank or other conveyed a copy of one of them to her ladyship: who, on perusing it, readily fathered the brat upon me; and said to the messenger, you have done me very great service; for now I never doubt, but I can catch the fox

in his craftiness, and then I will make him clear all accounts, and pay you handsomely for your trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for a fact, that that evening she killed the fatted calf, as it were, and feasted some of her privy council; rejoicing that she had so fine a prospect of gratifying her spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes; and the next morning she mounted her gelding, and, with the young filly, set off for the justice.

On her arrival she found his worship had company: however, being well acquainted with her, he came into the room where she was, (which had a table standing in the middle) and several gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the copy of the advertisement, and threw it on a table: on which his worship said, Well, madam, what's to do now? Why, Sir, said she, you would not grant me a warrant before for this rascal, and now I have suffered a fresh abuse from him: as that paper will prove, if you will please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the gentlemen all staring at the queer dress and behaviour of her ladyship) and reads:

ADVERTISEMEMT.

ON *Friday* last from *Rishworth* stray'd,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps convey'd,
A chesnut mare,.....

Why, madam, have you lost a mare? N—o, n—o, please to read on—: It means me, Sir.

A chesnut mare with prick-up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanc'd in years,
Had two light-colour'd feet before,

This cannot have any reference to you—sure you have not four feet!

I ask your pardon for that, Sir, and beg you will go on, for you will find it means me and nobody else. Here the gentlemen broke out into a laugh, which being over, the justice went on,

Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd, and very sore.

Here she hastily interrupting him, said, That's true; and is a very good proof that he means me; for at that very time I had a tetter-worm on each side my mouth, covered with black silk, and he names the day too, Sir; which was *Friday:* what stronger evidence can be either given or desired? Here the justice joined the gentlemen in another merry fit; and then his worship asked her, And who writ, and posted these advertisements up, do you say?

Why this rascal—this *Collier;* to be sure—

To be sure will not do, madam:——But did you, or any other person, see him write, or put them up? Or will you swear this is his hand?

N—o, n—o,—that is not his hand; for I have evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like print: and I can also prove that he writes that hand better than any in the country; and that is another proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it; which is all one you know, Sir, in law.

But will you make oath that he writ, or put them up?

I durst swear he did; but, alas! I did not see him.

Well, madam, I perceive this man will slip us again; for without a positive oath I cannot grant a warrant.

Here her ladyship (with a heavy sigh) said, If justice-law will not do. I must fee counsel, which I am told she actually did. But I am so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think the grand villain will be the end of me.

When that happens, said one of the gentlemen, if you will come hither again, we will try him for his life for committing murder; and so make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah! Sir, but this is no jesting matter,——for all is gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long——for I hear this same ruiner of my good name has actually got that same letter printed which I brought to you—and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking altogether, it will break my heart; and you know, Sir, the dark side of a good character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this case without good proof.

That is what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turned her backside without any compliment, left the rhymes on the table, and budged off; the whole being a pretty scene of diversion for those she left behind.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to satisfy your curiosity, hoping you will excuse the length of the narrative; and now I have only to tell you that the letter she mentioned to the justice, is actually printed, (a copy of which I here enclose

you) and which I sell for a friend. Her ladysl has sent for several, and always by persons s thinks most capable of pumping me: I alwa oblige her by sending them, but still keep inı cent, and quite ignorant of its production, oth wise you might say———Good Lord have mei upon,

SIR,

Your most obliged humble servant,

T. B.

HOANTUNG'S LETTER (a)

to the

Empress of Russia.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE (WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES) BY LYCHANG THE MANDARIN.

THE ARGUMENT.

To scourge a public pest, the wise of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a bawd or scold:
I own this mungrel *Owl-and-Crow* is not
Half worth my powder, or one grain of shot;
Yet as no person e'er could probe her heart,
No admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true mirror shew her putrid mind,
And how her frame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reforms, 'tis well,——if not, I'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!

(a) The original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a public-house in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy person, in a long surtout, turban, and whiskers; a broad scimeter hanging on a button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, *From whence comes thou?* So he walked off undiscovered.

We Hoantung *the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the East, To our most dazzling and serene Sister, the Princess* Eleeza, *Empress of all* Russia, *send greeting.*

WHEREAS our wisdom, like the beams of the great luminary of the day, pierces into the remotest regions, and as all things transacted between the poles are under our immediate cognizance, by which our empire is become universal, and consequently checks the actions of sovereign princes: We do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire from your sofa; and there contemplate how, and by what means, you attained the palace of your residence, (b) and the empire (c) which you so haughtily govern? Why the *Czar,* (d) your first husband, was so suddenly sent over the Acherontic-Lake, and by whom? How the present *Czar,* your lawful spouse, came to be banished (e)? What fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued scene of war, rapine, and disorder?

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the township of Rushworth, in the parish of Halifax.

(d) In a letter from the dusky regions, it was hinted, she pushed him into old CHARON'S boat to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

(e) Her present husband, whom she banished by meer dint of dagger, for one morning after a hot dispute about that mushroom sect the methodist, he found that weapon on a chair by her bedside; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which

We say, reflect on these things; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g); which usurpation we have winked at with impunity for the space of three hundred moons; not doubting but Time, the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign: that the *Czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty: That all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebeian, might have reposed under their citron and pomegranate-trees; eaten their autumnal fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges, with which the God *FOHE*, and his handmaid *Nature*, hath endowed them. But seeing that Time works not the expected effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm; we are (as it were) constrained to send this our awful and impartial injunction; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least hesitation, to recal the *Czar* from banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire; to the boyars and waywoods, (h) their respective powers, and jurisdictions; and all your other subjects and vassals, to their liberties and privileges: That you consider the unconstrained freedoms and well known pleasures of your youth, (i) nay even since Time fixed his plough-share in

she continually vexes with litigious suits, about filiations, settlements, &c.

(g) The government of the township; she being a kind of perpetual constable, overseer of the poor, highways, &c.

(h) The officers of the township aforesaid.

(i) Here is a large field for reflection! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the curtain be drawn over this part of her

to this our royal and sacred mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation———: For such our will and pleasure.

GIVEN at our Seraglio, in our Imperial City of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th moon of our happy exaltation.

Signed, HOANTUNG.

Her Epitaph.

Reader, stop here——behold, what death can do,
He's torn the gew-gaws from queen *Bess's* brow;
And made one *Stone* her majesty suffice,
Who living did from many *Pairs* arise.

PRICKSHAW-WITCH

BLOWN UP: or THE

Conjurer Out-conjured.

To T. P. Esq.

Sir,

IT was a little before the last *Easter* that a mixture of malice and envy between a brace of booksellers, produced two auctions at the same time in *Rochdale*; where one of the evenings, I, with other bookish fellows of my acquaintance, resolved to stay for a little refreshment after the show was over.

It happened that, among others, there drew in his chair, an ancient man with one eye, a slouched hat, and very meagre countenance. Some of the company (as usual) on coming out of the auction room, complained of the coldness of the weather. Single-peeper answered, *Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter these six days.* I asked him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot moon's oth' cusp oth' thrid heawse to neet at ten o'clock.* Hump, said I, you understand astrology,

I perceive. *Eigh,* (replied blinkard) *Ive studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate nativities, tell fortunes, and find lost or stolen goods? *Eigh, eigh,* (said he) *Ive practis'd thoose things oboon forty yer, an winnaw turn my back o nobody.*

I seeing his self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a mongrel between fool and knave, stared at him with open mouth, as in great surprise and admiration. Ah Lord! said I, I've often heard of such folk, but never saw any before: Why, then you're a sort of a conjurer? Here he smiled, and answered, *Eigh, I'm oft caw'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-witch.*

Prickshaw-witch! Good Lord bless us! said I, trembling——I've a little girl of about six months old, whose fortune I would gladly know, but for the sin of applying to such persons about it. *Sin! now, now, its no sin at aw; its naw like logic, or th' black-art, but as harmless as ony art ith warld.* Very well, quoth I, if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my girls nativity? *Ho—I con doot at ony price, between one shilling and twenty.* Nay, if that be the case, I'll have the best, though it cost me five pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the party, that did not appear, was to forfeit a dozen of ale. Then, after a short fit of studying and staring on the ground, he requested that what I would have known, concerning my daughter, might be given him in writing; and in particular, the exact time of her birth; and I being a little on the slack-rope, I resolved to humour him, and immediately trumped up the following rhymes:

OCTOBER th' tenth my girl was born,
Ten minutes after four i'th' morn;
Brown hair, and eyes of fair complexion,
And all her limbs of good connexion.
I want to know her term of life;
If competency, without strife?
Her husband, whether good or bad?
Her first child, whether lass or lad?
These things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whene'er they're shown.

I gave him the paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey rhymes, bo' naw thus fast.* So after a while the shot was paid, and we parted.

When the day of our meeting was come, I had forgot my engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjurer. So the *Friday* following he came to my house, (when I happened to be in *Yorkshire)* and without knocking, or speaking one word, bursts open the door, runs to my wife, takes the child out of her arms, and at the window examines its eyes, hair, &c. the better to peep into futurity. So that my wife, who knew nothing of the matter, took him for a madman. Then he asked her for a pen, ink, and paper, and left me some worse than Namby-Pamby rhymes of the little child, and a strict order to meet him the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, i. e. he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so raised my spirits, that it put me on contriving a way to be revenged on him, and fired me with a resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

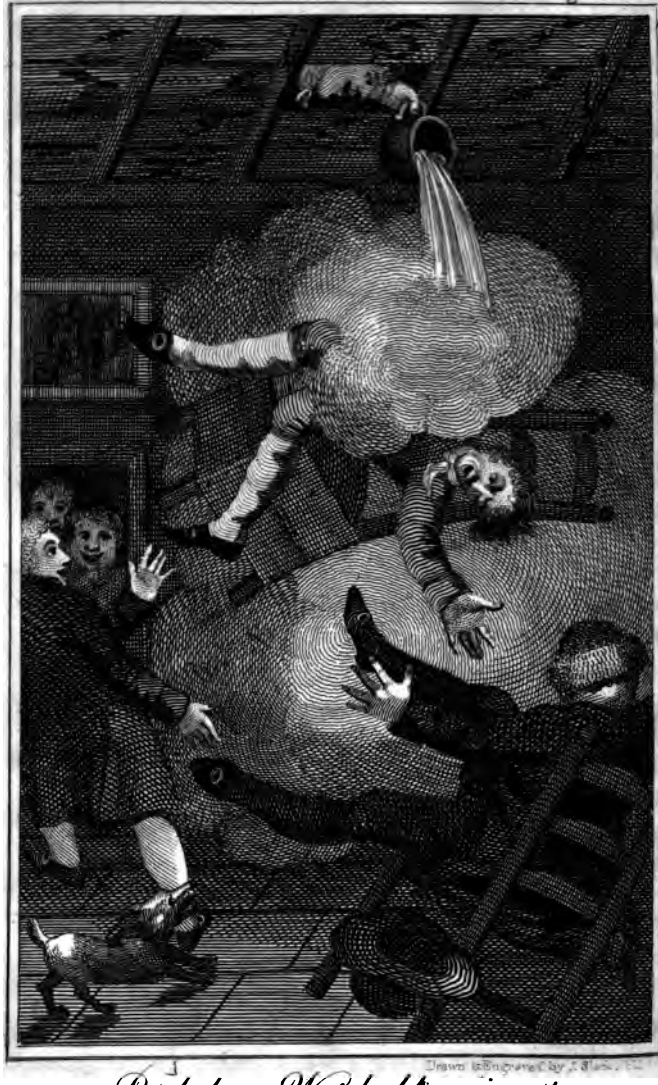
Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a day before

the time appointed, to find a proper room, and a partner or two to assist me in the plot, which I had laid to countermine this modern *Faustus*.

Having met with a ground room, and a couple of comrades to my mind, I bought a pound of gunpowder, and tried how much would blow up a chair, the better to guess what quantity would lift a conjurer. Then we took up a piece of board from the chamber floor, and under the hole placed a shelf, where a large quantity of well mixed t—d and p—ss might stand, to be poured on his head, just when the gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his study and pains the day following.

The time being come, my worship was the first that appeared at the place of rendezvous, I found the landlord had discovered the whole plot to his wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking compound, (because the tragi-comedy was to be acted in her bed-room) but as much water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double quantity of water, which was placed on the shelf over the Conjurer's chair, and the powder under it; with a train running from thence to the fire end, where I placed a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put fire to the train; and the landlord above, as ready to empty the pail on his head when he saw the gunpowder take fire; the word of command being *O the wonderful Art of Astrology!*

All things being ready, I sat about an hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjurer had smelt a rat; when, to my great satisfaction old *Faustus* appeared. I rose up with joy in my



Drawn & Engraved by J. Slater, &c.

Prickshaw Witch blown up.

face, asked his pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the room.

As I had ordered all the chairs out of the room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of consequence fell to the Conjurer's share, with a table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my desire about my daughter's nativity? He answered in the affirmative, and immediately produced a paper-book of sixteen pages, closely written, containing the passages of my girl's future life, a table of the twelve houses, and a speculum tolerably drawn, I took hold of it with as much seeming veneration as if it had been a *Sibyllian* oracle, and began to peruse it; sometimes stopping, as though I was overwhelmed with thought, and deep admiration; and sometimes groaning in the spirit, like a full-blown quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjurer's vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound ingenuity.

After I had perused about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the book in my hand, walked soberly towards the door (having a particular antipathy to gunpowder) and cried out, *O the wonderful, &c.* at which the sleepy man tickled the train, and run out, which immediately fired the grand magazine; this was met in the nick of time by the water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjurer; all the rooms in the house being full of smoke in a moment.

When old *Sydrophel* came out of the compound cloud of fire, smoke, and water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my wits, and in a violent passion; I pretended to strike him with my hasle stick, but hit the wall; gave him a curse or two

for putting his conjuration tricks upon me, and then made off with the old knave's notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our mirth, that the plot had met with the desired success.

After a while I enquired of the landlady what was become of the fortune-teller? She answered, He walked half a dozen times across the floor, brushing his coat, and then asked for me? She answered, that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well,* (said he) *bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obus'd me o thiss'n:* and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the landlady, as you have frightened all my guests away, I'm resolved you shall pay the shot. *Od, but that's hard too-too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier—'ll pay th' shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, tinker, nor cobbler; pay me for my ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his way.

Since that time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday,* when I received the following letter:

SIR,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your daughter's nativity, I will make use of the law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of five shillings.

Note—If you neglect to pay me, I will send the catchpoles in a few days: all from

Your abused servant,

Smallshaw die GEO. CLEGG.

Nov. 15, 1752.

The day following the receipt of the above, a whim came into my head to answer it in rhyme, directed,

To Mr. George Clegg, *Conjurer-General-would-be, of the County Palatine of* Lancaster, *at his nocturnal study at* Smallshaw.

FROM you, *George Clegg*, or *Prickshaw-witch*,
Or Doctor *Faustus*, choose you which;
It matters not:.....but I'v a note
By one of you three lately wrote,
Which intimates, that 'tis a crime
With conjurers to pass the time.

Besides, it makes this queer demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English money straight,
Or catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, friend *George*, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste:
I promis'd payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's fortune;

But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lie;
Nor was it sterling coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to ev'ry knave,
Who roguishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know,...
Pretend another's fate to shew;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt fire and water liv'd.

Again, consider, is't not hard,
After my wig and clothes were marr'd
With fire and smoke, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd,

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up Old *Belzebub*,
Who every one did almost choke
With stinking brimstone, fire and smoke;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p—ss'd, and three or four did sh—e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your fortune-telling?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By telling them your starry-houses,
Your oppositions, quartiles, trines,
Your fiery and aquatic signs;
Your speculums, and nodes i'th' skies,
Cusps, aspects, and ten thousand lies.
And don't you in your conscience think,
Instead of fingering my chink,

That you deserve in high degree,
To mount on *Rochdale's* pillory?
Which is the only place that cools
The heat of astrologic fools:
And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
Into a liege-man, good and true;
But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
You fall upon me arsey-versey!

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
My teeth as soon as coin for you:
And hope that this, my flat denial,
Will quickly bring it to a trial;
When I don't doubt to make you pay
For all your rog'ries in this way:
A cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
And pillories are for such folks:
And sure there are some laws i'th' nation
In force against your conjuration;
Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
Your cheating folk, with lies and forging.

So if you squeak but in the gizzard,
You're try'd by th' name of *Prickshaw-Wizzard.*

From your affronted Master,

Pilgarlic the Great.

This, Sir, is the truth of the story, to the date hereof, and should he play the madman to that degree as to make a quarter-sessions job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my friend: But I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear for a certainty that he has been at an attorney of my acquaintance, who had sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, and

honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this case. What the issue will be I know not; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be smoking between the Conjurer and

Sir,

Your most, &c.

T. B.

To Mr. John Sephton,

Brewer-General in Liverpool.

Milnrow, Jan. 11, 1760.

Sir,

AS most of the roast-beef, goose, and minced-pies, tarts and custards are devoured in my neighbourhood: I have now time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialects,* and a few of *Hoantung's* letters to the Empress of *Russia.* All of which (could I have my wish) should not be thrown by for two or three years on some useless shelf, a corner, or hole in a garret, hid from the sight of mortals, by curtains of cobwebs, but turned into cash in a few months, to be ready

against the next time I come to *Liverpool.* In short, vouchsafe to think on these two lines.

Some write for pleasure, some for spite,
But want of money makes me write.

Which, though they are but heathen rhymes, are as true as the gospel. But now I think on it, I ought to ask pardon for this useless hint to one whose good-nature has been so conspicuous in this way; for in the few days I was with you in *Liverpool,* I sold fifty-two Bandyhewits, for which I thank you, Mr. *Eyes,* and a few more of my friends.

When I reflect on, and compare the humours I observed in your populous town, with a few others I have lately been in; I cannot but think, that all cities and towns are subject to youth and old age, have their constitutions, dispositions, beauties, failings, whims, and fancies, like us two-legged mortals; for instance:

The city of York seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of *Austria;* (who each of them can deduce their origins from the time of *Numa Pompilius)* and at present walks like a plain drest nobleman of a royal house, and very extensive revenues: who lives spendidly, and in affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish, his paternal estate.

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving farmer.—Its merchants hunt worldly wealth, as eagerly as dogs pursue the hare; they have, in general, the pride and haughtiness of *Spanish* dons, mixed with the meanness of *Dutch* spirits; the strong desire they have of yellow dirt, transform them into galley-slaves, and their servants

are doubly so; the first being fastened with golden, but the latter with iron chains.

HALIFAX is a mongrel, begot by a Leeds merchant, and a *Lancashire* woman, and nursed by a *Dutch* frow. They are eager in pursuing gain, but not so assiduous as to forget pleasure: And every day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat beef and pudding.

ROCHDALE is like a growing haberdasher, or master hatter, black and greasy with getting a little pelf: Whose inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax)* are great lovers of wool and butter; not immediately to eat, but to fatten them to prospect. They do not study to oppress their dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolved to be independent) play when they please.

MANCHESTER is like a—a— I do not know what:——hold;—— why, it is like a lucky *London* merchant, who by the assiduous care and pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchased a large estate in the country, keeps his coach and six, enjoys more affluence, ease, and pleasure, than ever his forefathers dreamed of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole county. But as your town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two King *George* halfpennies, or a *Wa—lp—e* and a *Pu—lt—y;* and as one cap will fit both their heads, I will refer its further character till I come to your favourite town, *Liverpool.*

WARRINGTON, within these thirty years, is grown a busy tradesman; who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and copper, has got new life and vigour, and with an equal quantity of hope and resolution, dreams of being a great man.

CHESTER seems to resemble an ancient lord, of an old, but mongrel descent; got between a naked *Briton* and an encroaching *Sasson* (or *Saxon;)* has so much of the antique blood in his veins, that he is resolved his servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He is proud of, and boasts his pedigree from the old *Aborogines*. Lives in great magnificence; scorns to make any alterations, or additions, in his great-great-grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty armour, or his old mansion-house; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large and ancient patrimony.

As for LIVERPOOL, I am at a loss for an hieroglyphic, or a comparison for it: Hold, —— let me consider —— ho, it is like a healthful beehive, in a hot summer's day, where all the community (except a few humming drones) mind each their proper business.——No——this will not do; ——for bees fly from bitter ale, and the fumes of tobacco. Then it is like a broad-arsed mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolved to get money in this world, though he goes plump to the bottom of the sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No,—this last part does not tally neither,——Well, then, it is like a gamester, who is resolved to be a knight, or a knitter of caps: This is the best draught of the three, but a little unlike the original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious; for *Liverpool*, and its twin-brother, *Man-*

chester, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured spirits: Yet for all this, I could as well live in mount *Strombulo*, when in a fit of the ague, or in a passion, as in such slow moving clouds of tobacco-smoke, as are puffed out in the public rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

Two days ago I put my old black coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten days, but I soon whipped it off again, for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoked red herring; and I believe I must either send it to the fulling-mill (as our country folks do p—ssed and sh—n blankets) or pickle it a few months in mint and lavender-water, before it will be in any tolerable season. But though it is so disagreeable to me, yet smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a frog out of ditch-water in a warm *April*.

By the time you have got thus far, it is very probable you will think two things; first, That this epistle is too prolix; and that I write like nobody else. I plead guilty to both indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T. B.

To T. P. Esq.

WITH HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

I HERE send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last week; but being in the middle of their perusal, and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You will find in this author some useful anecdotes, a great number of obsolete words, and many mistakes in the orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the author and the printer.

Were there no date to any of his letters, or any other hint touching the times in which he lived; his style, his whims, and notions would tell you he lived in that most wise and learned reign of our *Scotch Solomon*, that famous and puissant witch-monger.

Howell's Philosophy seems to be in its infancy; his flattery at full growth. His faith was *Herculean*, like most of his contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive fathers, saints. Their writings he took (as the lay-pagans did oracles) for infallible: Though at the same time he knew that they contradicted, anathemized, and sent one another to the devil, almost as commonly as we country folk do penance for getting bastards. He never disputed the cure of wounds by sympathy,

or weapon-salve, though the patient and salve were a hundred miles distant.

Witches and dæmons, he thought, were as common as old women and crows (especially in *Scotland.)* He made no baulks at believing the stories and prophecies of the *ten sybils;* though a genius of small penetration might see they were the offspring of over-zealaus christians; written on purpose to knock down heathenism, and prop christianity that stood in need of no such ridiculous crutches. May, the throat of his *Welch* faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand virgins.

All these, and many more such boyish trumpery, were the dreams of our primitive fathers, and the monks their heirs and successors; and vanished, in a great measure, with that most high, and mightyly-conceited, *James* tne First. But let me quote this *Welchman Howel* for once; for he often tells his friends to whom he writes, "That talking of these things to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the art of war to *Alexander.*"

There is nothing you want, that I know of, but health; this I wish you sincerely, being

Sir

Your most, &c.

J. C.

To Mr. Robert Gorton,

IN SALFORD,

With the Picture of the Devil on Horseback.

Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.

SIR,

WHEN I began to form the design of old *Belze* on horseback, which you, and your *ewcastle* friend, ordered; I repented I had not quired particularly what sort of a devil you uld have, i. e. whether you would have a black, a red devil; as white, green, yellow, or blue, cording to all authors, are out of the question: id also, what colour of a horse; and whether he rid on a mare, it would not do as well: But ese necessary queries being unfortunately neg-ted, I have been obliged to guess at the whole, d have now finished the piece, presuming you ll not be so ungenerous as to turn it on my nds, because I believe it will suit no other per-n alive but your whimsical friend.

If we may believe most authors, ancient and dern, clergy and laity; there are many legions these awkward spirits, some of which go about, d roar like lions: Yet though there are such credible numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot agine how I stood staring with the chalk in my nd, being quite nonplused when I began to

hunt for an idea, as having never seen the least glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old *Lucifer* might possibly be a child of some man's fancy, in times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had as good authority as any other mortal to make a devil of my own: So I fell to it, and drew out my design, which pleased me tolerably well.

But, alas! when I came to the colouring part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what colour to make his gallopper. Here I had thoughts of annihilating my whole design, and giving up all thoughts of proceeding: But suddenly recollecting, that I had heard old folk talk of the devil upon dun, I gave a jump, as thinking I had cleared the most knotty point: But, alas! two circumstances soon quashed this sudden joy.—— One was, Whether this dun must be a horse, a mare, or a gelding? And the other, Whether it must be a fat, or a lean nag? But not remembering any author that had ever wrote on these abstruse points, I resolved to guess at them; and accordingly have not only made him a dun, but a sprightly, able dun horse: Because it is agreed on all hands that he goes with surprizing expedition; especially when employed by court ladies in their gallantries, their husbands in amours, or ministers of state in all treaties, which tend to faith-breaking, leaving their allies in a quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their neighbours' territories: and so much for the horse.

As for the devil his jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a method to obviate all objections, and made him ride in both. In short, he has the horns of a *Scotch* bullock on

his head; a dragon's tail, a negro's hands and face; a lady's scarlet capuchin on his head and shoulders; a rakes ruffles; a parson's coat; a beau's breeches; a tailor's gamashes; a jockey's whip; and a lawyer's saddle: So if this horse, and this jockey, will not please your fantastical friend, you may tell him when you write to him, that I will never pretend to paint a spirit again, whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

SIR,

Your most, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

To Mr. Robert Whittaker.

Rochdale, Nov. 1755.

SIR,

PERCEIVING that a *Dutch* spirit of gain, and the modern court-notion that places were made for men, and not men for places, has slipped down from the great metropolis into this parish; and believing that I have as much reason to be rich without deserving it, and to get money without working for it, as any other in the neighbourhood: Revolving these things in my mind, and considering the utility of them, I have determined to offer myself as a third candidate for the

place of organist at our church; and as you live at the court-end of the parish, where your interest and acquaintance are pretty extensive, I desire you will acquaint your, and my friends, without loss of time, with this my intention. In the mean time I will improve myself in the art of music: for you know I have a pair of rusty old virginals in a corner of the school, which have about eight strings left out of forty-five, on which I will begin to learn those godly tunes of *Hackney, Coleshill,* and the *Babes in the Wood,* &c. with all possible assiduity.

This place, in my opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else; though I must own nature never intended me for a musician, yet that is little to the purpose; for you know our *Æsopian* sexton has his deputy, and why may not I? Besides, Sundays and other holidays will never interfere with A, B, C; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of vowels and consonants! and five pounds a quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the pulse of our friends, either separately or in a full meeting, let me know the result: If the conclusion be that I should stand, I will immediately write a few advertisement in print hand, importing:

"That as I am undoubtedly the worst player of the three (for which reason I stand the best chance) I desire all justices of the peace, gentlemen, tradesmen, weavers, hatters, tailors, cobblers, tinkers, and colliers, to give me their votes and interest, in procuring me the snug convenience of twenty pounds a year: That I will not only keep and indemnify the parish from all charges of repairing the organ, but free it from all hoarseness, disagreeable whizzings, colds,

phthisics, and consumptions whatsoever. And as our late organists have pretended to be organ-builders, and as it is stongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any pipe, that then pure necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its belly, such as they wanted; by which means it has often been troubled with the histus, or windy cholic, and twice nearly gutted:

"Now, *Be it known unto all men,* by this advertisement, That I can bring indubitable evidence, that I am no organ-builder; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present state of body, but add yearly and every year during the receipt of the salary) seven pipes (*Chester* make) till its constitution be as sound as a hunting-horn, and its guts as full as any fat landlady's in the parish. And as to the bellows, I have just now contrived a way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthisical pair of lungs in going up the church steps in a frosty morning." So much for my advertisement.

These proposals of mine, I presume, you will think very advantageous to our parish, and I hope others will think so too; for which reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little monarchs, who rule all with a high hand, nay even with a stroke down the face, a nod, or a look; and always are thrifty, in proportion to the smallness of their families, and largeness of their bags and estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

Sir, your most, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

LETTERS IN RHYME.

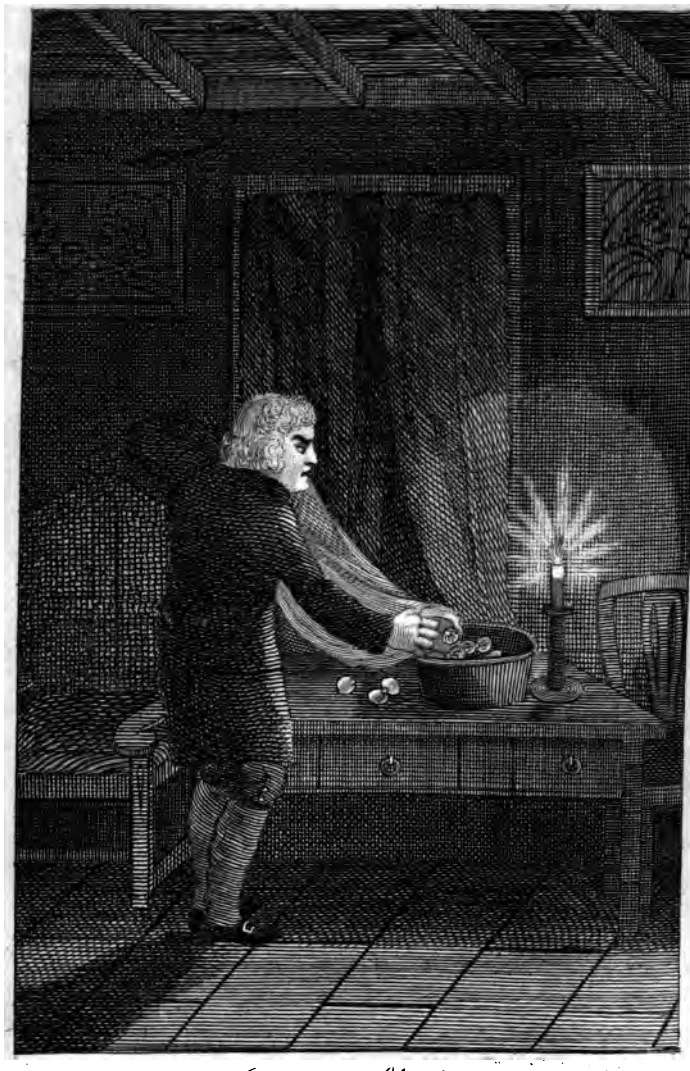
To Richard Townley, Esq.

SIR,

'TWAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequill*,
Went for some odds-and-ends to *Rochdale*.
With charge to buy some beef and mutton,
But these, alas! were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some friends, I sat
An hour (my wife says two) too late,
However, chance threw in my way
Some Dutton cockles, fresh as May,
Which well I knew would please wife's palate,
Better than any lamb and sallet.

Quite free from care, I spent the hours,
Till Time bawl'd out, to horse, to horse;
'Twas then the wallet press'd my shoulder,
And on I march'd, no hussar bolder.

When I got home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my wallet
Of candles, soap, and such like stuff,
Of which wed-folks have ne'er enough;
But left the cockles still at bottom,
(Bought to keep quietness when I got home;)



Cockle-Shells

Then pour'd some water out of jug,
Mix'd with some salt, into a mug,
And turn'd the end of wallet up,
For fish (like other folks) would sup.
'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,
Chim'd ill with cockles full and round:
But, far from smelling any rat,
I took up this, and look'd at that,
But all were empty....then I curst,
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
For selling nuts but ne'er a kernel,
And wish'd him with the d—l infernal.
Now searching on quite to the bottom,
I found some stones;..thought I, ah, rot'em!
Poor *Billy Porky's* honester
Than th' best of my companions are;
Unless the fish could, all at once,
Slip from their shells, and turn to stones.
A while I stood considering
The plaguy oddness of the thing;
Grop'd at my eyes, lest it should prove
A dream..but felt my eye-lids move:
I studied how I might come off,
Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh;
Thought I, my rib will thing I joke her,
And brought home shells just to provoke her;
Or frowning tell me some made tale,
Of minding nothing but good ale,
Then, sighing, rais'd my maudlin-head,
Reel'd up the stairs..and went to bed.
No sooner up, but there's a query,
Put by my loving wife: Hight, *Mary*,
What meat I'd bought?....Why..nothing else
But pebble-stones..and cockle-shells.

TO MR. COWPER,

Wine-Merchant, in Liverpool.

SIR, DEC. 24th, 1761.

A Dizzy head, and thoughts o'th ramble.
Makes me to write without preamble,
And bold as any trooper;
To let my friend at distance know,
The plague and trouble I go through,
Because of Mr. *Cowper.*
For my *crook'd-rib*, each now and then
Doth frowning ask me, Pray, sir, when
May I expect my Mountain?
I shrug my shoulders..why e'er long,
'Twill be at *Rochdale*, good and strong,
And clear as any fountain.
But as the clock strikes at the heels
Of the last hour..so *Timmy* feels
His ears stunn'd with this question;
When will my wine and brandy come?
I clear my weasand.....answer....mum....
Tho' I've your word to rest on.
Perhaps your pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect,
Of your care killing liquor!
But hark you, sir, the days are dark,
And cold: *On then I hete aw wark*,
As ill as any vicar.
But in a month, or two, at least,
Except the sun wheel back to th' east,
You may expect your beauties;

But in the mean time must I fast?
Or guzzle ale, not to my taste?
Nay, hang me on some hew-tree.
I from my cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,
Write with a troubled mind,....believe,
And wife in doleful dumps:
For who can merry be that's wise,
While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
And vex'd with jeers and frumps?
Pray send a line, that I may say,
To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a day,
Your gossips' nose shall job in
A tankard made of Mountain Wine,
Sweet water, nutmeg, sugar fine,
And set at rest

TIM BOBBIN.

THE

CUCKOW AND OWL:

A FABLE.

A CUCKOW many years had rang'd
Amongst the feather'd kind,
To see if he a mate could meet,
Would fix his roving mind.

He tried all; he loves but few,
For some too high did soar;
Some were too little, some too big,
And some too ragg'd and poor.
At last he would a courting go,
To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,
Believing her the prettiest bird
Of all the winged fowl.
Transported with this odd conceit,
Away the Cuckow flew,
And in a very am'rous strain,
He thus begins to woo:
Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
Long captive to your charms,
Nor can it have a moment's rest,
Till your soft down it warms.
This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
The owl she turn'd her face;
As knowing coyness whets an edge,
And gives a better grace.
Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,
But struggl'd for a kiss;
Which having gain'd, the cuckow cry'd,
What melting joy is this!
Thus thirteen moons the Cuckow woo'd
Her ladyship, the Owl,
Who thought her sweet heart lov'd her more
Than miller loves his toll:
Because he talk'd of hymen's noose,
And needs would have her go,
To have it ty'd about their necks,
By help of Parson Crow.
But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
With Rev'rend Crow in love;

And hoping still to make him her's,
The thing did not approve.
But lest she should not gain the Crow,
She would not flat deny
The roving Cuckow's queer request,
Lest she alone should lie.
The Cuckow smelt the cunning jilt,
Too wise to be a tool;
And carries on the farce a while,
To countermine the Owl.
For long he'd lov'd, and was esteem'd
By the solitary Jay;
To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
The Owl to time a prey.
For she not pleasing Parson Crow,
Wish'd she'd the Cuckow then:
But 'twas too late, the time was gone,
And would not come again.
Her ruddy face, so gay before,
Is turn'd a tarnish'd white:
Her sprightly mind, and brilliant thoughts,
Are like a cloudy night;
So now she haunts the lonely woods,
And hoots in barns by night;
Complaining of her fine spun wit,
And hates to see the light.

THE MORAL.

The Virgin thus in all the bloom of life,
Is lov'd, and courted for a happy wife;
But she denies..expecting nobler game,
Till forty comes, and she's no more the same:
For time is gone;..then wishes vainly rise;
She curses Av'rice, and a Maid she dies.

THE

Gardener and the Ass:

A FABLE.*

PART I.

AN Ass with poverty long strove,
And pastur'd in the lanes,
Till hunger, bit, he thus to *Jove*,
In rueful tone complains:
Ah! hadst thou made me any beast,
That laden by doth pass,
Then had my paunce been fill'd (at least)
With straw....if not with grass!
Jove hears his plaint, and soon doth send
A fox, with this advice,
Cheer up, and look more brisk, my friend,
Hunger should make thee wise:
Behold, how gay, the fool and knave,
Do stiffly strut along;
The rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
With murder, theft, and wrong.

* There is something like a *moral* at the end of this tale; but as *Timothy* could not, would not, or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the general scope of the fable, as it ought to be; he has left it (like a skain of ruffled silk) for hyperpolitical critics to unravel.

Look thro' that fence, where spinage sweet,
And coleworts green do grow,
The lettice, and the juicy beet;
Then who'd be hungry now?
The Ass pricks up his slouching ears,
And into th' garden peeps:
He longs the more, the more he stares,
Then thro' the hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth browse
On herbs, and choicest flow'rs,
Till *Tom* the Gard'ner, doth him rouse,
And all his sweetness sours.
For lo! a heavy club cries thwang
Upon the Ass's side;
He starts at this unwelcome bang,
And o'er the beds doth stride.
The fine glass bells and pots are broke,
Carnations fully blown,
Alike are ruin'd at a stroke,
And wholly overthrown!
The Gardener distracted, sees
The havock which he makes,
He flatters much,....desires a peace;
And thus the Ass bespakes:
So, honest *Balaam;* so, my lad;
Stand still....I pr'y thee stand;
The club is lost which late I had,
As witness now my hand.
Thus, fawning, he with cautious strides,
Lays hold on *Balaam's* ears,
And out of Paradise him guides,
To pay for all repairs.
For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay,
And *Balaam* stoop to th' yoke,
By fetching pots and glass next day,
Instead of those he broke.

II.

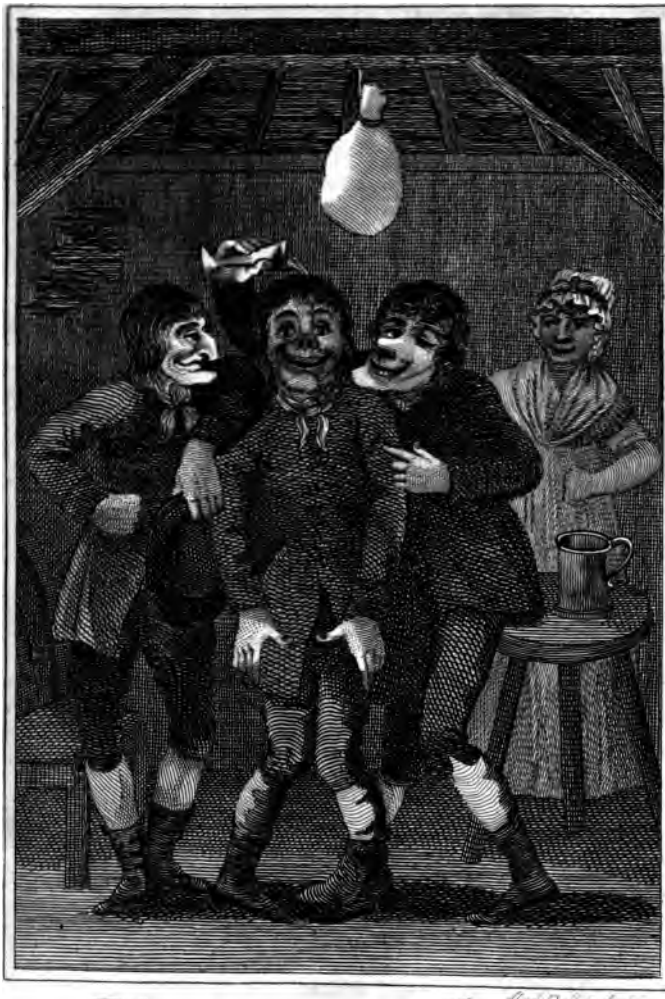
THE morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*
Between the crates is got,
And busy thrashing *Balaam's* bum,
For plunders past, God wot!
The Ass bewails his dismal case,
And groans for freedom lost;
And longs his rider to displace,
From his triumphant post.
When lo! he sees behind a ditch,
Two thorny bushes, where
He straight runs through, as if bewitch'd,
And quits his rider clear.
The crates and *Tom* are left behind,
He sprawling in the mud,
His face is scratch'd, his peepers blind
With mixed mire and blood.
Thus crates and saddle which, of late.
Tom dauntless did bestride,
Mount in their turn....thus mighty fate
Doth humble human pride!
He scrap'd his clothes, he wash'd his face,
And then for *Balaam* stares,
And saw him nibbling at the grass,
Discharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
On thee, by hook or crook;
So with some pains and flatt'ry,
Again he *Balaam* took.
The Ass is saddled once again,
And *Tom* again him mounts;
Resolv'd to ride with careful rein,
And make him clear accounts.

He then bang'd on about a mile,
Where he'd a bridge to pass,
And *Balaam's* ready with a wile,
As any other Ass:
For he was dry, or did pretend,
At least, for to be so,
Tom thinking he'd no other end,
So let the bridle go.
The Ass put down his shaggy pate,
Then tosses up his rump,
And tumbles *Tom* from off his seat,
Who lights i'th' water....plump.
Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
But as he march'd away,
He found his head was still restrain'd,
Tho' *Tom* i'th' water lay.
For he'd the bridle in his hand,
By which the Ass did draw
Him bravely sous'd unto the land,
Ill chargin'd in his maw.
Tom had no sooner found his feet,
But banged at the Ass,
As if on purpose to be beat,
As iron is, or brass.
But now is cudgel waxeth short,
And cooler grows his ire:
Yet mounting steed is not his sport,
Or trotting his desire.
For hanging bridle on his arm.
He walks before the Ass,
As fearing that some greater harm
Might quickly come to pass.
So Time, who sees the end of things,
Doth half his journey see,
Where *Tom* his pots and glasses rings,
Poor *Balaam's* load to be.

III

NOW *Tom* his brittle ware doth pack
In straw well mix'd, with care,
And lays them on the Ass's back,
Which made him grunt and stare.
Howe'er, with patience *Balaam* went,
Until he came unto
The place where will, or accident,
So late his master threw.
Nature, or man's contrivance, made
A high and lower way;
The one for such as love to wade,
One o'er a wood-bridge lay.
The Ass by chance, or choice, had got
Upon the higher road,
When *Tom* began to dread the lot
Of his precarious load.
No farther durst he drive the Ass,
Nor could he bring him back;
And *Tom* in such dilemma was,
As put his mind o'th' rack.
Fear and vexation fiercely mov'd
Like lightning thro' his breast,
Until his fury master prov'd
And then he smote his beast,
The blow on *Balaam's* nose did light,
Which drove his head askew;
A foot behind slipt off for spite,
And all the rest o'erthrew.
Now, topsy-turvy, bell and pot
Do jingling tumble down,
And *Balaam* lies with four feet up,
Quite dead!....or in a swoon!

The Gard'ner, with uplifted hands,
Extends his mouth and eyes,
And like a marble statue stands,
In terrible surprize.
A neighbouring tinker by doth come,
And shakes him by the nose;
Tom answers with a haw and hum,
As people in a dose.
Then index finger he doth stretch,
And points at all his woe;
For look, said he, that clumsy wretch
Is tumbled down below.
Well, tho' 'tis so, the tinker says,
An Ass is but an Ass:
Tom quick replies, That's not the case,
He's broke my pots and glass!
The tinker owns the story bad,
But says....Thy standing here
Will never mend it....come, my lad,
Let's view thy broken geer
Tom and the tinker now agree,
And soon unloose the Ass?
Then roll him off the crates, but he
Seem'd deadly stiff, alas!
Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken ware;
But those they found in *statu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.
This done, the tinker takes one crate,
And saddle on his back,
Tom lifts the other on his pate,
And homeward both do pack.
As on the road they jogging went,
Tom told the story o'er;
The tinker did his case lament:
But still he roundly swore,



Three conceited Beauties.

The red-streak *apple* golden-juice must yield,
Like bits of paper, or the steril field:
We feel the yoke, and fatal ruin see,
Yet dare not struggle for lost l——y.
But tho', at present all things smoothly pass,
Take care, ye *Jockies*, lest ye ride an ASS.

THE

Three Conceited Beauties.

A FABLE.

FIRST.

THREE country bumkins chanc'd to meet,
Whose phizzes look'd like vizards:
The first, the second, thus doth greet;
Thy face is like some wizards!
The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
Thou art, or I'm mistaken:
Sure nature made thee all for sport,
Or sight has me forsaken.

SECOND.

But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
And ev'ry feature's pleasing!
This I wou'd swear on twenty books,
But for my sin increasing.

For sure, thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,
Wou'd suit no other mortal:
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
On ent'ring grim death's portal.

THIRD.

The third, and ugliest of the three,
Said, Lord! how your conceited!
I cannot stand a mute, and see,
Two neighb'ring friends, thus cheated.
I wonder why such mortals shou'd
About their beauty fall out:
Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd
From my poor cottage crawl out:
For with an axe, and owler-tree,
I'd make two men as handsome;
Or live a slave in Tripoly,
And never sue for ransom.

THE MORAL.

This is an emblem of all human kind;
We every one to our own faults are blind:
Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see:
They're beauties all, or pass from censure free.

LANCASHIRE HOB,

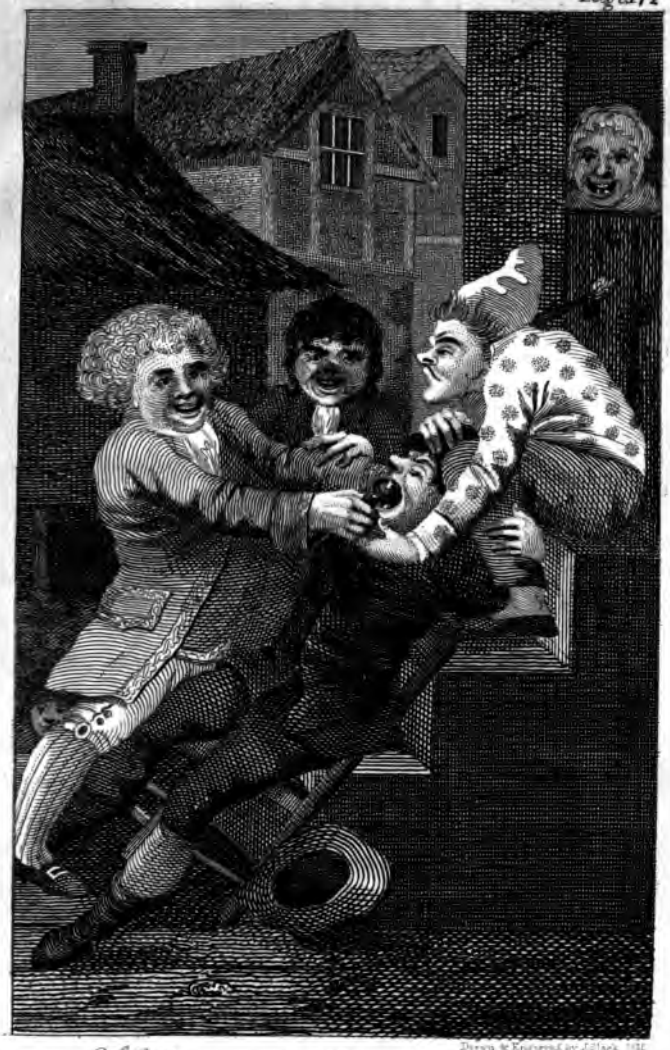
And the Quack Doctor.

A TALE.

1762.

A THRIFTY carl was tir'd of lonely cot
Because the tooth-ach he so often got:
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing *Rochdale* town did then contain
A famous Quack, that drew teeth without pain;
To him he flies, and, in a voice as loud
As *Stentor's*, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd:
Ho—onist mon whot munneh gi' ye t' drea
A tush ot pleagues me awmust neet on dea?
Six-pence the Quack replies.—*Hob* spoke again,
On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mick pein?
Ho, well enough.—Quoth *Hob*, *Suppose I two,*
Yoan do for neenpunce? That I will not do.
Heaw monny then for twelvepunce winneh poe?
All that thou hast.—Quoth *Hob*, *They're just enoo.*
The Doctor took this for a country joke,
Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the folk,
And mount the Stage.—Quack now some mirth intends
And slily for a pair of pincers sends;
Thinking he'd met one of those puny fools
Would run away from such inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers, *vara weel*, said he,
If they'n fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
With open mouth, in which the Quack did stare;
Who laughing, said, you have but six, I find,
And there so loose, they'll wag with every wind.
Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job.
Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest *Hob;*
Hold up your head—*Oh*—here is one you see;
Come, hold again—here's two—would you have three?
I think ot Mon's a Foo; we bargint plene,
Poo these aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen.
If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend,
Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.
Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
There's room for pincers, and good light beside,
Cries Quack, here's three, here's four, *Hob* bawls out, *Oh,*
Hold, hold, says Quack, there something more to do:
Come, gape again:—here's five, here's six and th' last,
And now I'm sure thy tooth-ache pains are past.
That's reet, quoth *Hob*, *gi' me meh teeth, on then*
I'll pey os freely os some roycher men,
The Quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve-pence paid,
Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said,
They're arron foos ot six-pence pein for one,
While for o shilling I ha six jobs done,
But still they're bigger foos that live e pein,
When good seawnd teeth may choance to come ogen.
The Doctor stares——and hastily replies,
They come again! not till the dead shall rise!
One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast,
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth hast lost.
'Tis done quoth Hob:—and stakes a Charles's crown;
The Quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.
Hob take up all and in a neighbour's hand
Secures the total: then makes his demand,



Drawn & Engraved by Lillack. 1811

Hob and the Quack Doctor

Measter yo known eawr bet is, that I've lost
My teeth ; aud that I have not one to boast.
The Quack replies 'tis true; and what by that:
Why, see I've six neaw; eh meh owd scull hat.
Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy whom, I'll shew
Yo e'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.
The Quack ill vex'd he such a bite should meet,
Turn'd on his heel, while Hob said, *Sur—good neet.*

THE

Pluralist and Old Soldier.

A Soldier maim'd and in the Beggar's List,
Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.

SOL.

AT *Guadaloupe* my leg and thigh I lost,
No pension have I, tho' its right I boast;
Your reverence please some charity bestow,
Heav'n will pay double—when you're there—you know.

PLU.

Heaven pay me double! vagrant—know that I
Ne'er give to strollers, they're so apt to lie:
Your parish, and some work, would you become,
So haste away—or constable's your doom.

SOL.

May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and then,
You'll say I'm poorer than the most of men:

When *Malbro'* seiged *Lisle*, I first drew breath;
And there my father met untimely death;
My mother follow'd, of a broken heart,
So I've no friend, or parish, for my part.

PLU.

I say begone:..with that he loudly knocks,
And timber-toe began to smell the stocks:
Away he stumps..but in a rood, or two,
He clear'd his weasand, and his thoughts broke thro'.

SOL.

This 'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach
Calm Charity, and ev'ry Virtue teach;
But their disguise to common sense, is thin,
A pocket button'd....hypocrite within.
Send me, kind heaven, the well tann'd captain's face,
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curse with grace;
But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,
These treble-pension'd-parsons ever meet:
And when I die, may I still number'd be
With the rough soldier, to eternity.

JOHN OF GAUNT'S LEASES IMITATED.

APRIL, 1759.

BY this, *R..d T..y*, of *B..d*, doth grant
To *John Clegg*, the dyer, three things he doth want;
The dye-house, as he many years hath it held,
With leave for two tenters to stand i'th' greave field;

Pluralist and Old Soldier.

Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;
One likewise the field into two now divides:
The brow, or the lower part, of the said field,
Together with all above mention'd, I yield
Unto the said dyer, for his life and mine,
Or whether lives longer: But then I confine
Him duly to pay mine, ev'ry year,
Three pounds of good money, and I'll taxes bear.
One half he at *Whitsuntide* strictly shall pay,
The other as duly each *Martinmas* day.
To shew that the dyer this lease did not steal,
Behold, here I fix both my hand and my seal.

Sign'd and seal'd, this day, before
Two sober mortals, and no more.

ANOTHER.

I *R....d T....y* of *B....d*, the younger,
Do grant to JOHN COLLIER, for whether lives longer,
The Wheat Field, and th' Bylings, the rent four pounds ten,
Which payment neglected, are both mine again:
That my heirs may take notice, KNOW ALL, that this came
From my hearty good will, so I here write my name,
Sign'd this day, sans fraud, or guiles,

Before JAMES HASLEM
and
DEC. 16, 1758. J. FILDES.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND

Lay-Miser's Speculum.

A RHYMING SERMON,

ON THE DECEASE OF DR. FORSTER THE PLURALIST.

From James, chap. v. ver. 1, 2, 3.

Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl, ye know
Your garments moth-eat: riches canker'd grow:
The rust shall eat your flesh, like fires that glow.

HEAR this, ye gripes..ye blind insatiate crew,
Whose hoards abound..whose heirs and friends are few,
And your own fate in *Forster's* glass here view.
What's now become of all his griping schemes,
Of hoarding wealth, which foster'd silken dreams?
The flash is vanish'd like our northern gleams! (a)
The sweetest consolations riches yield (b)
Fly quick, and wither, like a flower o'th' field, (c)
You trust a broken reed..a crazy shield! (d)
Woe to you misers..you that live at ease,
Who swallow up the poor, your wealth t' increase,
Your mis'ries come: but tell me when they'll cease? (e)
Can racking tenants, and your treasur'd wealth,
Give calm content, or purchase balmy health?
Or bribe grim death from creeping on by stealth?

(a) Prov. xxiii. 5. (b) Luke xii. 20. (c) Luke vi. 25.
(d) James i. 1, 11. (e) James v. 1.

No..here you're feeble!..tho' this gloomy thought,
Torments the mind, that Time will not be bought,
Tho' bags, and chests, with mighty gold are fraught.
Consider, now, if sordid pelf will gain
A seat in bliss, or ease one dying pain?
If not, from squeezing of the poor refrain.
Expand your narrow minds..your bags untie:
Nor tremble when you give a groat, for why?
Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)
Relieve the wants, and cherish the sad heart
Of your poor neighbours, who endure the smart
Of meagre want, that pierces like a dart. (g)
But *Forster's* gone, whose life we thought was wrong,
And tho' the devil at the court be throng,
He'll fetch..who starts?..another e'er 't be long.

From a Scotch Gentleman at Glasgow, to his Friend in Manchester.

SIR,

I MIND your kindness, care, and pains
To shaw yer city, streets, and lanes:
Yer stately faubrics, on yer toors
Mognificent, bet net lik ours:
Then te yer kirk conducted me
The waa o worship there to see,
Wher auld bog-whistles seonded high,
And quiristers did joyn the cry:
But dills the soond to grate the ear
Of a North-British Presbyteer.

(f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. 1, 2.

A Lancashire Letter,

From the Original.

Directed to Mr. JOHN SCOLFIELD, in the Church-lane, Rochdale.

DESAMBER 10 1723.

FRAND JOHN SOFELD i hafe sand you a barle of osters by JOHN TETSTER and I dasire you to sand me word ou you lick tham so I bock the baste I could in oll London: and the man said he would hophould them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you to youes tham aecoun as you can Confene Ly and I desire you to sand me worde whear you wel hafe a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes Gorenne, But if ther be ane outher sorte that you thank you can like Better nor tham that i hafe sand you, I desire you to lat me no, and I will do Bast I can for you in any respeck, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had rit to you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing at all for whe hafe had a sad mesforton at ouer house for whe hafe had ouer house Brocke and whe hafe about 40 or 50 poundesworth of plat stole out of side bourde, and afere Bode sad thaat sarfens most Be gelte of et, and I was nefer in so much troubel about nothing in all my Life: But my mesters and I whant to *Johnten whild* thef Cakeher in the *old Bale &* he toulds hou the got hen to the house and wen i came home i foundet as he tould me and then my mestres sade she was glad that har sarfeens was clare and there was another hous brouk thes Last nite in our stret Bout got 20 shelens in hapens in a grosers shope and the wack satham and the ranawase and I bought a cengel crouke for *Hanry Bamford*, and et came douns in a hockes to mrs. *stott* and I horderd them to Lefrad to you, and I resafed 2 shilen tordet, and et cost hafe a croune, and I desire you to tl hem that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in tha shope mr. *scofeld* I desire you to gife my sarfes to hefere body that hackes hafter me, sonomore bot your most homble sarfant

ROBERT SHORE.

ANOTHER,

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

HOLLKOM FERY 26 1752.

ROBERT ASHWORTH you must order that pes that I Leveret you to this Pateran and you must Goo to witet Ber, and tak 1 pes of Allecksonder Weikater. It Is Rert op to chemlepes In Grates It is a fienwon that you most Get et A doboll bllu and dou your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee of for I want them In my shop. Pot Some Sop to them and I will pee you.

A Yorkshire Letter,

TO an ATTORNEY, for his ADVICE.

SUR,

GANGING dreely odt' Loyn anent t' Brigg weet cout odt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Massledin on him, an a bran Span New Skeele in tuther, ot i'd gust gean yan on Eleimpence for: two griesly Ill-fav'r'd Kye o *Jonny Lunds* lawpt fra amangst Whinns, Ot I thout theyd baith a gaen full burr ower me: sa I puncht Cout to gar him gan odt toan side, an he bein Skaddle ga sike a Lawp ot if war sore flay'd wad a swithurt ma intut Dyke. Sa I war fain to lig t'Skeele ot Grund an click hawd odt Poke, an while I war doin tat, yan odt Kye whimled ower it, trade ont, on dang it to tatters. Query Sur, Woont *Jonny Lund* be like to make Satisfackshon?

EPITAPHS.

On Jo. Green, late Sexton at Rochdal

HEAR lies Jo. GREEN, who arch has been
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, 'till, out of breath,
He threw away his spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, soft as wind, poor *Jo* behind,
And push'd him int' his grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,
Since *Jo. Green's* tongue and chin can wag no m

On Mr. John Hamer, Mathematician, l Rochdale.

HO, passenger! see who lies here;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing;
Tis *Hamer*, the philosopher,
Whose bellows have done blowing.

An arch and jovial wight he was,
And skill'd in *Newton's* notions;
He could demonstrate by his glass,
The twirl o'th heavenly motions.
Copernicus's system he
Prov'd true, by quart and candle;
And harvest-moons, familiarly,
Like full punch-bowls did handle.
Ah me! what pity 'tis he's gone!
Say, mortals, how it could be,
That he was cramm'd beneath this stone,
Where fools and misers should be.

On Dr. Forster, late Vicar of Rochdale

FULL three feet deep beneath this stone
Lies our late vicar *Forster*,
Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very bone,
But said no Pater Noster.
By ev'ry squeezing way, 'tis said,
Eight Hundred he rais'd yearly:
Yet not a six-pence of this paid
To th' Curate——this looks queerly!
His tenants all now praise the Lord
With hands lift up, and clapping;
And thank grim death, with one accord,
That he has ta'en him napping.

To *Lambeth's*, Lord now let us pray,
No *Pluralist*, he'll send us;
But should he do't, what must we say
Why——Lord above defend us!

The Author's Epitaph.

A Yard beneath this heavy stone,
Lies Jack-of-all-trades, good at none,
A weaver first, and then school-master;
A scrivener next; then poetaster,
A painter, graver, and a fluter,
And fame doth whisper, a C———r;
An author, Carver, and a hedge-clark:
E Whoo-woo-whoo, whot whofoo wark!
He's laft um aw, to lie ith-dark!

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FLYING DRAGON

AND THE

MAN OF HEATON.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?
Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Lancashire beau being at London, fell in love with the large pig-tails and ear-locks, and consequently brought the French toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his courser, dressed in the pig-tail, ear-locks, &c. a-la-mode de fra. The toy rolled on his shoulders, till the blasts blew away both that and the ear-locks, they being fastened to the tail with black ribbons.

A countryman coming that way, and se them blow about in the lane, takes the Fr medley for a Flying-Dragon, and, after ma deliberation, resolved to kill it. This prod three battles; at the latter end of which wind ceasing, and the pig-tail lying still) thought he had manfully performed. El with the exploit, he twists his stick in the locks, and carries all before him aloft in the as boys commonly do adders; till meeting Rector of Heysham, he was with much ado vinced; and then in great confusion snea away, leaving his reverence in possession of monster, who still keeps it at Heysham, often shews it with much diversion to his frie

The Flying Dragon

AND THE

MAN OF HEATON.

WHAT man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With spaniel's nose, and eagle's eyes,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling us.
Or whether joy or sorrow bring us;
That no dispute there needs of this,
The Man of Heaton witness is;
A man he was, and very stout,
But whether quite so wise, some doubt;
And as my muse dare not decide,
The following facts must be our guide;
So leaving him in doubtful mood,
Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other hero for we've two,
High Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo;
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd city,
Half French, half English-ha, what pity!
Where courtiers, pensioners, and place-men,
By frequent ins, and outs, disgrace men:
Where doughty squires to knights are vamp'd,
Where half-thick lords to earls are stamp'd;
Where all the arts of jockey-ship
Are us'd, as at the turf and whip;
Where one throws out his dearest brother,
And statesmen jostle one another;
Who lay their megrim brains together,
To make our feet find their own leather;

Our eyes must see, sans sun or candle,
And in the day mope—dingle dangle;

Where bribery's the chiefest trade,
And laws against our interest made;
Where Britain's fate is—hum—decided,
And all 'mongst W——s, and R——s divided!
But stay? shou'd I their actions paint.
Our heads wou'd ache, our hearts wou'd faint;
So leaving them, and their grand squabble,
My muse of better things shall babble.

This man, I say, was just come down,
From that French-pig-tail foppish town,
As gay as daw, in borrowed plumes,
And all the airs of fop assumes.

This ramille secundum artem,
Was toss'd up—, bless me—, ah—ad fa—t—m!
His ear-locks too—! near eye-brows plac'd,
His countenance genteelly grac'd;
A pig-tail dangling to his a—e,
(O truth, 'tis thou that shames my verse)
Being tagg'd with curious shining hair,
In various colours did appear;
With powder dusted, smooth'd by tonsure,
He look'd as grand as monkey monsure!

His nag high mettl'd shin'd like raven,
Both sire and dam, of blood in Craven:
He mounted, hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind,
Spur'd nag—(who answer'd from behind)
Away he flew—Now boisterous Boreas,
Vex'd to see man so vainly glorious,
Resolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
And make his furious courser stumble;
But finding soon this scheme to fail,
He aim'd his force at the Pig-tail,
And whisk'd it round both back and shoulder,
Still he rode on—and still look'd bolder!

Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
At Ear-locks blew, with might and main,
Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,
And to the Tail so closely ty'd.
All Skyppo's head attire so gay,
The blast had nearly blown away,
When fortune raising ruffl'd hand,
Kept wig and beaver on their stand;
But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,
Away with Boreas waving flew,
Our hero spruce ne'er miss'd the toy,
But rode for Sunderland with joy;
Thinking to shew the fashion new,
Which sight wou'd make one laugh—or spew.

PART II.

BUT who comes next—! The Man of Heaton,
Whose very name old time hath eaten:
For authors in this point do vary;
Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*,
But I incline, for private reason,
To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season;
And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,
As suits my rhime, or helps my wit.
But on he comes—; and fame rehearses,
His nose, two feet, before his a—e is;
A trusty knob-stick fill'd his hand,
And thought no power cou'd him withstand:
When lo—! his lifted eyes assail
A long, black thing; with wings and tail!

The wings quick moving with the wind;
The tail in curls, turn'd up behind:
So *Oamfrey* stops his sauntering course,
And unto musing had resource.
Then stamp'd his knob-stick on the ground,
And crying in amaze profound,
I'th neme o'Jesus, say—whot' art;
That twe black tungs fro meawth con dart?
Whooas twisted body's like the hurn
O' that fem'd beeost the Unicorn!
I say, Whot art? Ith' neme o God—!
My stick shall—howd—I've heard a rod
Of willow, will demolish soon
The direst snake below the moon.

With that stout *Noamp* his thwittle drew,
And on the edge three times he blew;
Then from the hedge, he in a crack,
Brings a tough willow with him back;
But whilst the leaves he from it strips,
Across the lane, the Dragon skips!
Quoth he—I see theaw'rt marching off,
Boh howd o bit—; this willow tough
Shall, if strength fail not, stop thy flight;
So strikes the Pig-tail with his might,
And ery's out boh—! then quick returns;
Then gives a stroke—then backward runs;
The monstrous animal up flew,
And *Oamfrey* starting, quick withdrew:
His eyes oth' stare; his face grew pale;
With open mouth he view'd the tail,
Which briskly wanton'd in the wind;
Then swore—Its of the dragon-kind!

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
And thought it sin to be fool hardy:

If I con seve meh sell, quoth he,
Whot's Flying-Dragons unto me?
There con no wisdom be I trow,
In feighting things we dunnaw know;
For should it chonce fly e me fece
I'm deso'd os tripe—witheawt God's grace:
So *Oamfrey* he the wand threw down;
Took up his stick, and march'd for town.

PART III.

TWO roods he had not gone before,
A blast of wind the monster bore,
Within two yards of *Oamfrey's* stick,
Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
Quo *Noamp*, be this I plenely see
It mun be oather thee, or me:
And sin 'tis so, I'll never run,
Boh kill, or dee before eh done.

Then in a passion from his hand
He threw his stick, and fetch'd the wand;
And poor Pig-tail with courage fresh,
And all his might began to thresh;
But still the Dragon kept the field,
Cock'd up his tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious combat, by report,
Did last till *Oamfrey's* stick grew short;
And a cessation, as fame reckons,
Continued till he got fresh weapons.
But *Oamfrey* having luck to find,
A weapon to his murdering mind,

Says softly thus unto himself,
Theaw feights for honour, not for pelf;
And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
Thy feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.

Then hemming twice—spits on his hand,
And snatches up the magic wand,
Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So strikes with all his might, the Dragon:
And thus the battle was renew'd,
And both sides to their tackle stood.

Again fierce *Oamfrey's* stick did dwindle
Into the length of common spindle;
But thinking now the battle gain'd,
Because he with no blood was stain'd,
Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
To kill outright this dragon witch.

Now while this third great duel lasted,
Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted;
The dragon too, now wanting breath,
Had symptoms of approaching death;
And ev'ry member seem'd to fail;
He hardly stirring wing or tail;
For Boreas likewise tired at length
Had quite exhausted all his strength,
And all was hush—so fortune gave
The field, and battle to the brave!
And pig-tail lies as still as stone,
As tho' to live, it ne'er had known;
And thus the dragon here was slain,
Whilst *Oamfrey* lives, to fight again.

Man of Heaton

PART IV.

OUR hero's courage none can doubt;
Nor love of fame was he without,
For when this glorious feat was done
And such a victory fairly won,
Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,
Put kersey coat, on sweating back;
And then with cautious stare he view'd
The dragon; which he'd hack'd and hew'd
But still it prov'd above his ken,
And as it might do, to wiser men.

Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pretences;
So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of war.
With this intent his ample foot,
Held down the pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick within the frizzl'd hair,
And thus before him did it bear.

Ten furlongs he'd triumphing past,
But met no mortal man or beast:
When lo—! he met with heart full gleesome,
The rev'rend rector, stil'd of Heysham.
The parson star'd, whilst *Oamfrey* held
The dragon which he'd lately kill'd:
And after clearing up his weasand,
He query'd thus to know the reason.

Why *Oamfrey*, man! what have you got,
Upon your stick? that I know not.
Where did you find the tawdry thing?
Tawdry—! quo, *Noamp*—! why't has a sting.

A sting man—! nay, no more than you:
Byth' mass good parson that's naw true:
Look at its tungs—; its stings ith tele,
Or else I'm sure my senses fail.
True—; quoth his rev'rence, that may be:
And in that point we both agree:
But if my eyes, like thine, don't fail
It is tho' large, a French pig-tail.
A pigtele pars'n! That's good fun,
No moor thin bacco-pipe's a gun:
Why, 'twas alive ten minutes since,
And that I'll swear, be king or prince;
Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,
And that no swine-tele, or his sneawt
Cou'd ever doo, sin Noah's flood:
And this I will maintene for good.

The rector laugh'd, and *Noamp* look'd sour,
For to convince he wanted pow'r:
Nor cou'd *Noamp* to his thoughts give vent,
As anger cork'd up argument.

His rev'rence then began again
To reason thus? Why, look ye man;
This is black silk; and this is hair:
Feel—and believe—you need not stare.
Not stare? Why pars'n did naw you
Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true:
Did naw yo sey it wur a pig-tele:
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a snig-tele:
Why man! but so they call the thing;
You see't has neither head nor sting;
These ribbands are to tye it on,
As you shall see; I'll do anon.

His rev'rence then his wig took off,
And *Noamp* began to hem and cough:

His doubts he found to disappear,
And that he'd got wrong sow by th' ear:
For as the parson was adjusting,
Things grew the more, and more disgusting,
But when he put o'er all his wig;
"The d—l ta' yer tele o' pig—!
"What sense is there e tele so black,
"That's teed toth' heeod, an rows o'th back
"If they'd ha things weh netur jump,
"The tele should awlus ston oth rump;
"That fok moot know oytch foolish brat
"For munkey greyt, or mewntin cat;
"Boh gawbies neaw gin kers'n nemes,
"To things, naw hardly fit for flames."
So *Oamfrey* grumbling budg'd away,
But neither bad good night, or day.
The rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again
At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the scene,
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For sport to friends in time to come,
And keeps it to this very day,
At Heysham, as my authors say.

Truth in a Mask;

OR,

SHUDE-HILL FIGHT:

BEING

A SHORT MANCHESTRIAN CHRONICLE

of the

Present Times, 1757.

TO THE READER.

ON my return the other day from hunting out the names of the persons in the county of York, who by trading in corn, meal, &c. oppress the poor; I called at the sign of the Falcon in Littlebrough, where I knew was a glass of good ale, and the landlord a friend to travelling quadrupedes. At this place, necessity calling me forth, I blundered into a little room, where my business being soon done, and not caring to defile any

thing that was not set apart for that use, I cast my eyes round, and saw in a hole or niche in the wall, a large old folio MS. The back had fallen a prey to the worms, and great part of it torn off; most of the leaves had lost their quadrangular form, and (like our modern heroes) ready to desert their stations. However, not caring to leave it where I found it, I budged it up under my arm and brought it into the house. On asking the landlord where he had had it, he answered, "A neighbour of ours dying the other day, forgot to take his goods with him; so that a sale ensuing and I buying a few utensils, happened to have it thrown in at the bargain." I being a dealer in paper, told him, if he'd please to bestow it on me, I'd send him a double quantity of superlative B—m f—r for it: to which he agreed; and I, packing it up, marched away with my new-found treasure.

I was no sooner at home, but curiosity pricked me to examine its contents, which I found was the work of several persons, and something particular in some of the hands. In short, it was a collection of memoirs by several virtuosos, and was carried down from father to son from the days of good Queen Bess, to these our most miraculous times. In a few leaves at the latter end was the following short chronicle, which seemed wrote lately and in a legible hand; and it ap-

pearing to suit the present times, I resolved to thrust it into the world without altering its garb. If it meet with a kind reception, the public may expect more out of the same collection from the publisher; who is sensible of the madness and ill consequences of a mob; but is still a friend to the poor.

T. B.

Truth in a Mask, &c.

NOW it came to pass in the reign of *George* e son of *George* who reigned over *Britain*, at there were four years of dearth in the nd; and there was in that country, a city, d the inhabitants thereof, were merchants, and orkers of fine linen, and workers of silk, and orkers of wool: And there were also in that y, men, cunning to work in gold, and in sil- r, in brass, and in iron; in purple, and in imson, and blue, and fine twined linen, and ıdued with understanding in all manner of ork; and that city grew and flourished exceed- gly.

2 And the inhabitants of that city waxed rich, ıd mighty; as the merchants of *Tyre* and *don;* as the merchants, the princes of *Tyre:* nd they builded unto themselves houses and laces; and made for themselves great palaces be a name unto them: And they gathered ssels of gold, and vessels of silver, and gar- ents, and horses, and mules, and men-servants, ıd maid-servants, and much richcs: and they

waxed so vain in their prosperity that they despised the inhabitants round about, and their cities; and gloried in their own city, and called it the City of Men.

3 And in the fourth year of the dearth, when *George* the son of *George*, had ruled the land thirty and one years; when the famine was sore in the land; there arose certain men the sons of *Belial;* and they took counsel together, and said, There is corn in the land of *Chester;* go to, let us buy all the corn in the land of *Chester:* for it will come to pass that the Lord will continue the famine yet three years.

4 And when there is no bread in all the land, and that the people faint for the lack of bread; we will sell unto the people, bread for their money at our own price: and when their money doth fail, we will sell unto them for their cattle; and we will give them bread in exchange for their horses; for their flocks, and for their herds, both of great and small cattle.

5 And it shall be, when we have bought with our corn, and our bread, all their cattle, small and great, that they will sell unto us their houses their orchards, and gardens; their corn-fields, their meadows, and pastures; their woods, yea, all their land, and themselves also: and we will buy them and their land, and they, and their seed after them, shall be servants unto us for ever.

6 And the sons of *Belial* did as they had counselled, and they bought all the corn in the land of *Chester*, and the famine was exceeding great: but the cry of the people, for want of bread, did reach the ears of the king, and the king's counsellors; who took counsel together how they might preserve the lives of the people: for they wist not of the deeds of the sons of *Belial*, and that the sons of *Belial* had added by their counsels unto the sufferings of the people. So the king and his councils did order, that corn should be brought from foreign lands to nourish the people.

7. And when the sons of *Belial* saw, that by the wisdom of the law the king and his counsellors had made, that corn was plentiful in the land; and that their counsels were brought to nought, like the counsels of *Ahithrophel*, they went unto the merchants of the city, even to several rulers of the city, and said unto them: "You know how the time of plenty maketh the people to be idle, and that you can have no more work done for two-pence in times of plenty, than ye can have done for one penny in times of dearth and famine."

8 Now therefore as it is not good for you, nor for us, that bread be plentiful in the land; lend unto us upon usury so many talents of gold, and talents of silver as may be necessary; and we

will buy also all the corn that is brought into the land, and will sell unto the people for two talents, what we buy for one talent: and when we have sold unto them till their money fail, we will sell unto them for their cattle, yea, we will buy their cattle, and their land, and themselves also, to be our servants, and we will divide the people, and their land, and their cattle between you and us; and the people, and their sons and daughters, yea, even the great men and the rulers of the neighbouring cities shall serve us and you; as men-servants, and maid servants, as hewers of wood, and drawers of water, for ever.

9 Now the chief men of the city did hearken unto the words of the sons of *Belial*, and did make a covenant between themselves and the sons of *Belial*; and delivered unto the sons of *Belial* sixteen hundred talents of gold, and twelve thousand talents of silver; and the sons of *Belial* did therewith buy all the corn which the merchants of the cities of the sea had brought into the land; and they did cause that the famine did increase. Yet was there found amongst the chief men of the city, some that did not worship *Baal*, or go astray after the mammon of unrighteousness, or hearken unto the words of the sons of *Belial*.

10 And the famine did exceedingly increase even unto the time of harvest; for their was not

until the harvest found any corn in the hands of any man; but in the hands of the sons of *Belial* was there corn found.

11 And it pleased the Lord, even the Lord God, that the harvest was plentiful; and the hearts of the people were greatly rejoiced; and were glad in the mercy of the Lord, even the mercy of the Lord God.

12 And the sons of *Belial*, and some of the chief men of the city, were exceedingly vexed at their hearts that the plentiful harvest had saved the people, and the land out of their hands: for they said, the people are as wild asses, and strong as mules; fit only to bear burdens, to be our servants, they, and their children; and they gathered themselves together, and consulted what they should do.

13 Then arose *Bramaliel*, one of the chief of the sons of *Belial*, and said; Why are you disheartened my brethren? or fearful, O my friends? or why do your spirits faint within you? hearken unto the words of my mouth, and give ear unto my sayings: follow the counsels I shall give unto you, and it shall not be in the power of any one to deliver them out of their hands.

14 Know ye not that there is no money in the hands of any man, except in our hands; and in the hands of a few of our brethren of this city,

who would not hearken to our words, and join us in this thing: now go ye and borrow of your brethren talents of gold, and talents of silver, and it will be, that ye will find favour in the sight of your brethren; and they will lend unto you all their talents of gold and talents of silver; yea, all that they have will they lend unto you.

15 And it shall come to pass when you have got into your hands all the gold, and the silver, ye shall go unto the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, and shall say unto them, what shall I give thee for all thy corn? and peradventure one may say nineteen talents: then shall you say, I will give unto thee twenty talents: another thirty pieces of silver, then shall you say, I will give thirty-five pieces of silver for all that thou hast: And thus shall you get into your own barns, and into your store-houses, all the corn in the land, and sell it to the poor at your own price.

16 And when you have for your money bought all the corn in the land, then shall you for every talent receive five talents; and shall for your corn receive back, not only the money ye have paid, but the cattle of the people of the land; yea, and the people also, and they shall serve you for ever, and their children shall serve your children, even as the children of *Israel* did serve *Pharaoh* the king: and ye shall then ho-

nour me, and the words of my mouth, as *Pharaoh* honoured *Joseph*, and his words.

17 THEN answered the sons of *Belial*, and the chief rulers of the city who had joined with them, and said: thou sayest well; yea, we will follow the words of thy mouth in every thing that thou hast counselled, and will do as *Pharaoh* and *Joseph* did; only in this thing we will depart from the example of *Pharaoh* and *Joseph;* that we will not leave the patrimony of the priests untouched: but they also shall be our servants, them and their children: and this because they have been enemies unto us, and said, *Woe unto you, ye bloodsuckers: Woe unto you ye destroyers of men.*

18 THEN arose *Abishai*, whose mother was the daughter of *Jonadab* the priest, and said; Let alone, I pray you, the priests and their land, for the king, and his counsellors also, will not suffer that you do so unto them. Then *Finshia* was wroth, and arose and said; Tush, thou fool, knowest thou not that they are a lazy generation, reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have not strawed? Then *Othonias*, a Pharisee, arose and said: Hear me, my brethren; the king, even the great king will not that the priesthood shall suffer; and should you but touch even the hem of their garments, they would carry their complaints to the foot of his throne.

19 Hear then, my brethren, the words of experience, and mark the counsels of the wise: Send ye unto the priests, and say thus unto them. We are sorry for your distress, and our hearts are grieved within us at the anguish of your hearts, and the sufferings of the poor: we will put into your hands, or the hands of a man whom you shall chuse, two hundred talents of silver to buy corn for the poor; and the corn bought at two shekels of silver shall be sold unto the poor for two shekels of silver; and ye shall deliver it unto them and the priests will rejoice and be glad; and perhaps appoint me to be the man whom they will entrust; and I will buy the corn of our brother *Bramaliel*; and so shall the priests be deceived, and instead of cursing, shall bless our coming in, and our going out, yea, they shall even bless our basket and our store.

20 And they all cried out with one voice, great is thy wisdom, *O Othonias!* wise art thou above the children of men! yea, *Solomon* himself was not wiser than thou. The words of thy mouth are sweeter far than honey, and the honey-comb: let it even be as thou hast said.

21 Then sent they deputies unto the priests, even *Garshubah* and *Artani*: and they told unto the priests the words of the assembly; and the priests were exceedingly rejoiced, and said,

praised be the Lord, who hath at length
ied their hearts: and may their charity be
ied unto them ten-fold: and the deputies
-*Amen.*

THEN said the deputies unto the priests,
e ye a man from amongst you, that ye may
ve the money, to buy the corn, and distri-
it: but the priests answered and said, Nay;
ay not buy, or sell; so name ye a man to
nd to sell, and we will take care and see it
stributed as it ought: then answered the
ies, what think ye of *Othonias?* Then
he priests, we approve him; and the priests
g *Dantziah* the Scribe, caused him to write
parchment roll the terms of the gift, the
s of the givers, and the numbers of the ta-
each man gave; and did lay it up amongst
ds of the temple.

AND the priests went forth and told these
s in the city; and the chief men of the city,
were not confederate with the sons of *Belial,*
likewise two hundred talents; and the
s caused their names, also, to be entered in
ll: and the priests rejoiced; and the peo-
joiced with exceeding great joy; and *Otho-*
the Pharisee, rejoiced also.

AND *Othonias* went home to his own house,
called on *Elibamah* his wife, and said,

come hither and rejoice with me; for the elders, the priests, and chief men of the city, have extolled my wisdom, and have appointed me ruler over the treasure of the poor; and my name shall be great amongst the chief of the city, and I shall be no longer numbered amongst the oppressors, and dregs of the people; but amongst the elders and princes of the city. But *Elibamah* replied not; she being no enemy to the poor.

25 And the sons of *Belial*, and the chief men of the city who were confederate with them, went forth and borrowed all the talents of gold, and all the talents of silver that were to be found in the city, and they were delivered unto them: and the sons of *Belial* went forth into all the country round about, and did buy all the corn of the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, who would sell unto them; and few there were who did not sell unto them for their money: and their store-houses, and garners were full.

26 And the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, who did not sell unto the sons of *Belial* said; why should not we also, for every omer of wheat have two shekels? Now wheat in plentiful years, was bought at an omer for a shekel: So that the famine increased in the land, for the grinding of the millstone was low, and the poor waxed faint for want of bread: for as price of

bread grew great, the wages of the poor decreased: for the merchants who confederated with the sons of *Belial*, refused to pay the workmen their accustomed wages for their work: and the cry of the poor reached up to the heavens; but the sons of *Belial* and their associates regarded not; so that the priests were exceeding sorrowful, and their countenances fell: yea, even the judges of the land, and the Tetrarch himself; but it availed not.

27 And the people said, would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the years of plenty, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and did eat bread to the full: for now we shall die, we and our wives, and our little ones. So they went unto the Tetrarch, and said: Give us bread, for why should we die in thy presence? give us bread at an omer the shekel, or we shall die.

28 And the Tetrarch was extremely sorrowful, and he lifted up his voice and wept; and reasoned with them saying, "Why do you thus unlawfully assemble together? or, Why so trouble the city? Is not this the Lord's doing? why will you tempt the Lord?" (for the Tetrarch wist not that the sons of *Belial* had caused the famine.) And the people cried yet more and said, *Give us bread.*— Then the Tetrarch spake unto them, saying; "I will call an assembly of the elders of the city, and the chief men, and the priests, and the

Scribes, and the Pharisees, and we will hold counsel together, and see what may be done in this thing."

29 So the Tetrarch called an assembly of the chief men of the city, and told unto them the complaints of the people; and did say unto them, That unless the people might have bread, they would all die; they, and their wives, and their little ones. But the children of *Belial*, and the Pharisees replied, they were grieved for the sufferings of the people; but the growers of wheat, of barley, and of oats, would not sell them more than an omer of wheat for two shekels: and as they bought, so did they sell unto the people. And the Tetrarch, and the priests, and the judges, and many of the chiefs of the city (who had not sold themselves to work iniquity reasoned with the sons of *Belial*, and their confederates the Pharisees: but it availed not.

30 And the sons of *Belial* went on their way notwithstanding all that was said unto them, and followed the counsels of *Bramaliel*, *Othonias Finshai*, and *Hothornah*, their chiefs: so the people murmured, saying, *We shall die;* but no man of the sons of *Belial*, or those of the chiefs of the city, who were joined with them, cared for these things; but sold an omer of wheat for four shekels of silver; so the people's money failed, and their hearts fainted within them.

CHAP II.

THEN the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* arose, and gathered themselves together. Now the men of this valley are the remnant of the sons of the giant, even the sons of *Anak;* for they are strong, and mighty men of valour. But they had neither sword, spear, or gun: neither was there any man amongst them that was skilled in making of swords, of spears, or of guns: but every man of the valley of *Saddleworth* went down to the city of men, to buy every man his share, his coulter, his ax, and his mattock: neither was there any instrument of war found in their hands.

2 AND the spirit of *Kenuriel* was vexed within him, and he said unto the men of *Saddleworth* hear me, my brethren, give ear unto my words ye men of the forest: Will ye bow down you necks to the yoke of the oppressor? Will you lay down yourselves at the feet of those who would make you, and your wives, and your children their bondmen; yea, their slaves as long as any of them endure! You see the harvest is past, and the summer is ended; yet we are not saved from the famine: and this because the men of the City of Men have bought (with the money they have gained by the labour of you and your brethren)

and heaped in their store-houses all the corn of the land, and will not suffer you to have thereof for the support of your lives, and the lives of your little ones. But will you submit to this—? Or can you consent to become their bond-slaves for ever?

3 Then the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* cried aloud, and spoke with one voice, "What! shall we bow down our necks to the proud? to those who have risen to riches by the sweat of our brows? No, we will go down and open their store-houses, and sell unto the people the corn they have stored therein, at an omer a shekel; that we and the people of the land may live. And we will send to the *Ashtonites*, and to the men who work under the earth, in the hills of *Oldham*, that they may come and assist us therein.

4 Now it came to pass, that on the twelfth day of the ninth, in the thirtieth and one year of the reign of *George* the son of *George*, that sixty of the men of *Saddleworth*, went down to the city of Men, and went to the place where the buyers of corn, and sellers of corn assembled together; and did there reason with the sellers of corn, and say unto them: How comes it that ye are unwilling to sell unto us for our money as ye were wont? Was not the harvest as great, and did not the corn stand as full, on the land as in

time past? Yea, has not the Lord God blessed you with the most plentiful harvest, and made the valleys to laugh and sing? Why, then do ye deny to sell unto us as of old, an omer of wheat for a shekel?

5 And the sons of *Belial,* with the Pharisees their associates, were in great dread of the men of *Saddleworth,* and did send unto the Tetrarch, and did say unto him; Come thou and save us, or we and the city shall be destroyed. So the Tetrarch went unto the place where the people were assembled; and when the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* saw him, they said; O Tetrarch! we know that thou art an upright man, one that doeth good and escheweth evil; we mean not to hurt thee, nor thy people, nor the people of this city; no, not even these sons of *Belial:* but we cannot die for want of bread; we nor our wives, nor our little ones, whilst there is such plenty of corn in the land: now therefore see, that we have it at an omer a shekel, and we will depart every man to his tent.

6 And the Tetrarch did reason with the sons of *Belial,* and they did seemingly hearken unto his words: for the fear of the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* was upon them.

7 And when the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* saw that the sons of *Belial,* did sell their corn at an omer a shekel, they separated them-

selves; and some went to one place, and some to another, believing in the words of the sons of *Belial:* for the men of the valley of *Saddleworth* were men without guile. And when the most part of them were departed, the spirits of *Othonias, Bramaliel,* and the rest of the sons of *Belial* revived: and they caught each man his sword, and his staff, and fell on those men of the valley of *Saddleworth* who remained, and did beat them, and wound them, and despitefully use them: and some they did imprison, but others escaped out of the hands of the sons of *Belial,* and got them to their own homes.

8 Now when these things were spread abroad and known in the valley of *Saddleworth,* how that the sons of *Belial* had thus despitefully used their brethren; behold on the fifteenth day of the ninth month, they assembled themselves together, and sent unto the *Oldhamites,* the *Ashtonians,* and others, to meet them on the plain of *Newton;* and they met together about the third hour of the day; and the *Newtonians* told them, how that a son of *Belial* had possession of a mill in the country of *Clayton,* and did there grind things hurtful, and sold it to the poor for bread-corn.

9 When they heard this they chose unto themselves as captain of the host, whose name was *Adamah,* an *Oldhamite;* and *Adamah* led them

on to *Clayton* mill: and finding therein wheat, mixed with acorns, with pease, and with beans, with chopped straw, and French-whiting, together with dried bones of beasts;* some thereof ground for bread, some grinding on the mill, and some to grind; he shewed the mixture to the people; and when they saw it, they were wroth, and burnt the bolsters, and sieves, broke the wheels, and stones, and destroyed the mill; so that the ruins thereof remain even unto this day.

10 Now it came to pass, that whilst this was in doing, there was one *Whitadiah,* (he was of the number of those who licked up the spittle from under the feet of the sons of *Belial)* who ran into city, and told the sons of *Belial,* and the Pharisees, their confederates, that the people of the land were risen as one man; and were coming to destroy their mills, search their store-houses for corn, and would sell the same an omer for a shekel.

11 And the sons of *Belial* assembled, and were in great fear, (for their hearts became as melting wax) and said, What shall we do? O speak ye, that have wisdom? ye that have the gift of counsel, speak! Speak thou, O *Othonias!* Then *Othonias* arose, and essayed to speak, but his spi-

* The MS. added, men's bones, and horse dung dried: which appeared so incredible to the publishers, that they erased it out of the copy.

rits failed him, and he trembled exceedingly. And they said, O thou, whom we believed a *Solomon*, art thou void of counsel at this perilous time? And *Othonias* answered, and said, Verily, my brethren, the occasion is sudden, and the peril is great, and I cannot advise ye; but if ye will send unto *Elibamah*, my wife, peradventure she will advise ye; for she is a wise woman, even as a prophetess; and her wisdom——have set my feet upon a rock. But the assembly answered not, but held down their heads and wept.

12 THEN arose *Bramaliel*, and said, know ye not that the Tetrarch, the judges, and the priests, the lawyers and scribes may now help us; and since they know not of our craft, let us, my brethren act wisely: should we beg their counsel, they would advise us to sell an omer of wheat for a shekel, and that would destroy our gain, which is the goddess we worship; Let us, then, give them no time for counsel; but some of ye run, and say unto the Tetrarch, the judges, the priests, the lawyers, and the scribes, that the people are coming to burn the city. Others of ye send out your servants to the people, and say, come into the city, and we will join with you; and it shall be that the Tetrarch, and the judges, the priests, the lawyers and the scribes shall be affrighted; and shall call to their aid the men of

the host of the great king who dwell in the city; and they will kill some, wound others, and the rest will return every man to his own tent; and there will not be any more resistance to us, or our friends.——And the spirit of the assembly came again; yea, they were much enlivened and did so.

13 Then some of them ran one way, and some another; crying, Arm! Arm! the sons of *Anak*, with the *Oldhamites*, and the *Ashtonians* are coming, and the city will be destroyed: and the Tetrarch, the judges, the lawyers and the scribes, were affrighted, and did cry unto the king's host for help: but the priests, trusting not in the arm of flesh, feared not what man could do unto them.

14 And there was in the city of the host of the king, some who had fought valiantly under the banners of the king in *Germania*, and under the banners of *William* the king's son, in *Flandria*, and they laughed at their fears, and said, Why does this folly possess you? are they not subjects to the king? how, then, can this thing be, that they will burn the city? or, how can they do so, and we see it?—Others there were of the host, who, with *Mordaunt*, had seen giants on the coasts of *Gallia;* and fear dwelt upon their countenances; for they thought, peradventure,

some of those giant-like men, the *French,* may be here also.

15 And the Tetrarch commanded, and there assembled together the host of the king, and also many of the sons of *Belial,* and the Pharisees, and the chiefs of the city who joined with them, in distressing the people, and their sons; and also some of those who had not sold themselves to work iniquity, nor bowed the knee to filthy lucre; and they drew up in battle array, and went out to meet the people.

16 Now there was one *Nicodemus,* a man skilful in the laws of the land, (but whose fears mightily prevailed at this time) said, O Tetrarch, if thou meet not the people out of the city, the battle will happen therein, and the city will be laid in ashes: and how wilt thou answer it to the king, should the city be destroyed? and the Tetrarch answered, and said, O *Nicodemus,* profound is thy skill in the laws, and sound is thy judgment; I will do so: and he ordered the centurion, who commanded the *Flandrians,* to go out, but he refused, unless the Tetrarch gave him the order in a tablet. Then the Tetrarch said to *Nicodemus,* What shall I do? And now the sons of *Belial* cried out, the people had already burnt part of the city. And *Nicodemus* was sore afraid, and said, O Tetrarch, do not

thou, but let *Bradari*, the judge, give the centurion the tablet: and he did so.

17 And the Tetrarch went forward, attended by some of the chiefs of the city, to meet the people; and did say unto them, Why do you thus, my brethren? nay, verily, ye do wrong in disturbing the city. And the people answered him, and said, O Tetrarch, we mean neither thee nor this city any harm. But one of the men sent out of the city by the sons of *Belial* said, we will murder thee, O Tetrarch: and the sons of *Belial*, who were with the Tetrarch, cried, Fly, Tetrarch, or thou diest: so he fled, and met the host, and said, O centurion, I have done all that I am able to prevent the shedding of blood, and appeasing this tumult; but now do thou quell the tumult, and still the madness of the people.

18 Now the servants of the sons of *Belial* said unto the people, ye may go safely into the city: the Tetrarch is fled, and the men of war cannot, by the laws of the great king, fire upon you, until the proclamation of the king is read unto you, and ye have disobeyed it for the space of one hour. So the people went on towards the city; and in the entrance thereof, the host of the king, who were in the fore-front, and the host of the city, who brought up the rear-ward, met them: and when the people were now come within 40 cubits

of the king's host, the sons of *Belial* cried out, fire; but the host of the king refused to fire: but the sons of *Belial* did so, and killed a decurion of the king's host, and two of the people.

19 AGAIN the sons of *Belial* cried to the centurion, to order the king's host to fire, and he did so: but the *Flandrians* fired their shot over the heads of the people, knowing them to be the subjects and servants of their king: for though inured to spill the blood of their enemies, yet deigned they not that an hair of the heads of their fellow-subjects should perish: so it is said there was no blood spilt that day, but what was shed by the host of the city; for though the men of the king's host, who had learned to war under *Mordaunt*, were exceeding wroth with the people, yet they loved not blood; nor was it known that they ever killed men in their wrath, or hurt any in their displeasure.

20 And the men of the city, and the *Mordauntians*, ran out of the battle, and the people ran also. And the centurion, and the *Flandrian* host lifted up their eyes, and, behold! neither friend, or enemy, was within sight! so they went back into the city without controul.

21 As for the rest of the acts of the sons of *Belial*, and all they did, are they not written in

the chronicles of the king at *Lancaster?* And the acts of the *Mordauntians,* are they not written in the records of all the assemblies of the land? And what they did, and did not, are not the reasons thereof to be found in books of the court-martial at *Whitehall!*

CHAP III.

NOW it came to pass that the sons of *Belial* and their confederates, met together in counsel, to consider what account they might render unto the king. And, behold, there entered into the assembly, *Clatonijah,* the priest, and *Byromah,* the psalmist, whose pen is the pen of a ready writer. And when the assembly saw them, the young men were abashed, the aged arose, and stood up, they refrained talking, and laid their hands on their mouths; yea, the chief men of the city held their peace, and their tongues cleaved to the roof of their mouths: so awful was the approach of these men, to these sons of *Belial.*

2 AND *Clatonijah* being full of the spirit, lifted up his voice, and cried aloud, saying, O ye men of the city, hearken unto the words of my lips, and give ear to the sayings of my mouth, for the words that I shall speak, are they not the words of the Lord your God? The avenger of

the poor, and the fatherless, the injured and oppressed.———Oh, that my words were now written: Oh, that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock for ever. And *Clatonijah* said to *Byromah*, write the words I shall speak, that they may be a record against these men and that the city may know when these judgments shall come upon them, and that I have truly spoken the words of the Lord, that he will avenge his people; and that the inhabitants of this city may take warning by these men, and no more offend against the law of their God, by following the ways of these men. And *Byromah* wrote in a book the following words that *Clatonijah* spake:

3 "O ye men of the city, thus saith the Lord, have ye not broken your covenant with me, and caused the people to rebel? Have ye not set at nought my commandments, notwithstanding that your city was by me blest with increase? Notwithstanding I blessed you with riches, and prosperity? Gave not I gold unto you as dust? and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook? Yea, silver as the dust of the earth; raiment as clay; clothing of silk, and of purple, of fine linen and of needle-work, for yourselves, your wives, and your children, as the grass of the field? Vessels of gold, and vessels of silver; coaches, and chariots, horses, and mules; yea,

every thing your hearts could desire, gave I not to you in abundance, and made them as plentiful as poplars in the valley of *Ordshall?* Yet have ye disobeyed my commandments, despised my priests, and oppressed my people, the inhabitants of the land. The poor have cried unto you for the wrong you have done them; but you were like the deaf adder; they cried aloud, but ye regarded them not. Ye have defrauded the poor and the needy of their due: have ye not walked deceitfully? Have ye not removed your neighbour's land mark? driven away the ass of the fatherless, and taken the ox of the widow for a pledge? Have ye not taken pledges of the poor, and caused them to go naked, and taken away the sheaf of the hungry? Yea, have not ye caused that they perished for want of bread, and of clothing? and when they complained, did not ye cause them to be beat, to be wounded, and to be killed? The cry of the injured has pierced my ears, the the torments of the wounded I have felt and seen, and the souls of the killed are before me.

4 HAVE ye done this to increase your store already too full? Have ye not made gold your hope? and said unto fine gold, Thou art my confidence? Have ye not rejoiced in your oppressive gains? though your wealth was great, and your hands full? How do ye say we are wise, and the

law of the Lord is with us? Lo! the law was made unto you as vain; and the scribes wrote without effect: for ye have despised my law, and set at nought my statutes, and are gone astray after filthy luchre: yea, almost every man, from the greatest to the least among you, are given to luxury at home, and covetousness and usury abroad. Know ye not, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment: though his head reach up to the clouds, and his excellency mount to the heavens: though his possessions cover the face of the earth, yet shall he perish for ever like his own dung: they who have seen him, shall see him no more; and, with lifted hands shall say, where is he! He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away like a vision of the night; neither shall his place any more behold him; He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again; the gains of oppression he shall not enjoy sweetly, neither shall he feel quietness in his belly; in the fulness of his sufficiency shall he be in straits, every hand of the injured shall come upon him; yea, the heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him.

5 And as ye have left my laws, and my statutes, and become of the number of those who deal wickedly with me and my people, ye shall travel

with pain all your days; yet shall not your riches nor your possessions continue to your sons' sons. For I have vowed, saith the Lord, that the congregation of hypocrites shall be destroyed; and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery and oppression. They conceive mischief, and bring forth vanity: yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine: it shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out within him. The snare is laid for you, O ye oppressors! the snare is laid for you in the ground, and traps are in your way. Terrors shall make you afraid on every side, and destruction wait on all your steps. Brimstone shall be scattered on your habitations; your habitations which you have made unto yourselves, like the palaces of princes. Your roots shall be dried up beneath, and above shall your branches be cut off: the remembrance of you shall perish from the earth, and ye shall have no name in the streets; neither shall ye have son, or nephew, among my people; but your daughters shall be hand-maidens, and the servants of slaves; neither shall any of your seed remain in your dwellings. They that come after you shall be surprized at your fall, as they that went before were astonished at your greatness. Yea, I will visit you in my wrath, and ye shall be for an example to my people for ever. This shall be the portion of the oppressor; the wages of

him who grinds the face of the poor: yea, this is the portion God has allotted for him.

6 And the sons of *Belial* were affrighted, and fled from the presence of *Clatonijah*, the priest, and of *Byromah*, the scribe: yet did they not repent, for their hearts continue as adamant, yea, as the flinty rock, even unto this day, notwithstanding the words of *Clatonijah*, the priest, which he spake unto them.

TIM BOBBIN the SECOND.
Born July 27 1798.

PLEBEIAN POLITICS

OR

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES

of certain

Mole-eyed Maniacs

VULGARLY CALLED WARRITES

By way of Dialogue betwixt two Lancashire Clowns

Together with

Several Fugitive Pieces

BY

TIM. BOBBIN, THE SECOND.

— Printed on Patchwork Hall —

Printed & Published by J. Slack 8 Market St. Manchester

—1818.—

DEDICATION.

TO THE TENANTS OF THE STYE IN GENERAL,

and to the

Swine of Lancashire

IN PARTICULAR.

DEAR PORKIES,

THE following Dialogue betwixt two of your fraternity, upon the subject of the late Peace, and containing also some severe animadversions upon the shameful inconsistency and versatility of character, which attaches to the patrons and supporters of the late ruinous War, interested my curiosity so forcibly, that I could not avoid taking the first opportunity of laying it before you; and, at the same time, beg leave to con-

gratulate you on the good fortune you have lately experienced, in grunting your approbation of the measures of government, on the return of Peace.

I have thought proper to give you this in the Lancashire idiom, exactly in the manner in which I heard it expressed by Whistle-pig and Tum Grunt: and however either the language or the characters here introduced may have been despised by the aristocratic and literary pride of a Burke, I do assure you, that the opening of this address is done more out of derision to that pensioned apostate, than any contempt for your understanding; for I am perfectly convinced, not only that the provincial dialect of Lancashire contains a rich vein of forcible expressions, the venerable and valuable reliques of the ancient Anglo-Saxon and Gallic languages, but that the county of Lancaster, as well as every other county in England, may yet contain

> "Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast,
> Can bay the little tyrant of his cot;
> Tho' when he sees his country's wrongs redress'd,
> Can rest contented with his humble lot."

To render the following sheets the more intelligible to those who may be unacquainted with

the Lancashire Dialect, I have annexed a small Glossary, explaining some of the principal words and phrases which therein occur. Should any thing have escaped my observation that would have contributed more to the amusement of the public, it is hoped than their discretion will excuse any imperfection or inadvertency which may have dropped from the pen of a Country Rustic.

T. B.

December 24th 1801.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sam Sly and the Author.

SAM. GOOD morro Tim, heaw duzt gooah on weh the' Whistle-pigs? hast welly sowd 'em o?

TIM. Sowd 'em o! Eigh eigh, an kud hah sowd monyoah skore mooar iv e'd had 'em; an I'd fifteen hunthert at th' furst, o but abeawt a skore, ot deed'n ith farryink; an they'rn o sowd in abeawt thirteen week; I kno naw whether any swinyort ith kuntry sowd any mooar ith time.

SAM. Whah very likely not: boah they sen, ot a fellow bowt won o' the' pigs, an hee'd a mind for t' put it up in a pig kote, at Kuttler-hill, for an odd neet; boah oz soon oz th' mon ot belungt

to th' kote heyeard it grunt, oz it koom in at th' dur, hee took th' mop stele, an b'eet it eawt again.

TIM. Whah no grete mathur on im, for I rek'n hee'r sum sewteryed ot his skull wur oz emty o' brenes, oz his trough wur o' swillinks.

SAM. Whah boah Tim, duz teaw orse for t' turn eawt another drift o' thees pigs again?

TIM. Doo e! Eigh, its like e doo, I chaps enow up an deawn th' kuntry, ot want'n 'em ill enough, an th' soo has farrit again, oz fine a litthur oz ever kurlt'n the'r teles.

SAM. I'm fene t' hyeor it, Tim; th' worst ot I wish th' is, ot teaw mey hav a quik sale, an reddy munney for 'em.

TIM. I thank the' hartely, Sam; geh meh howd o' theh hont.

SAM. I tell whot, Tim, it meys meh skrat whear e dunnaw itch, for t' see th' weys oth ward; for I're eawt tother dey o' gatherink sum o'th King's Takses, and I kode at won heawse an akst for nowt boah three shillink for window taks (an heaw knoes ot nobody peys less iv they pey'n

owt) an th' womon ot belungt to th' heawse sed, wee'n never pey it, for.....an huz ar uste joyne, an ween never pey it o 'ur sels.

TIM. Whah a hunthurt to won, Sam, boah thoos fook had'n bin up to th' fitloks e loyalty an advokates for th' war.

SAM. Had'n the! eigh I think they had'n; for I dunnaw think boah the'r wur mooar French kilt at t'at heawse this eight or nine year past, thin ever wur'n e arms, at won time, again o th' peawur's e Yurope.

TIM. Beh meh troth, Sam, I thout heaw 't wur.

SAM. I towd hur, ot eawer foak had'n bin leyink eawt a grete deeol o' munney to eawar advantig this war; an they'dn lede it eawt a bit faster thin it koom in, an th' intrest o' that munney must be pede.

TIM. Ah! Sam, they dunnaw koe the' Sam Sly for nowt, for theaw knew at same time, ot theaw'r humink her, for never nowt koom in, it wur o th' tother way on, for th' war has welly rewint huz o.

SAM. What took me to th' dur ot te y

kud'n refuse peyink the'r window taks, an a dog lyink oth dur stone ot tey did'n naw pey for.

TIM. Theaw needs naw wunthur at tat, for thoos sort o fok, wud'n oz soon kreep throo an akt o palement, or put th' wind eawt ov a dog, for fear o peyink any think to goverment, oz any jakobin ith kuntry.

SAM. Whah won knoes heaw things ar.—Boah whot duzt think beh this new palement, ween a meeny new foak komn in, whot sort a takses muns ha th' nekst thinks tah?

TIM. I konnaw tell the', boah a deeol o' foos thout'n, ot when th' war wur o'er, ther' wud be no okashon for any new takses; boah they'r plaguely mistane; for I went eawt tother dey, an I fund foak bizzy knokink the'r heawse sides epeeses, for t' mey two windos int' won, for fear o' this new window taks.

SAM. Eigh eigh, boah thoos foos win find it eawt, ot neaw Jonny Bull is browt bed ov a peeos ot thees'n be very hevy after-peins.

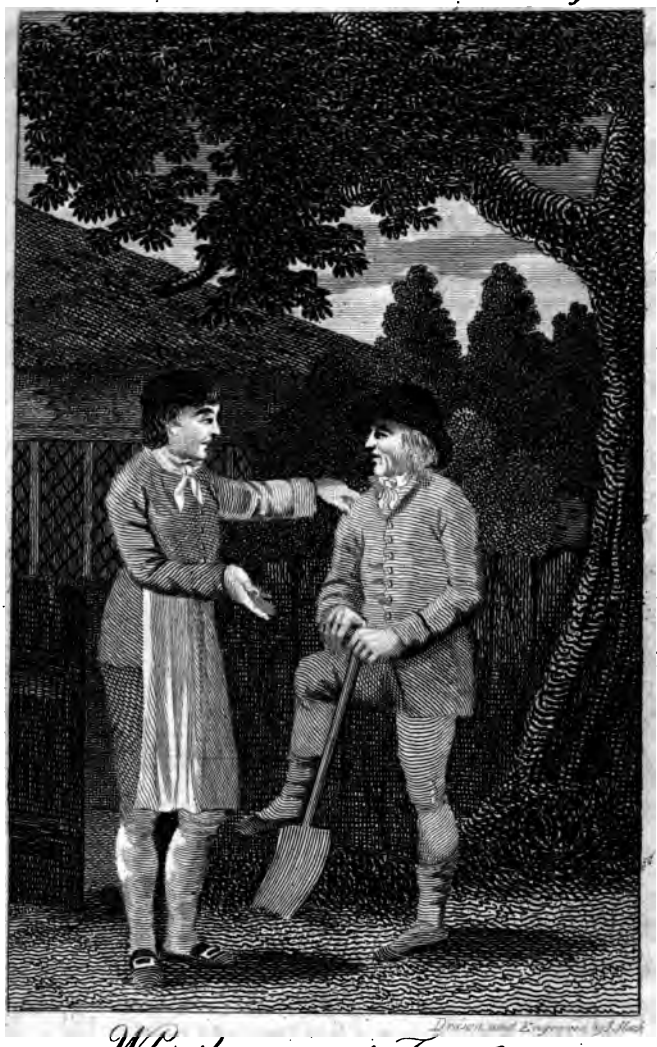
TIM. Ah Sam! theaw'rt Sly Sam yet; boah I hardly think ot things'n be wur thin they han bin, boah I'm fene ot burdett is komn in, for t'

be a palement mon, for won oth furst kewntys e Inglond, again th' mind ov meeny o' war lovink foo.

SAM. Whah an they sen ot Mr. Windy's turnt eawt oth dur, an hee'd ne'er komn in at no dur, e that shop, if it had na bin for a pasel o' bellorts, and bull-beatink chaps, ot geet'n t' gether, an krom'nt 'im up a pare o' rott'n bak stares, for t' ta kare ot th' bull-beatink bizniz duz na gooah deawn.

TIM. Odz breawns boah if I'd bin oz Mr. Windy, I'd oather a had meh owd pleck an gone in at frunt dur, or I' ne'er hah komn amung 'em.

SAM. Pretheh Tim wilt howd te tung, for sitch chaps oz him are fene ov any plek. Boah lets sey no mooar abeawt 'em, for they're like karrin krows, they're naw worth won's shot.——Let's hyeor summot o' that lung windot chat between Whistle-pig an Tum Grunt.



Whistle-pig and Tum Grunt

Plebeian Politics,

&c.

T. B. I WENT eawt t'other mornink, an whoa do'n yoah think I shud see boh Tum Grunt, just kom'n eawt o'th' loom-heawse, a hark'nink for th' heawnds, for yoah mun know ot th' seeat boeart is t' whot for a weaver's a—se, iv it wur at Kersmus, iv th' heawnds kom'n any wheear nee; an in neaw I seed owd Whistle-pig, kommink weh a shoo ov his shilder, gooink a gutterink for owd Sonny o' Sims; I krope o'th' back ov a bush, ot tey kud'n no' see meh.

Owd Whistle-pig sed, "Good-morro, Tum, heaw dost doo neaw this Peeos is made? dost get porritch enoo?"

Tum. Theaw grete flopper meawtht gobslotch, whot has teaw fund eawt? bekose ot teaw gets

kept at other foke's tables, theaw thinks ot teaw's a reet fort' mey gam ov any body; boh iv t' must a had theh mete awhom, theaw'd happen a livt no better thin wee'n done ot eawr heawse.

Wh. Neaw Tum I'd na' ha' theh t' be so kross, for I thowt te no hurt; boh I kon tell theh won think, wee'n fund awtrekashon at other foke's heawses, this last two year; for wheear I wur us't hav o pint o' drink booath eends o'th' day, it wou'd hardly be a jill, an e some plecks noan at o, an when ot e koomt' ha' mey mete awhom ov a Sunday, I'd oz little okashon for mey teeth oz tee or any mon els.

Tum. Whah, I con beleeve theh Whistle-pig, for won think I kon sey, and sey true, ot wee'n had monny a thin day at eawr heawse, for wee'n bin beh deys t' gether, an had nowt for t' live on boh a little howd-te-beh-th'woes, mede ov a bit o' mele, on saut an wetur, like gruel; poor foke an had a pewer o shifts, for t' get howd ov a bit o summot when they'rn welly klemt to th' deeoth. Won ov eawr nebors ot had a heawse full o' little childer, set som weter o'er th' foyar, won mornink, for t' mey som thick porritch on, an sent a lad for a quartern o' mele, an when th' shop-keeper fund ot hee'd no munny, hee must ha' none; so when th' lad coom whoam,

theh'rn fooarst ta' th' wetur off th' foyar, an four little childer, under six year owd, kry'dn oz iv the'r harts wud'n ha' baws'n.

Wh. Boh I'll tell the whot Tum, owd Dick o' Jonny o' Noggs, e Saddleworth, had a better shiftthin o' that'n, for som tim abeawt latter eend o' th' last February, after him an th' wife an four lads had'n liv't a whole dey o'nout boh abeawt a quart o' nettle porritch an a bit ov a krust o' breawn George: he geet up th' morning after, an sed to th' wife, "I'll tell theh whot, Nan, I'm very wammo this mornink, an I conna stond for t' weave meh bit o' th' peese eawt beawt summot t' eat, an wee'n nout e th' heawse; boh I've a kratchin kom'n int' meh yed, ot iv it awnsers, we kon toar on till I woven my wough an peese eawt:" "Eigh!" says Nan, "an whot is it?" "Whah," says he, "wee'n send eawr Ned to Jone's o' Robin's o' Sim's o' Will's, for a quartern o' mele; an tell 'im eawr kase; an t' other three lads shan gooa with 'im, an stond abeawt hawv a quarter ov o mile, one behind another, (for theaw knows ot th' shop is abeawt hawv a mile off,) an iv eawr Ned speeds, hee'st set up a sheawt to eawr Will, and Tum an Dick shan sheawt to one another, an theaw'st stond at th' fout-yate, an theaw mey ha' th' porritch on in a krack."

Tum. Bith' wunds Whistle-pig, ov o' th' scheeams ot won has hyerd on (an won has hyerd o monny a won) this sheads o! won has hyerd ov a kontrivance ot tey had'n e France, fort' carry nuse a grete wey in a little time, ot tey kod'n a telegraff: Mass! Whistle-pig, this shall be kode th' Saddleworth sheawting telegraff!

Wh. God a massey Tum! theaw's kersunt it efeath; boh, as I're tellink theh, they sent'n th' lads off, an they stood'n oz they'rn ordert; so Ned went into th' shop, an sed, "I'm kom'n fort' see iv yoad'n le' meh hav a quartern o' mele for wee'n had nowt t' eat sun yestur mornink, boh abeawt a quart o' nettle porritch an a breawn George krust; an wee'n nout eth' heawse."—"Hark the' meh, Ned," says th' shop-keeper, "wheear did teaw leet o' theh nettles ot t'is time o' th' year? for there's none heearabeawt." "Whah," says Ned, "I went deawn into th' Weturheawses, an leet o' som ot back o' Jim Tealier's, ot th' war-offis, in a warm pleck ot side o' Joe o' th' Ho Meddow: an oz I're gooink for' tell yoah, meh fether has nout boh a wough an a peese fort' weave, an hee'l goah deawn to Mossley an tak it with 'im, an ther' will be oather munny or papper, an hee'l pey yoah oathur neet or i'th mornink, an a kreawn toart th' owd ot we ow'n yoah." "Good lad," sed th' shop-

keeper, "theaw tell a good tele enough, iv 'l do oz t' seys, theawst ha't."—So Ned eawt o' th' shop oz fast oz hee kud, an seet up a sheawt to Will; an Will to Tum; an Tum to Dick; an Dick to owd Nan, at fout-yate; an beh this shift hoo geet th' porritch on oz soon oz Ned had geeten th' mele int' his poke; for owd Dick o' Jonny o' Noggs sweer ot no time shud be lost, for he kud goah to no wark 'till hee'd summot t' eat; beh this kontrivance theh geet'n reawnd th' porritch dish beh won kud sey trapstick, after Ned koom into th' heawse wi' th' mele.

Tum. Egad! Whistle-pig, a gud kontrivance ov a poor kontrivance; boah monyah skore han bin klempt to th' deeoth:—mooar's th' pity!—Tho' I resun fort' beleeve ot tey'rn better off thin a meeny ot wurn last whik:—Boh they'n oz shure kilt olung o' the war oz iv they'dn bin kilt i'th' war; for they'rn kilt by fammin—an some foke think'n ot th' war wur th' kaws on't.

Wh. Think'n! boh the' mey be shure, or elze ther' wud ne'er ha' bin this awtrekashion i'th' prise o' provishions beh neaw:—Boh I' tell the' whot, I bin ta'en to th' dur monny a time, when I hyerd some grete letherhyeds abeawt three or four yeer sin, ot kud'n hardly get the'r guts full o' mete, vindikatink this war; an iv won had sed

out agen it, they'rn ready fort' hit won a slap i'th' fese.

Tum. Whah, ther' is som foke ot won wud think the'r hoyd wud never smart, chuz heaw the'r'n flogt; or elze that foo ov a Dutch-loom-weaver, i' th' Owdum-street, wud ne'er ha' get-ten up beh four o'clock in a mornink, th' last summer, an wortcht till stone dark at neet, fort' keep a wife an a parsel o' childer, an oytch neaw an then be yeawlink eawt, an singing, "Britons never shall be slaves."

Wh. Whah, a grete meeny foos ne'er think'n for the'r sel boh let'n other foke think for 'em; for iv Billy Pitt an his krew had'n sed ot four an five wur'n ten, they'n ha' sed so too: Boh it wud set forty foke o'feightink, fort' to kno, whot tey began'n this war abeawt.

Tum. Whah, they'n had skuses enoo at won time or another within this last nine year, an that I'll let te kno' afore e' dun:—Boh it wud welly make a mon t' stond o' th' rang eend, fort' see whot shifts Billy Pitt an his gang had'n fort' get into this kust war ot ween had; boh iv anny body 'll reed th' tenth number o' th' History o' this War, printut by Sowler and Russell (an h' may borro it o' Jim Street, ith' Shugar-lone;) or Erskine's pamflet, till't, "Th' Kaws an th'

Konsequence o' th' present War weh France," he may see, if he will see, whoa wur i'th fote; for Shauvlin sed enough to Grenville, heaw ot the French nashon wish'nt fort' be ot peeoss weh Inglond; an oz we profess'nt fort' be a free nashon, they little thought'n ot we shoud'n set agen'em gettink the'r freedum; Shauvlin sed mooro'er to Grenville ot it wur th' wish o'th' French nashon, ot eawr king shud use th' best meons ot hee kud we these peawers at war, fort' bring abeawt a peeoss, an stop any mooar blud beink shed; an mooro'er sed, they'dn so mitch konfidense i eawr king, ot the'dn leeov it to him fort' settle it heaw it must be, or summot to that sense;—Grenville then made awnser, and sed, "his Brittannik Majesty kud not interfere, witheawt o' th' peawers at war ax'nt him."

Wh. Neaw, beh me troth, Tum, I never hyerd such a senseless, ill kontrivt' awnser, e meh live; for theaw knoes, ot iv they must'n o on'em ax him fort' interfere, they must'n sartinly be o on'em toyart; an iv so, they mit'n oz weel a gan o'er o the'r sel beawt sumbody kommink o perswadink 'em; it's just like oz iv thee an me, an another or two, mit'n be feightink pell-mell, o ov a rook till weer'n o on us toyart, an seed'n a mon stondink a bit off, an ot wee must'n ko eawt to him, an sey, "Run the' wey to th' wark-

ot neaw o' deys th'n mede it up, like Hyerod and Ponshus Pilot, for the' seem'n fort' be frends.

Wh. I tell theh whot Tum, jakobins han bin bekode weh thees Warhawks, monyoah time; boah let 'em blush an put the'r hyeod in a poke, at whot t'at little stey-makker did e Stopport; for o'th 17th ov August, e 99, when th' grete flood wur, ther' wur sum foak in a kotton faktory, e Stopport, et wur'n gooink for t' be dreawnt i'th billdink, an this mon, ot wur kode nout boah a jakobin, ordthurt a raft o' planks, and saft th' life o' monyah a pooar kreture, at th' risk ov his own; an a rook a foos ot wurn brout up e nout boah ignoranse, stood'n by, and sed'n, "it wur a theawsunt pittys ot sitch a mon wur a jakobin."

Tum. Theaw mey see beh this, whot prejudis koms fro an ignorant bringink up.

Wh. Mass! Tum, I think e meh konshonse, ot t'is heaven-born tinkor, ot has bin nine yare mendink eawr nashonal kettle, has laft it wur thin hee fund it: If hee'd gon on a bit lungur, hee'd a hommert th' bottom eawt I deawt, for hee's mede pitifoo wark on't, oz far oz hee has gon.

Tum. Whah, boah the' sen ot t'is tinker lost his hyeorink, i' th' beginnink o' th' yeor ninety-three, on went stark stone deaof; an very likely ther' mit be summot in't; for Charley Foks bawlt eawt, booath lung enugh, an leawd enugh, for 'im t' hyeor, iv 'e kud a hyeard; heaw ot iv he went on oz he did, he'd soathur up th' speawt o' this nashonal kettle, ot shud peawer eawt peeoss an plenty amung us: Boah he took no notis whot Charley sed, an that wur th' eend on't, for wee'd'n nout boah war an poverty o' th' lattur eend o' th' time ot he'd out do weet.

Wh. Ods zeawns, Tum! boah iv it wur naw th' will deeof ot he'r trob'lt weh, iv they'd'n sent for won o' Jones's bottles, sowd at Tummy Kowdry's at No. 45, i' th' Owdom-street, Monchester, it wud hah kewort 'im, iv he had naw bin blint, an deeof, an dum, an th' Devil in 'im; for they sen it has dun wunthors.

Tum. Whah, its thout be th' wyzor eend o' foak, ot he has bin troub'lt weh three, eawt o' four, o' thees disorthors, ot theaw tel's on; an it's a pitty ot he'd ony mooar use ov his tung, thin he had ov his eeors, for he's dun nout boah mischeef weet, this eight or nine yeor o' my knowlege.

Wh. Whah it's twenty to won, when o's konsithort, ot it wur th' will deeof ot he mede use on for t' deseve us by; for theaw's hyeard 'em sey, "ot teeors non so deeof oz toos ot winnow hyeor."

Tum. Whah, won thinks like anothur, weh this quivokatink tinkor; boah he's bin put to his shifts monyoah time, sin th' war begun: For I remembor, ot when thoos state prizners wur'n try'd for hee treeos'n, he wur kode up for t' witnes summot ot he'd sed sum time before, ot theh thout wud be i' th' favor o' thoos prizners; boah he'r resolvt to forget, an towd em ot he "kud naw remembor nout abeawt it," tho' ther' wur foak by ot same time ot knew he'r lyink, so it wur proovt at tat time, ot he kud remembor to forget, an forget to remembor:—E plene spekink, he kud othur be deeof, or oz good oz dum, when he shud doo ony good.

Wh. Whah, I went o' threshink tother dey, to owd Sonny o' Sims, an he sed, "he'd fund it i' th' news," for he awhos took it in o' th' war, "ot when this war-lovink tinkor op'nt his butchet, o'th 21 o' December, 1796, ther' wur ordthurt, for keeping a pasel o' French runagates, ot wurn'n komn to this kuntry, ot te kode'n Thergy and Laety, - - - - - - - - - £540,000

And o' th' 21 o' November afthur, ther' wur ordthurt for th' same pios purpos-	168,000
An he sed, when this tinkor unbuk'lt his butchet, e 1799, ther' wur ordthurt for keepink sum American runagates, kode loyalists, - - - - - - - -	7,574
An for keeping sum French par'ns, an other runagates, - - - - - - - -	242,799
An sum ekspenses abeawt an "Alean Bill," oz te kode'n it, boah the' mit'n a oz weell a kode it a *needless bill,* -	6,309
An sum sort ov "Adressus," ot te sed'n wur naw mede gud e palement; boah I kno'd nout abeawt em, - - - -	26,233
O t'gethur wur,	£ 990,915

Tum. Ods zeawns, Whistle-pig! boah iv I'd bin i' th' post ot som ov eawr foak wur'n in at Lunnon, I'd ne'er ov abuste meh fello kretures a whoam, for t' keep a parsel ov idle strowlors fro o' parts o' th' world a that'n:—Ods blid! I'd hah bout sum on 'em a flele, an uthurs a shue, an sum on 'em a loom, an I'd hah mede 'em t' hah worcht for the'r livink, or the shud'n hah clemt; an thoos ot wud'n not a worcht. I'd a sent 'em for sojurs. Ods flesh mon! I've hardly any pashonse, when e think att; ot I must be peepink thro a bit a tallo, an a pair o' spektekles, till

eleven or twelve o'tlock, ov a kowd Winthurs neet, weh hardly out e meh guts, for t' help t' keep sitch a gang o' ragomowfins oz thoos:—I wunthurt whot ta plegue koom ov o th' munny ot were gethurt, for ther's hardly out ot won other etes or weres, boah its takst; boah I need naw wunthur, neaw theaw's towd meh, whot konshumod wark this tinkor's butchet has mede.

Wh. Whah, I wunthurt oz weel oz tee, when owd Sonny o' Sims towd meh o abeawt it: Boah he sed, I shud wunthur farr, "iv I'd reed th' Kooart Kalendar," for he sed, "ther' wur won an twenty theawsant a yeor went to Lords an grooms o' th' King's bed-chambor, ad too hunthurt a year to a womon ot te kone a nessasary womon;" whot theh dun for the'r munney, the Lord ov Oksfort knoes, for I dunnaw.

Tum. Eigh, boah theaw's naw hyeard O yet. Another skuse o' this heav'n-born tinkor's krew, wur ot th' war wur fort' presarve religion and soshul ordur: boh I think e meh konshonse, ot tere's less o' booath thin ther' wur when the' start'nt; for heaw shud it miss, when the'a drum't an eksorsis't foke o th' Sunday o'er, heaw fort' kill the'r fello-kreturs; ods flesh, mon! th' kristian religion teaches no sitch wark. I war gooing by a parish church, not a hundert miles

eawt o' Cheshur, won Sundy, abeawt two o'tlock, an I met two pa's'ns weh grete gowns on, whewink i' th' wind, an oz black oz iv ther'n just komn fro sweepink owd Noll's kitchen chimney; an derektly after 'em I met three foos, pelink uppo three war-tubs; an two fifers, weh a pasel o' sosiashon men, oz tey kone 'em: an a justis o' peeoss waukink ot side on 'em; an thees two sable saints, ot wud'n be thout fort' bee th' sarvants o' th' prinse o' peeoss, wur'n leeoding thees sarvants o'th' prinse o' war, up to th' church dur, to the'r devoshon; an a grete gazing rabblement wur'n lookink on, an despisink religeon e sitch o shape oz tat, an derektly went'n a brid-neezink, an pleyink at hop skip an jump.—An this wur religeon.

WH. I'll tell the' whot, Tum, I think ot tis fammin, ot wee'n had, has bin a very pooar prop to religeon; for I hyeard ot o fello i' th' Woodheawses went eawt won Sunday, i' th' forenoon, and kode at a heawse, an fund th' wife thrung moppink th' flooar: Hoo sed, "tey'dn woven till welly midneet, o' th' o'er neet, fort' get eawt tom wark, an hoo wur like't doo oz hoo kud." He went to another heawse, and fund a fello twinink in his peese, for he said, hee knew whot he had fort' doo th' nekst week, an he must hav it reddy fort' start on o'th Mundy mornink." He

went to th' nekst heawse, an fund a wommon bakeink a batch o' ooat-kakes; hoo sed, "the' d'n getten eawt som wark o' th' Setterdy, an they'dn welly klemmt o' dey, an as tey kud'n na boyh th' mele till th' Setterdy-neet, hoor'e like t' bake it o' th' Sundy." He kode at another heawse, an fund a wommon mending hur steys; hoo, sed hoo're foorst t' doo a that'n, for hoo'd no time o' th' warty; hoo sed fur, "ot t'is war fammin had mede 'em ot tey'd'n noather time, nor klooas, fort' gooa t' noather church nor chappil in, oz tey'rn ust fort doo!" So mitch for th' war proppink religeon.

Tum. Neaw Whistle-pig, I understond, ot eawr kooart saints, han ordthurt a Thanksgivink dey, an wee mun o on us gooah to th' church, an gooah deawn ov 'ur knees, an thank God ot weed'n so mitch sense oz fort' give o'er feightink. Boah I'll tell theh whot tis is like, it's just like oz iv a mon ot wud naw be perswaded, boah wud leeap in t' a pit, an when hee'r in' he flaskart abeawt an geet eawt aghen oz weel oz hee kud, an then went deawn ov his knees an thankt God ot hee wur naw dreawnt. Boah I tell theh whot Whistle-pig, I're lookink i' th' newspaper tother day, an I fund a Protlamashon for this Thanksgivink dey, and I find, ot tey'n awthurt the'r tone meetyly fro a Protclamashon for a Fast, for

then they kod'n th' war "just an necessary." Boah neaw they kone it a "Bluddy, ekstendot, an ekspensive war:" Had'n they kode it *unjust an unnecessary,* sum foke think theyd'n a komn oz nee th' truth. I bin lookink for this Thanksgivink dey a good while, boah I thout theyd'n forget'n it; I'd a noshon t' think ot te shud'n be o ov a pees, for they'n had neaw an then a Fast Dey.

Wh. Neaw an then! Whot dust tawk on mon, they'n had fast afthur fast, for nine yeor t'gether; boah I ne'er seed ot it did any good: they'n had it e Lent, an they'n had it eawt; an they'n had it o' th' Friday, an shiftot it th' Wed'nsday; an they'n try'd the'r Maker o weys, for t' hah brout 'im int' partnorship weh 'em; boah he took no notis on 'em so oz fot t' awnsor the'r eend; for he's laft 'em i' th' durt at last.

Tum. Marry! wur naw eawar Fast like that ot owd Ezeah tells on, in his 58th chaptor; for he tells oz ov a set o' hippokrites e his dey, ot wud'n need fast; boah he sed, it wur for nout boah strife an debate, an for t' hit foke weh th' fist o wikedness, an its weel iv eawars han bin any betthur: boah Ezeah tells 'em whot sort ov a fast the'r Maker wud look weel on; and iv any body 'll look at th' fourth, fifth, sixth, an th' se-

venth versus o' that chaptor, the' mey see whot sort ov a fast 'll dbo, an let 'em judge whethur wee'n follot that rewl.

Wh. Whah I know ot owd Ezeah sez, iv we mun ekspekt any benefit fro a fast, wee mun tak off every burden, oppression, and yoke, an g'e summot t' ete, to thoos ot are hungry, an don sum tlooas up o' thoos ot ar nakt, an sitch like.—Boah we mey sey weh eawr Church konfeshon ot eawr war-hawks han laft o thees things undun ot tey shud'n hah dun, an dun thoos ot tey shu'dn not hah dun; an heaw kud'n the' ekspekt any benefit fro' a fast?

Tum. I'll tell the' whot Whistle-pig, I kon remembor a fast ot lord North ordthurt, for th' 13th o' December, e 76, ith time oth Merikan war, an a wummon ot wur a strung loyalist (ot wur o for havink th' Merikan yankes tarrt an fithert) had a dowter ot livt a gud wey off, an hoo sent hur a letthur, chargink hur for t' keep that fast as becoom a gud an loyal subjekt o' this kuntry; Boah it seems this wench, had gett'n anuther sort o' breans thin th' owd wummon, while hoo'd bin awey, for hoo sent hur mothur a letthur bak aghen weh thees versus in it,

"Behold a solemn fast proclaim'd, by G—e, old England's king,
"When all his nobles, and their tribes, must their sin off'rings bring,

"Such as the mitred priests shall think proper expiation
"For all the blood that must be spilt, while forcing their taxation:
"To supplicate the Lord of heaven to bless their cruel rage,
"And grant them vengeance on their friends, while war with them they wage.
"With hands polluted fresh with blood, and thoughts on mischief bent,
"How dare those wretches meet their God, who knows their vile intent?
"The dark recesses of their souls are open to his sight,
"And when his wrath is fully ripe, on their own heads will light.
"When I before the Lord shall come, to offer up my prayer,
"May it not be with men of blood, lest God forbear to hear.
"This is the fast the Lord hath chose, and with his words agree,
"To loose the bands of violence, and set the oppressed free."

Wh. Mass Tum! boah this wench wur naw born beawt breans, I know naw whether owd Sternhood and Hopkins, kud a mendot it iv theyd'n bin whik, boah oz it has rathur to mitch pepper an sawt in it, ot sum foak thowt'n it wur a little to sharp i'th 'meawth. Boah eawr wine-bibber Billy, had a fur thowt in his nobb than lord North, for theaw knoes ot th' mooast o'th feightink seldum koom in afore April or Mey, an hee'r resolvt for t' naw lie eawt ov his prares so lung afore hee wantot 'em, for hee ordthurt o his fasts oather e February or March, so ot I rek'n he must konsithur lord North oz nowt, boah a sort ov a seawteryed, for to turn eawt a fast i'th' beginink o' winthur, so lung afore ther wur any okashon.

Tum. Neaw, Whistle-pig, wee'n tak a peep

at soshal ordur:—Let's look at Gales an Montgomery, at Sheffilt; Faukner an Birch, an Kowdry, at Manchestor; som on 'em put e prison, sum driv'n the'r kuntry, others the'r windows brokk'n an ther property distroid, an o for printink unawnserable truths. Neaw, let's gooah to Brimmejam, an see heaw the' use'nt Doctur Preestly, as peeosable a mon oz ever liv't; his heawse brunt, and his-sell an his family ruint; an o becose he kud no think an akt weh a kooart rabble. Neaw let's gooah to Brighton, an see whot wur dun at Doctur Noks, beh a pasel o' sojurs i' th' pley-heawse; they'd'n like t' ha' kilt him, for preaching a sermont th' Sundy before, fro' theese words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace and Good Will towards Men."—So at tat time the'rn killink two brids weh won stone, theaw knoes, for the'rn pooink deawn booath religeon an soshal ordur at wunst.—An neaw let's gooah to Norwitch, an see heaw the' us'nt Measter Thelwell; he narrowly koom off weh his life, for no other krime thin lekturink uppo th' liberties an freedum ov o monkind. An ogen, le meh naw forget Measter Tummus Wauker, o' Manchestor, a mon persekutet an prosekutet to his utter ruin, uppo th' evidense ov a forsworn skeawndril, for no other krime, thin beink a knone frend to liberty; indeed, that perjurt raggamuffin, Dunn, wur seeminkly

hoyart beh sum o' th' black gang, for no othur purpose thin for t' tak awey th' life o' this grete champion ov English freedum.—Asso, ogen, Hardy, Horne Took, an Thelwell, tri'd for Hee Treeoson, an nout fund agen 'em; beside Gilbert Wakefilt, Printur Williams, an Kneet o' Saddleworth, an a meeny othur foke ot suffert'nt impris'nment, on sum on 'em deeoth, for beeink true lovers o' rashonal libberty; an o this wur dun an suffert for th' sake o' whot Billy and his gang kode'n soshal ordur.

Wh. This war has mede konshumed wark, tak it won eend weh another; boh, I'll tell th' whot e sey to the' Tum, oz far oz I kon see weed'n no arnt fort' meddle wi' theese French: Whot okkashon, had'n wee fort' gooa t' war wi' 'em for hom kuttink off the'r King's hyed? Breawns, mon! when eawer foke dubb'nt owd Charls shortur beh th' hyed, the' ne'er kom'n heear, tho' eawer queen wur th' king o' France's sistur.—Owd Solomon sed, "Ot toos ot pas'nt bye an meddl't'nt wi' strife, ot did naw belung 'em, wur like takkink a dog beh th' eeors;" an I think eawer kese is mitch whot th' same:—Boh I rethur think ot eawer Billy, an th' rest o' th' gang at wur'n e partnership wi' him, had'n thout t' ha' likt the'r fingurs eawt o' th' pye; boh it

proov't so hee seeoz'nt, an so plaguy whot, ot tey geet'n konfoundedly skaud'n.

Tum. I think ot weed'n oz little reawm fort' meddle oz anny foke e Yourope, abeawt killink kings; for ween hyeddet three queens, an won king, and driven anothur his kuntry; beside two Neds, an won Dick, ot hardly deed'n E Godsnum: an won ov eawer king Harry's koom off naw mitch betthur, for o pasel o' Munks, strip'nt 'im nakt, at mad'n 'im gooah barfut, a matthur o' three mile; and whip'nt 'im weh rods, ov his bare bak, till blud dro'pt at his heels, o th' wey up to Beket's tomb, an theear made'n 'im do pennanse! an o this wur dun bekose he feel eawt weh a kompany o Pas'ns:—An iv anny nashon e Yourope has mede wur wark thin wee'n dun, they's'n tak't 'em.

Wil. There has bin a grete deeol o' bother weh theese war-hawks ov eawers, abeawt kuttink off th' French king's hyeod; boah iv anny boddy will reed th' owd book, they'n find ot king's went'n to th' lob, e mooar pleks thin France, for I're lookink into tother neet, and I popt up o'th eight chaptor o'th sekond o' Kings, an I fund at won chap took a weet tlewt, and brad it o'th top ov a king's fase as he lee ill e bed an smothort 'im to th' deeoth; an 'ith nekst chaptor

aftar, I fund ot Jehu kilt two kings of a dey; an ith' fourth chapter o'th sekond o' Samol, I fund ot two fellows kutt'nt off a king's hyeod, an brout'n it to David, an he fund a deeol 'o fort weh 'em, boh it wur soon knone whot that wur for, it wur bekose ot they'd'n mede him king, an he'r feeord ov his own knob goink. Then I began o' riflink abeawt i'th' owd book, an I fund i'th' fifteenth chaptor o'th furst o' Samol, ot owd Sammy ov Elkanos, took an akt an hyew'd a king e peeses, just oz iv he'd bin tleevink wood, for sum owd wummon for t' bake wut kakes weh; an it seys, "he did it before the Lord," so its like he stood by an leete 'im do it quiotly, for I hyeord nout sed aghen it. I kept kreepink bakkort i'th owd book, an I fund i'th' ninth chaptor o' Juges, ot a wummon geet o'th top ov a hee bildink, an ot hoo thrut a pees ov a mill-stone o'th top ov a king's hyeod, an knokt eawt whot loyt breans he had. Then I lookt i'th third chaptor o' Juges, an it seys, ot keneav't Ehud went an stabt a grete fat baws'n king, so ot he lost his dagger in his guts, and then took a keigh an lokt 'im up in a reawm an laft 'im. Then I took a peep into th' book o' Josho, an he play'd for up e feath, for th' tenth chaptor sez ot he kilt five kings ov a dey, an kept on killink 'em 'till he'd kilt won an thirty; th' twelve chaptor sez so.

Tum. Whoo, who, whoo, who, whoo, boah iv Billy Pitt and kompany had'n bin alive at tat time, that grand regiside, owd Josho wud hah ston a pooar chonse I deawt; beside, o Asho wud hah bin ov a blaze weh war, az Yourope has bin, this eight or nine yeor, abeawt killink won king, mitch mooar thirty an won. Boh this war ov eawers, wud hah bin ore monyoah yeor sun, iv the' had'n naw shakt a purs, weh millions o' money in it, to a deeol o'th' nashons e Yourope, for t' keep it agate. Boah its weel, ot tis war eendot oz it did, for iv th' French had'n lost the'r eend, ther' wud a bin no livink e this kuntry weh any quietness; boah I'll sey no mooar on 'em.

Wh. Theaw's towd ov a peawer o' shifts an skuses ot Billy Pitt an his gang had'n fort' get into this war an fort' karry it on: Boh, dus teaw think ot tey had'n not a fur eend in't thin anny they'n menshunt yet;—some foke think'n ot it wur mede up amung th' whul gang, fort' part France omung 'em, oz wur dune e Powland, or elze som o'th' prinsipal chaps i'th' ferm fort 'a had oytch on 'em a loyt provinses, an ah mede Lewis king o'th' rest: an beh that shift theaw knoes they'd'n ha klipt his wings for th' time t' kome.

Tum. Whah, boh they'd'n moor skuses thin I

towd te on yet: Won o' this gang o' kooart saints said, ot tey kud'n naw give o'er feightink till weed'n "Indemnity for th' past, and sekurity for th' futur;—Neaw i' th' name o' konshonse, whot han the' gett'n toart indemnity for spendink two hundert an fifty millions o' munny, an throwink awey three hundert theawsant men's lives? dun they think ot two ilonds ar' a rekompense for o th' blud an treshure ot has bin spilt an spent? Beh th' wuns I'd oz leef a had Duck'nfilt Ho, an Sheply Ho, gan meh: beside theese ilonds ne'er belung'nt to France; Bonnipeeter wud naw let us ha nout ot belungt to France:—Theese two ilonds belong'nt to th' Dutch, an th' Spanniarts, ot wurn two ov eawer allyes at th' beginnink o'th' war!! Odds breawns, I'd oather ha had summot ot belung't to France, or I'd ha had nout; for witheawt trade had prospert better, I kud ne'er for shawm ha ta'en ought eawt o' th' ferm. So mitch for indemnity. : An as for sekurity, whot sekurity han the' getten, boh whot the' mit'n ha had monny a yeor sin? they ever sed'n ot tere wur nobody fort' mey peeoss wi', bekose ot th' French had'n no king; boh that wur nout boh an idle skuse fort' karry on the'r darlink war, for the' kudd'n find somboddy fort' feight wi:—Odds blid, I'd ha bin like th' king o' Prusho, he mede peeoss monny a yeor sin, an it has ston'n wi' him;—beside the'n had

chonses enoo, sum yeors sun, when lord Mumblebery whent to Paris; an agen, when the' sent'n him to Lisle e Flanders; an agen, th' last yeor, when Bonnipeeter sent o'er, th' mit'n ha mede a farrantlier peeoss thin the' han mede neaw; an beh that theaw mey partly geawse whot sort o' sekurity the'n gett'n for us: Boh, indeed I believe sum o th' wiser eend o' foke think'n ot tis peeoss 'l stond lunger mede wi' Bonnipeeter thin it wud, mede wi' a king o' France, for wee'n had nout boh pleague wi' thoose Lewises lung t'gether.

Wh. Whah, it's oz good a peeoss as kud be ekspektot, for ther' wur oz little onnesty at furst, oz ther' wur onnor ot th' last:—Boh I understond ot th'Bishop o' Lunnon kares nout abeawt onnor, for he says, "he thinks ot wee're kom'n pratty weel off, ot wee'n gett'n shut o' nine yeor o' war, an two yeor o' fammin."

Tum. Whah he speek like a kristion; boh the' sen ot th' bishop o' Rochester, an measter Windy, krak'n tho'r brenes meetily abeawt it, ot tey'n mede no better a job on't.

Wh. Whah, ther' is here an t'ere a windy foo i' th' kuntry, ot t'is fammin has naw reight th' bothum o' the'r guts yet; won on 'em, ot lives e th' Wood-hcawses, sez, "ot tis peeoss is naw fit

t' be kode a peeoss," an ot hee thinks, "it wud naw stond lung iv France wur fort kontinue," boh, hee sez, "hee ekspekts it'l be swallot up wi' an earthquake, ere lung, th' French ar' so d—mt nout." Another o' Mr. Windy's foos, ot lives ot Kuttler-Hill, is so pleaguily off weh jakobins an a jakobin peeoss, ot hee sez, "no jakobin shud piss uppo his essmiddink for under hawve a creawn."

Tum. Bi th' maskins, Whistle-pig! boh that wud be deer turnink won's tap, fort' gi' hawve a kreawn for leeov t' piss ov a foo's essmiddink; afore I'd do so, I'd piss e meh shune, an karry th' lant whom wimmeh, for owd Hollont t' boyl his hats in.

Wh. Whah, Tum, theaw's describt 'em pratty weel; boh won think I ta'en notis on, ot tees warloving sperrits, chuz heaw just an necessary the' kod'n this war, they'd'n doo oz little toart it oz tey kud'n help, for they'd'n oz soon ha kilt a dog for fear o peyink th' dog-taks, oz any jakobin e th' kuntry:—An when saddle hawses koomn fort' be takst, ther' wur won loyal mon ot swapt his saddle awey for a sek, for feear a peink th' hawse-taks, wi' a loyal arch jockey at Stopport Moor; an hee saddlet a cush wi' it, an rid on't to Stopport Market: theaw knoes that wur

naw ridink a saddle hawse.—An as for th' tother mon, he thrut th' sek uppo a tit, and rid abeawt whither hee'd a mind; an so th' forther mon kode his a saddle cush; an th' latter mon kode his a sek hawse; an a that'n the'r'n ridink throo Billy Pitt an his akts o' palement e oytch eend.

Tum. Whah, Whistle-pig, iv no munny must ha bin reist boh whot had bin laft to th' opshun o' thoose loyal grunters, ot wur'n so reddy fort' promise the'r lives an fortunes, th' war wud ha bin o'er monny a yeor sin. Boh they winna pey thoose takses ot ar' mede lawfo beh akt o' palement, iv the' kon anny wea kreep eawt; for I knew a verry loyal gentlemon o' th' Kok an Barril, ot did no liv a hundert mile fro Ashton, ot brew'd a jorum o' maut, an worcht it in a chambor, where th' gager ne'er koom; an when it wur reddy fort' tun, hee set sum klumsy seawterhyed a tunnink it ot shed sum o' th' likkor, an it ran thro' th' chambor-flooar, an it happ'nt fort' be o'er a gatewey entry, an th' gager wur unlukkily gooink thro' at same time, an it peawart deawn ov his hat; he doft it off, an dipt his fingurs i' th' likkor, an slak't 'em throo his meawth oz an owd wummon duz, when hoo's bin stroakink th' cream pot. "Wuns," said hee, "ther's sum rogory gooink forrod heear." Hee went up th' stairs an katcht 'em i' th' fakt, an ther' wur th' hang-

munt t' be dun abeawt it; boh for that time I beleeeve ot t'is ring-spiggot lump o' loyalty koom owey bith sweeping kross feawly.

Wh. Ho, I remembor summot abeawt it, for I're at a smithy e krikkety abeawt tat time, an ther' wur two loyal bucks tawkink abeawt it, an makkink the'r gam on't, an ther' wur an owd mon by, ot tey kod'n a painite at tat time, an hee sed, "eigh, eigh, I hyerd on't, whot wud'n yoah ha sed iv any painite had bin katcht e sitch a nipe; I hyeor ot yoah'r for dissonink him, an throink him to th' painite rook, boh wee'n ha non on him, for iv ever yoah'n dun with 'em, ot tey're too bad for yoah, I'm shure, they're fit for nout boh th' mukmiddink."

Tum. Zuns, mon! boh I seen th' dey when won wur likker t' ha' bin breant wi' thoose foos for seyink hawve oz mitch oz so; heaw did e kum off wi' em?

Wh. Whah, theaw sees hee'r an owd mon, an the' kud naw for shawm meddle wi' him, an so they put'n't it off with a sort ov a flire.

Tum. Boh abeawt t'is peeoss, Whistle-pig, has teaw ever hyerd anny greathly akkeawnt, heaw or

when it koom int' the'r hyeds fort mak it oz tey han dun?

Wh. Whah, I find ot tey'n bin eksorsizink the'r breans o th' last summer abeawt it, and went'n bakkord and forrod between Lunnon an Paris oz mitch length o' gate (oz foke sed'n oz wud ha bin three times reawnd th' globe; oen it koom eawt at last oz unekspektot oz a krak o' thunner ov a fine dey: They sed'n ot Johnny Bull whimpert an kry'd welly o September; and sed to Bonnipeeter, "Yoah'n le' mee ha nout oz yoah go'n on; I'm shure I lede eawt a peawer o' munny, for I dubble't th' nashonal debt, beside throwink three hundert theawsant men's lives awey, an I think I shud ha summot: Iv yoah'n le' meh have a shugar butter-kake, weh a bit o nutmeg gratturt on it, I'll give up o ot I set eawt for at furst." "Whah," said Bonnipeeter, "Theaw axes e'en little enough konsidurink trubble ot teaw's bin at, I'll send it tey." An akordinkly hee sent it 'im o' th' furst ov Oktober at aftur dark, and Johnny lede it up till mornink; an as soon oz it wur leet, he shode it to o th' family; an the'r wur sitch wark oz ne'er wur seen, the'r'n so fenc; th' owd bulls an th' yung bulls, an th' grete bulls, an th' little bulls, o frisk'nt an kaper'nt abeawt, an wag'n't the'r teles like oz monny little dogs at a krust: Boh thoose bulls ot had'n th'

lung'st hurns, an had'n bell't an rooart, an wur'n sitch kurst bulls o th' war, fort' see too, wur'n oz fene oz anny.

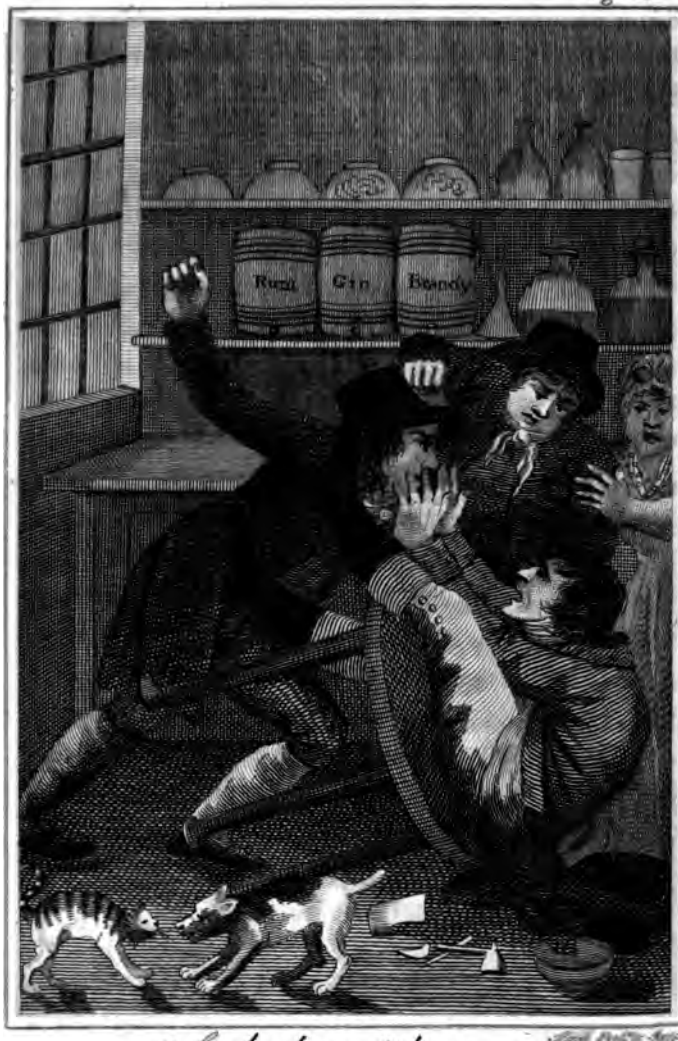
Tum. Neaw, Whistle-pig, afore a part'n, I'll geh th' sum akeawnt ov a grete hallebelloo, ov a kik up, I hyerd tother dey between a sartin parish nabob, ot duz naw live a hundert mile fro' Ash'n (ot's won o' thees inkonsistant foos) an a owd mon ot te kone a jakobin. Oz I wur stondink ot windy kornar, I seed t'is owd mon gooa into th' nabob's shop; thout I t' meh sel, thew'rt gooink a dunnink, for I knode ot th' nabob owd him sum munny:—I krope klose up to th' dur, for I'd a mind to hyer, an indeed I did hyer sitch a beawt ov arguink oz e ne'r did hyer afore, sun my neme wur Tum:—th' owd mon sed, "I want sum munny;" th' nabob sed, "Boh I ha' none for yoah." "Whah," sed th' mon, "Boh I mun ha sum, for I konna doo beawt. I'th' beginnink o' th' yeor ninety-three, I kud ha' lien eawt o' twenty peawnd better thin eawt o' twenty shillink neaw; at t'at time I'd awl is between twenty and thirty ginneys by meh: boh naw, I naw so monny shillinks, and sumtimes naw so monny pennies i' th' heawse; boh I kud ha had oz mitch neaw, and mooar too, iv me property had naw bin unjustly purloint awey fro' meh" Th' nabob break eawt int' sitch a pashon, ot he sed, "G—d

d—m it mon, yoar ever beginnink abeawt tis war." So, thout I t' meh sel, boh th' owd mon has thrut th' bell neaw.—Th' mon sed, "Ney, I ne'er neme't th' war."—The nabob sed, "Boah I knoe whot yoar'n hintink at." Th' mon sed, "If th' kap fits yoah, yoah mey don it."

Wh. Boah stop a bit Tum, whot's th' rees'n thinks ta, ot tees foak ot han bin so fond o' this war, and kod'n it just and nesessary, kud naw abide for t' hyeor it nemt?

Tum. Whah 'ts soon knone, bekose the' had naw get'n eend o'th French: Boah iv ever th' French koomn be th' wur, wee'd bothor enugh abeawt th' war e feith, for ther' wur no sturink eawt o'th dur weh anny quietness, for peeosable mindot foak; for I're gooink deawn Ash'n street won dey, an ther' wur sum news komn ot th' French wur'n byeat'n, an I met a mon above seventy yeor owd, an he slapt meh bith brest, and sed, "Neaw G—d d—n yoah for an owd jakobin theef, ween give it yoah neaw." Ther' wur a true sample o soshul ordthur, and dooink onnot to his king an kuntry!

Wh. Whah, I knew a mon ot livt e Steley wood, ot wur utterly aghen this war ot ween had, an that wur enugh theaw noes for t' mak 'im int'



Soshal ordthur.

a jakobin: an he koom t' Ash'n won dey, a dooink som arnts, soon aftur th' war wur begun, an he put up his hawse weh a red whot loyal sun o'th koolar, at th' sine o'th Ward, and when he'r for gooink whom, he thout he kud naw boh hah summot t' drink, an he kode for a glass o' brandy an wetur, an ther' wur a too legt loyal kur, o Billy Pitt's i' th' barr, an he sed to this mon, "heaw ar' things gooink on neaw," whah," sed th' mon, "I hyeor nout particular;" "whah boh whot dun foak sey abeawt tis war," sed tis loyal lump ov ill manners: Whah," sed th' mon, "sum ar' for it an sum ar' aghen it;" "whah," sed t'is church and king foo, "boh whot dun yoah sey abeawt it?" "Whah," sed th' mon, "I think it had bin betthur let'n alooan." This lump o' loyalty fell a d-mink 'im, an this brimstone whot loyal sun o' th' Kok an th' Barril, set in wi' 'm, an sweear, "he'd ha none sitch foak in his heawse," an slapt 'im bith brest, an driv 'im o'er th' table, an th' glass o' brandy an wetur wur shed, an this peeosable mindot mon wur fene t' pey for his glass, an get his tit eawt ot he kud get away weh his life; an this wur another true sample o' soshal ordthur!

Tum. Whah neaw Whistle-pig, I'll let tey see ot tecar humanity keeps pase weh the'r soshal ordthur. I knew a little twazzy two legt kur,

ot belungt to Mr. Windy's kennel, ot kud hardly get porritch for his guts, or tlooas to his bak, an wur like his meastur, ot wud hav o th' French "kilt off," an he hyeord sum akeawnt ov a battle ot wur fout, o'th' twenty-fifth ov August, e ninety siks, an th' French happ'nt for t' koom be th' wurr; on he sed "ther's sum blessot news komn neaw iv plceos God it'll boah proove trew:" "Eigh?" seys a by-stonthur, "whot is it?" "Wha," seys this unfeelink loyalist, "th' French ar welly o kilt!" Ther' wur church an king humanity, keepink pase weh loyalty if 'll gooah to th' prise on't.

Wh. Neaw, Tum, I meeon for t' geh the' a pittifo akeawnt ov an owd mon ot livt e Feilsworth, ot wur so wiked ot wud naw let Pitt an kompany think for i'm, boah wud think for his sel, an that wur enugh ot won time o'th dey, for t' mak 'im int' a jakobin, and for t' hav sum sort o 'vengense peawart deawn o'th hyeod on him, beh a kennel o' two legt curs, o' Mr. Windy's, kept not a kundert mile fro' th' sine o'th Black Hawse, e Feilsworth. It hap'nt ot tis owd mon had a sun, ot went to Amereka, sum yeous before, an theaw mey be shure wur awlos fene for t' hyeor fro' 'im; an oz this kennel o' kurst kurs durst naw nip 'im be th' heels be dey leet, they'r'n resolvt for t' worry 'im ith' dark. So they forg'nt a

letthur, oz iv it wur komn fro Liverpool, an sed ot a rider-eawt had laft it, an wanted hom for t' get it to this owd mon. An th' letthur sed, he wur tayne very ill there, an they nam'nt th' street, an th' name o'th foak ot he'r weh dezirink his feathor for t' kome a seeink him; so this owd mon musthurt up sum munny an set off, oz won shud a dun the'r sel; an theese unfeelink loyal whelps o' Mr. Windy's kennel, witheawt anny pitty, leet'n this owd mon, nee seventy yeor owd set off, leighink 'im to skorn. Boah I kno whot owd Mr. Moses sez, for he sez, "kursed is he that smiteth his nebor sekretly;" an let teese windy puppies mumble at tat, when they koom for t' dee, for iv it wur naw smitink 'im sekretly, it wur nekst dur to't. So this owd mon geet int' Liverpool, an fund th' street ot th' letthur towd on, an sper'd o abeawt for th' name o'th foak ot he'r sed for t' be with, boah no sitch foak wur'n t' be fund; so this owd mon wur fooarst kom whoam aghen e grete distress, booath e pocket, body, an mind, for it had line 'im e between twenty an thirty shillink. They sho'd'n me th' letthur, an I're so sorry, I kud hah fund e meh hart for t' a gan 'im a krcawn, boah this kursed war had welly re'wint meh, so ot I had it not e meh peawer. Boah fro o sitch prinsoples, an sitch praktises oz tees, good Lord deliver meh. Neaw, Tum, lets hyear heaw this nabob an th' owd mon went'n on.

Tum. "Wha," th' nabob sed, "ther' had bin no war, iv it had naw bin for yoah, an sitch like." Th' owd mon sed, "Iv I'd sed so I shud ha towda lye! le' meh tell yoah, it wur yoah, on o thoose ot sinet'nt for war ot wurn th' kaws on't."—"Wha," sed th' nobob, "an I'd sine for war, iv it wur fort' doo aghen," "Wha," sed th' mou, "an yoah min, an see whot yoan get by't."—"Wha," sed th' nabob, "an I ne'er lost nout by't." Th' owd mon sed, "Marry, weel for yoah, for iv yoah hannaw, monny a theawsant han; boh I wud yoah'dn gi' meh my munny beawt so mitch adoo:—The' last time I geet ought on yoah, I lost three hawve deys, Sundy, Tuesdy, and Wed'n'sdy."—"Wha," sed th' nabob, "boh yoah dunna rekk'n Sundy won, dun yoah?" "Yigh," sed th' mon, "boh I do, for I koom when yoar'n just gon to th' parrade, an I're fooarst t' heng abeawt till noon, an get nout when I dun."—"Wha," sed th' nabob, "en I'll gooah to th' parrade aghen;" for theaw mun knoe, he koes his sel sarjent amung theese new trumpt up Allixandurs.

Wh. Boh Tum, duz teaw think ot iv Bonnipceter had bin at th' Roy kroft weh abeawt two hundert Frenchmen ot his heels, ot hee'd bin oz reddy fort' a gethurt up his raddlinks a meetink him?

Tum. Neaw, beh meh troth, I dunnaw think hee wud;—Wud hee not ha bin wappink up Steely wood afore Bonnipeeter had gett'n to th' kross.

Wh. Whah, not unlike: for when theese heroik suns ov Allixandur wur'n kode eawt fort' tent a badjer's shop, e fammin-square, the' med'n but a durty jobb on't; for it wur nout boh foyar an run, an two or three Saddleworth chaps beet'n 'em off weh a loyt pavink-stones. Boh owd Yed o' meh gronney's wur tellink ov a bowd trik ot tey playd'n at Ash'n moss; kon teaw tell meh heaw't wur?

Tum. Ho! eigh, eigh, I kon tell the' o abeawt it. Theaw mun kno, ther' wur a boylink whot loyal sun o' th' gally-pott, ot went eawt won afthurnoon amung his pashonts, on oz he'r kominк toart whom aghen, at th' edge o' dark, he met siks fellos gooink a fotchink a loom, an a bit furr he met siks or seven mooar ot had'n bin at a kokink, an presently he o'er took a lad, ot had mooar mischief oth' inside on 'im thin truth, an he sed, my lad, kon teaw tell meh whot o yond fellos ar for, eigh, sez th' lad, ther's for t' be a grete jakobin meetink at Ash'n moss t' kneet. "Duz teaw sey so?" seys Mr. Puke'm. Eigh, sez th' lad, ther' 'll be monyoah hundurt; Mr.

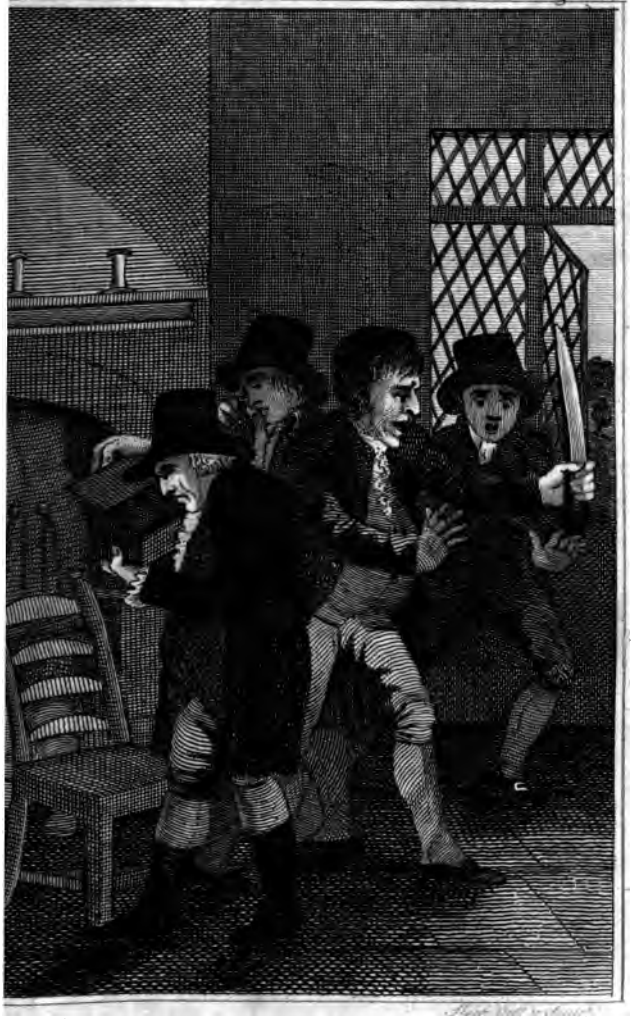
Bolos wur so feeart ot he keawart whakerink up oth' tit, oz ill oz Felix did before Paul when he'r pretchink to 'im, an he tlapt th' spurs to th' tit, an rid off nek or no joint, an akquaintot a wize-aker sun o' th' bench; an presently ther koom an ordthur for eawer green hurn't warriors, an a pasel o skotch plod-leggs ot wur'n quarturt i' th' teawn, (sum on 'em kome eawt o'. the'r beds ot ten o'tlock at neet) for t'gooah a shiftink theese jakobins; boah theaw'd a bepist te, for t' hah seen whot kare ther' wur tayne, for feear o' sum-body gooink before an akquaintink thees jakobins whot wut komink upon 'em. So they went'n eawt oth' teawn, an devid'nt too or three weys, for t' meet ot a sartin plek, whe'ar they eks-pekt'nt 'em for t' be, ot tey kud'n soreawn'd 'em, when they koom'n to th' spot. When tey koom'n there, a sartin Mr. Wizeaker keawart 'im deawn an peept between an th' sky an sed, husht! husht! I see 'em, ther's monyoah skore; presently they kod'n eawt, disperse yoah rogues, boah nobody sed nout. So it wur sed ther' wur an ordthur for t' foyar: so afthur that Mr. Wisdom keawart 'im deawn aghen, an peept between an th' sky, an sed theese jakobins ar d—d hard, for they ston'n yond yet, an ne'er meeon'n'em: so ther' wur an ordthur for t' advanse. Boh oh! whot shall e say neaw? for when o koom t' o, theese jakobins proof'nt nothink mooar thin a

o' turf-staks. Boah theaw'd a laight the' ore, for t' hah seen 'em a komn bak aghen, aw'd a sworn ot sumbody had sent a whole- rdthur a boots amung 'em, they'd'n bin up knees i'th' moss doytches, so ot the'r plod ur'n nout t' be seen on. An a this'n eend- s quiksotik ekspedeshon.

r. I tell the' whot e sey to th' Tum, I e meh konshouse ot i' th' beginnink oth' er when the' towd'n o thoos horsly tales t th' jakobins o'er turnink th' government, nit welly a mede theese foos t' hah beleevt moon wur a brine chees. For abeawt tat ther' wur o mischevos unlukky karrin ot Brige, ot set eawt a tale, ov a kart looad o' , ot wur'n gooink awey bi'th brige, up int' eworth, abeawt two o'tlock won Sundy ink, an won ov eawer wizdomites, ot kud hroo an inch booart, an smell a jakobin a off, beleevt th' story, an sent int' Yoashor m oth' same sort o' kattle, oz his sel for t' 'im, an bring a troop or two ov eawar y's beef-eators weh 'em; akordinkly they , an ransak'nt Saddleworth, throo an ; fro' side t' side, till it koom to foak's sawt- an knife-boxes, an they root'nt abeawt e s chimnis, for t' find theese pikes, till the'r o dustors an o the'r tlooas wur oz blak oz

hell bess foak sed'n. Boh theaw's yerd 'em sey, ot its an ill thing ots good for nout, for ther' wur not a chimny e o Saddleworth ot wantot oather sweepink or sweclink when they'd'n dun seetchink for theese pikes an sedeshon, an fund'n nout when they'd'n dun boh an owd ballit printot at Sheffilt, ot had a wort or two in it, ot disgrunt'lt theese weak stummok't gentry; an a grete thwittle, ot owd Jone o' Sams had, for t' kut bake'n weh formerly, boah hee'd had no okkashon for it monyoah yeor, so hee'd lede it eawt oth' gate oth' childer. Boh they playd'n for up efeath ot afthur, for they went'n to a heawse weh a piktor o'er dur, an eet'n and drunk'n oz mitch oz koom to monyoah peawnd, an laft'n it for th' o'erseear oth' pooar for t' pey for oz foak sen, an at tat time mele wur fippanse hawpenny a peawnd, an pooar foak welly tlemt to th' deeoth. Ther' wur aktink weh sense and konsideration for th' good oth' kuntry if 'll gooah to th' prise on't. I tell the whot, it unbethinks meh ov a seyink ot Royal David koom eawt weh, for he sed th' wiked wur brout into grete feear wheear no feear wur. Aw I think its mitch whot th' same wi' th' moonshur eawer swinyorts, for they're welly feeart, at every wind-wagink this'le. Neaw let's hear furr abeawt tis nabob.

Tum. Th' mon sed to th' nabob, "Win yoah



Alarmists: or Jone o'Sam's thwittle.

awnser meh a question or two? Whot did'n yoah iet eawt for' th' beginnink o' this war?—Han yoah attaint onny won thing ot yoah sett'nt eawt 'or?"—Th' nabob sed nout ov a gud while; boh ' th' eend, he sed, "Yoar an owd d—nt raskot." Th' owd mon sed, "an whot ammy an owd d—nt askot for? I'm oz gud a mon oz yoah e anny shape, iv yoah'n howd yoar honds off meh,—Iv yoah'n proov yoarsel oz onnist a mon oz I've dun iitherto throo life, it 'll doo weel for th' parish." Th' nabob sed, "an I kon;" th' mon sed, "I vud yoah'n set abeawt it."

Wh. I wunder wheear th' owd mon's breans wur'n; I'd a axt him whether hee had naw hyerd ov a mon ot stele a snuff-box eawt ov another non's pokkit, won Sundy oz he lee asleep ov a bed, at th' sine o' th' Beaver, i' Odenshaw, an whethur he did naw hyer ot hee took it to a justis o' peeoss, nine or ten mile off, bekose that sedishos wort libberty wur written o' th' boks lid: He mit ha kode that mon a d—nt raskot, for it wur a askotly trik.

Tum. Eigh, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd em sey, ot sum foke had'n oz gud fort' stele a heep, oz others t' look o'er th' hedge.

Wh. Whah, I knoe ther' ar sum foke ot kon

see a verry little mote in anothur boddis ee, ot konna see won e the'r own, iv it wur oz big oz a thrippenny kabbitch.

Tum. Th' owd mon sed to th' nabob, "an whot ammy an owd d—nt raskot for? I tell yoah, ot yoar a yung d—nt raskot, for koink meh so, witheawt yoah kon proov it." He'r sum time an sed nout; boh i' th' eend, he said, "Its abeawt toose shoone." So, thout I t' meh sel, this owd mon has brokk'n sum shue warehouse, or sum dev'lment or other, o'll kum eawt neaw, they'll hap'n hav im i'th' krib. Th' owd mon stickt up his finns, an sed, "Whot shoone? I kno nout abeawt no shoone."—"Whah," sed th' nabob, "thoose ot wurn sent to th' French, hav e towd yoah neaw?" "Whah," sed th' mon, "Whot han yoah towd meh neaw? wur ther' onny hurt e sendink a pair o' shoone to thoose ot wurn barfut, chuz whooa they wur'n' afore war wur deklairt?" Theaw mun kno, at tere wur ten theawsant pair o' shoone sent to th' French, afore th' war begun, an this mon had gan hawve-a kreawn toart 'em, an I rekk'n th' nabob had gett'n't hyer on't.

Wh. Whot sort ov a mon is tis nabob, thinks ta'? dus he koe hissel a kristion, fort' mey that int' a krime ot's a kristion duty? for I're lookink

i'th' owd book, 'tother dey, an I fund ot eawer grete kristion lawgiver sed, ot thoose ot had'n two kooarts must'n gi' th' tone to sumbody ot wur beawt; an I look't a bit fur, an fund ot owd Paul sed, ot iv eawer enniny wur hungry, we must'n giv him summot t' ete, an iv hee'r droy, we must'n giv him summot t' drink; an beh this mode o' reesonink, won wud think ther' wud be no hurt e sendink a pair o' shoone to thoose ot wur'n barfut: Iv theese church an king stoondhyeds wud'n look at sitch pleks ot tees, and praktis a bit on 'em, it wud doo verry weel.

Tum. Th' nabob sed, "Boh war wur deklairt e ninety-two," th' owd mon sed, "that's naw true, for th' French king wur hyeddet o' th' twenty-furst o' Jennuary, ninety-three, an word koom to eawer palement o' th' twenty-fort, an Shauvlin wur sent off o' th' twenty-eight, an he geet int' France i' th' beginnink o' February, an th' French deklairt'n't war soon afthur, an *that's* true." An neaw, Whistle-pig, theaw mey be shure ot tis seme nabob must be an iknorant bledderhyed, or hee'd ne'er a tawkt a that'n: for eawer state gards wud'n ne'er a lett'n foke a releev't an enniny i' th' opp'n war; beside, I remembor mch sel, ot toose subskriptions, "*abeawt toose shoone,*" wurn't quite klos't e ninety two. Boh th' owd mon sed fur, "It's komn to a pratty pass ot a

boddy munna mecan' 'im when hee's unjustly flogt." Th' nabob sed, "yoah mey gooa to Amerika or France, wher yoah mey be justly flogt." Th' mon sed, "as I plecos for that, boh I've a reet be better use't e meh own kuntry, for onny hurt e dun yoah."

Wh. I tell the' whot Tum, one wud ha' thout ot th' post ot tey'dn put tis nabob in, an th' leearnink ot hee pretends t' have, shud a bred better manners thin t' ha' use't an owd mon a that'n.

Tum. Whah, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd 'em sey ot it's a feaw life fort' mak a silk purse eawt ov a foo's eear, an theaw kon ekspekt no mooar eawt ov a pig thin a grunt. Whot I meeon beh beink so partikular abeawt tis nabob, is fort' sho whot sort o' hodge-podge, churn-milk-an-wetur prinsipl's hee howds, for hee's just like th' rest o' th' foos ot han no oppinnions o' the'r own: bod grunt'n afthur eawer nashonal pig-leaders, one dey for war, an another for peeoss; for they sen ot tis nabob's heawse wur oz nee o ov a blaze weh kandles, that neet ot th' rejoisink wur for th' peeoss, oz anny boddis abeawt him: sitch praktises oz tees, gi'n his former prinsipl's th' lye konfoundedly, iv I've onny skill, or els hee's an arrant

pokrite: Heaw fort' rekonsile sitch kondukt
i konsistency, is a paradoks to mee.

VH. Paradoks! eigh, Mass, I think it is:
iv owd Solomon wur alive aghen, an i' th'
ne ov his time, it wud set 'im fast; hee kud
r peese theese two eends t'gether to onny
e.

'UM. Solomon! nough, nor forty Solomons,
o the'r hyeds lede t'gether kud'n ne'er mey
o' sitch weatherkok, fawnink, krinjink, hy-
ritical, sykofantine, skeawndrils oz tees:
' shud'n ne'er a won on 'em ha' leet a kan-
witheawt theyd'n axt pard'n booath o' God
non, for o th' blud ot wur shed, an th' ruin
vur browt uppo th' nashon, an mede satis-
hon, oz far oz the'r'n able, to ev'ry won ot
r'n parsekutet an abus't; beside, oytch on 'em
ink pennanse in a white sheet, an puttink
r sell i' th' nuse.

VH. Zeawns Tum, boh iv this skeeam mun
put e praktis, theaw's lede eawt pratty weel o'
k for proktors an printurs; they'n hav a row
at efeith. Boh won mey tawk abeawt 'em o
, boh wee kon ne'er mend 'em, while meet
komes reet.

Tum Mend 'em! nough, I kno naw whether owd Nick wud mend 'em; boh I'll lose no mooar time abeawt 'em, for I mun gooah to meh loom.

Wh. Whah, an I mun gooah too, er else owd Sonny o' Sims will be heear wi' th' baggink afore I kik't th' shoo i' th' gutter.

T. B. So theese two breether ov cawers part'nt; boh I thout they'd'n lede Billy an his gang bare at th' root afore they'd'n done: Tum Grunt began t' groo warm tooart th' latter eend; I thout his last speech boh won, wur very hee secoz'nt; it had a good deeol o' pepper an sawt in 't; for

Iv o theese kn—ves mun go to th' proktors,
An tell the'r krimes to theese soul doktors;
They'n bring 'em o to trew repentense,
Whene'er they kom'n fort' pass the'r sentense:
For theese blind guides will not be jokit,
Boh mak 'em o t' repent i'th' pokkit:
An tell 'em o they shure ar sinners,
An hardly leeov 'em owt for dinners:
So, iv theese Ch—h an Roy—al foos
Mun put the'rsels i'th' publik nuse,
Ther's monny a bo' thro'eawt this nashon,
Wood bite his nails for meer veksashon,
An kurs booath Hawk, and Measter Otto,
Sayink to um booath, the devil fott O,
For making peeoss wi' Bonnipeeter,
So neaw I'll eend meh klumsy meeter.

I'd naw rime other two lines, iv th' ward wur
' stake, for feear o' thoose boggarts ot owd
Bobbin tow'd on:—Boh I'm naw so feeart
hoose tother boggarts, but I dare subskribe
sel,

One o' Mr. Burk's eighty theawsant in-
korrigible Grunters.

ated this 21st of Novembor, 1801.——From
)wd original Stye, at 12 9 20 20 12 5, 13 15
19 19, 14 5 1 18, 1 19 8 20 15 14,
21 14 4 5 18 12 25 14 5.

FROM

THE CHESTER CHRONICLE

OF MARCH 27, 1795.

MEASTER PRINTUR,

SUR,

I UNDERSTOND ot som unthoutfo gobbin has sent yoah a shuit dumplink for th' fast dey, an yoan stoad'n at it; heaw kud th' grete bledderyed think ot yoahd'n ete shuit dumplink, or onny think els oth' fast dey, so tikkle as times ar? Lord blessus; wur he leyink a trap for yoah; boh sumtimes won knoes nah whot yoah meeon beh whot yoah sen, it mit happ'n be summot fort print, an iv it wur, I'd hah yoah t' beh carefo, for eawer foak at Lunnon ar very tikkle neaw a deys, won knoes naw whot 'l doo, an yoah mey sanner get into th' sedishon tub, thin get eawt aghen; for yon's a Printur at Sheffilt has gett'n is sell int' a pratty hobble weh printink a sunk ot an owd pas'n mede ot Belfast e Oyreland; 'Sflesh won wud a thout ot a pas'n shud a known better than t' hah led onny boddy int' mischeef, for th' Printur is gett'n put e pris'n for three munths, besides peyink twenty peawnd, an that's

a droy shot for 'im I'm shure;—and neaw wee'r tawking abeawt theese things it unbethinks meh ov a chat ot I hyeard 'tother dey:—I went eawt an whoah shud I see boah owd Whistle-pig an Tum Grunt, tawkink politikt at owd Sonny o' Sim's barn side; thout I t' meh sel, I'll hycor whot yoah kon sey; so Whistle-pig began an sed "I'll tell theh whot Tum, I wunder ot tey hannaw try'd owd Sam ov Elkenow's for that sedishos chaptor in his furst book."—"How theaw tawks mon," says Tum, "Hee's eawt o' ther' gate, for he's oth' tother side th' blue blankit, an has bin monny a yeor, he cares nout abeawt 'em:—— "Whah," says Whistle-pig, "Theaw meh sey ot Tum Payne's eawt o' ther' gate, for hee's e France, wheer theh dar'n naw tuch im, but they'n tryde is ritinks an theh sen ot te're naw fit t' bee eh onny boddy's heawse, an ot noboddy mun reed 'em, an I think ot owd Sammy ov Elkenow's eight chaptor is az il az anny o' Tum Payne's ritinks, for hee bekows kings, and lets 'em deawn meetily, I wunder ot tey hannaw pood it eawt o' th' book afore neaw,"—"Ho! ho!" says Tum, "Boah they'n ne'er do so, that 'l be az il az leying seege to Lambeth heawse, for iv theh wunce begin'n, sum'n find fort' weh won think an sum wheh another, ot tey'n hath th' owd book aw t' bits, an then it 'll beh whoo up weh th' black kooats efeath! for its whot tey liv'n by, for won

on 'em meys won part t' doo, an anothur meys anothur part t' doo, ot tey mey'n it aw t' fit sumboddy or other."

Says Whistle-pig, "Ther's monny a strawnge pees i' th' owd book ot wee'n been tawking on, for I're lookink i' th' 37th an th' 38th chaptors o' Jeremy, an I fund ot summot had flown rank betweeu th' king o' Juda, an th' king o' Babylon, an owd Jeremy at tat time wur look't on as th' Hammel's skonse amung 'em e Juda, an theh koom'n to im for keawnsil, and he wur like B——d an S———e e eawer dey, and sed it wud be th' best wey for t' mey peeoss, and towd 'em whot wud be th' eend on't iv theh did'n naw: boh estid o' takkink it weel as tey shud'n hah dun, theh abusn't 'im, an put'nt 'im i'th' dungen, an iv th' Hebus Korpus Akt had bin set aside tere, az it is e sum pleks, he mit hah roted tere; boh they'd'n better t' hah teyn his keawnsil, for nout ot wur owt wur th' eend on't; and its weel iv it be onny better weh us, for wee'n sum Jeremys ot sen enugh aghen this war ov eawrs, boh theh ne'er heed'n 'em. Boh as I're tellink theh, they put'n t' him i' th' dungen, an boh for a blakamoor he mit hah steyd tere nob'dy knoes heaw lung, for hee'd mooar massey toart him thin aw th' foak abeawt th' sitty, for he went to th' king an speek for him, and ley'd eawt his kese so ot hee geet

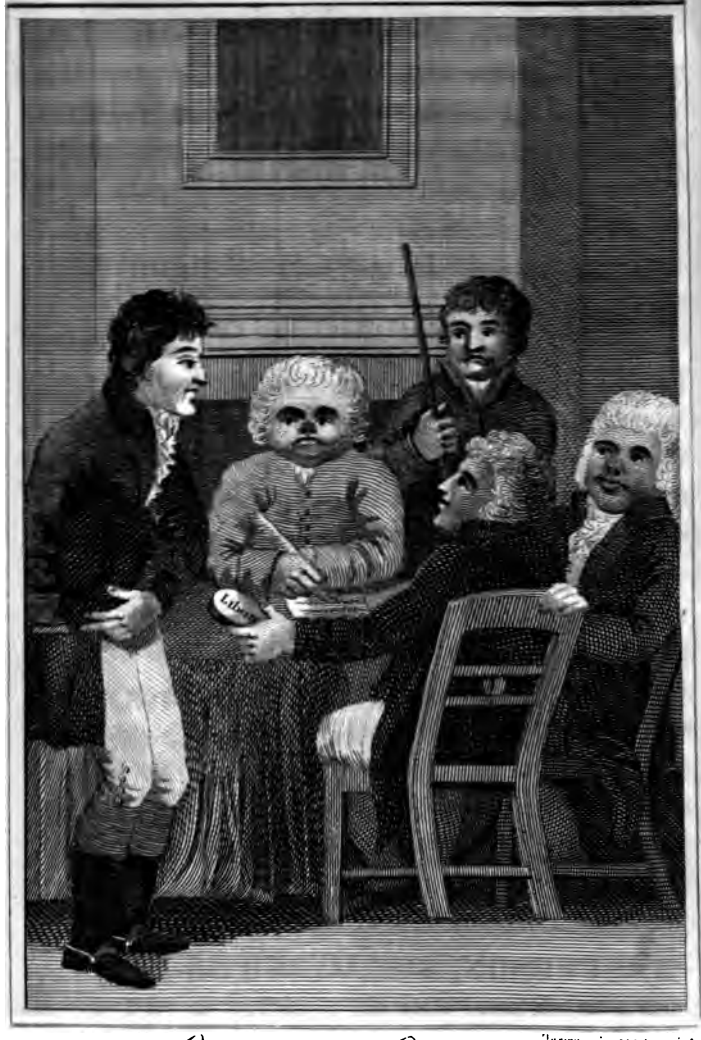
him eawt, an he're more behowd'n to this blakamoor thin he wur to aw th' ribbons, stars, and garters, abeawt th' king's kooart."—"Whah," seys Tum, "Mooar shawm for 'em ot a blakamoor shud hah moor kompashon in him thin monny a won ot think'n they'n so mitch mooar sense, an ot blaks ar hardly humon kreturs, an fit for nout boh t' beh bout and soud like tits, az a deeol ov eawer foak may'n a trade on;—theese ar pittifo things when the're weel thout at."—"Boah I mun gooah to my threshink," says Whistle-pig: "Whah," says Tum, "An I mun gooah to meh loom;" so theh part'n't, and I thout they'd'n reeos'nt pratty weel, and sey ot tey'r'n nout boh too o'th owd Apostle o' St. Omer's pigs.*

Boh abeawt tis fast dey, Meastur Printur, dun yoah think ot tey meeon'n for t' ley in a stok o' gud fortin, aghen th' neks't summor, beh flatteriuk ther' Meker, int' pard'nership weh em? Boh I think the'r rathur chettink 'im ov a dey, for yoah nown ot th' forty deys e Lent ar fast deys awreddy, an as tey'n awdert it, tis is won 'em, witheawt ot tey'n a fur thout in't, an think'n ot fast uppo' fast will hah mooar weight weh Him. Boh what dun yoah think ot tey'n shiftet it fro' Friday to th' Wed'nsday for?—Too oth' last yeors

* E———d B——e, it is said received his education at St. Omer's, in France.

it has bin o' th' Friday, dun yoah think ot tey'r a bit noshunable like owd pooar Robbin abeawt lukky or unlukky deys, an ot Friday's wou 'em, bekose it has naw awnsert the'r eend?

Boh aghen, whot dun yoah think is th' reeos'n ot th' Skotch on huz konnaw booath fast ov a dey?—Dun theh think ot ther Meker is like th' owd hump bak't skoomester at Owdum, ot kudnaw hyeor too lads at wunse?—Won hopes we'en a bettur kawse beh th' eend thin wee had'n i' th' Merrikin war eggodil, or I'm feeart wees'n lose th' eend as we did'n then, for weed'n fast uppo' fast, an geet'n nout eendwey: Won yeor th' Merrikins an huz wur'n fastink booath at wunce, they'r'n pooink at t' one eend an weer'n pooink at t' other, as hard as o kudd'n nazz, an sum foak wondert'nt whooa must be hyerd, boh it wur seen i' th' eend, for theh o'erpood'n hus; weh mey fast an prey as lung as o win, boh witheawt wee bin mooar ov a peese thin sum on us ar' it 'll naw meeon mich I deawt, for there's a pas'n ot lives not a hundert mile fro' Monchester, ot gus to th' Church oytch Sundy an seys, "Give Peace in our Time O Lord!" An th' dey after gets a cokkade in his hat, as big as a butter print, an gus weh sojurs o listink foak's lads, and wimmin's husbants! dus naw this leeod directly to War? Lord blessus! whot dust mon think at? dus hee naw



Liberty in Limbo

doo mooar hurt oth' Mundy weh his akshons thin he duz gud oth' Sundy weh preyink?—I kud sey a grete deeol mooar abeawt 'em, bŏh I'm feeart o' wearyink your peshunse, beside I mun gooa t' meh dressink, for I've a gud deeol t' doo.

I am, Measter Printur,

Like th' mooast o' me breether oth' Stye,

A greter luvver o' feastink thin fastink.

PORKARIA, FEB. 28, 1795.

FROM THE SAME OF JULY 31, 1795.

LIBERTY IN LIMBO.

A PERSON, near Ashton-under-Lyne, having a snuff-box, with the seditious word LIBERTY, engraved upon it, a certain pig-tail'd prig of the parish, being endowed with more loyalty than honesty, very gravely picked the man's pocket of

the said box, and, out of zeal to his king and country, delivered this seditious receptacle for nose powder to a certain Justice of the peace, who is somewhat more distinguished for furious loyalty than strong intellect. What greatly contributed to enhance the crime, with these sedition hunters, was, that the man to whom the box belonged was a constable, and consequently a king's officer.—The man was summoned to appear at ———, before a bench of Justices on ——, where being called upon, he answered to his name, when an examination to the following purport took place, which I shall attempt to give, as near as I can, in the true Rochdale idiom:

Just. Hark the' kunstable, duz teaw tey snuff?

Con. Eigh sur, sumtimes.

Just Kud e get a pinch with the' thinks ta?

Con. Yigh that yoah sha'n, iv e hav' onny.

So the man searched his pockets, expecting to find a little in a paper (having had no box for near a week, and little expecting to meet with it there, eight or ten miles from home) but in this first attempt to oblige the sapient Justice, he was

disappointed, for, alas! he found neither snuff-box nor snuff-paper; on which he said, I have none sur, or yoah shud'n hah had sum.

Just. Will t' kom a bit nar, an lemme feel i' the' pokkit, for iv theaw teys snuff theaw's a box I war'nt tey. So he goes forward, an his worship, under pretence of searching for the box, conjurer like, contrives to leave it in his pocket.

Just. Will t' mey a bit mooar labor abeawt tat box for I thout I fel'd summot hard i' the pokkit. So the man put his hand into his pocket, where his worship's sedition-hunting fist had just come from, and found the box, on which he said, I hah fund won neaw sur, boah I had none afore yoar hond koom theear.

Just. Will t' let's look at 't? So the man gave it to him.

Just. Theaw's a strawnge wort o' th' box for a mon o' thy plek, duz theaw think ot theaw'rt fit to be a kunstable! e prithy hooa sweer the' in?

Con. Whah, Mr. W———, sur.

Just. I'll speke too 'im t' nere mey thee a kunstable aghen.

Con. That 'll naw do meh mich hurt.

Just. Boh has naw theaw a plek e leoss under lord S——?

Con. Yigh, a bit o' won, sur.

Just. Boh I'll speke to 'im t' ne'er leeoss weh thee aghen, for theaw 'rt not fit t' be hecar; so I'd hah the' t' sell whot t' has e this kuntry, an pey the' detts, an get abeawt tey bizzness.

Con. Whah sur iv my money 'll naw gooa fur thin yoar tung, I'm like t' be beawt plek.

Just. Boh e prithy wheear did theaw leet o' this box?

Con. Whah, a mon e Ash'n mede it meh.

Just. Whot did t' give him for 't?

Con. Two shillink, sur.

Just. Whah hee's sum raskot like the' sell, or hee'd ne'er mede a box like this for two shillink: prithy whot's his neme?

Con. I'll naw tell yoah, sur.

Just. Yoah 're too raskots I'll uppoud yoah, I've a good mind t' brun it.

Con. Whah, your like t' do as yoah win abeawt tat; boh it's my box an I pey'd for 't.

Just. Will teaw brun it?

Con. Now, I'll naw brun it.

Just. Then I'll fine the' e five peawnd, for naw komink hither t' other day when t' shud hah don.

Con. Whah, yoah mey doo as yoah win abeawt tat too; boh I'll naw brun my box.

Just. Look ye gemmen, he has that sedishos wort LIBERTY written ov is box, is he fit t' bee a kunstable? Mun's brun it? Upon which another sapient son of the bench said, surs, I'd hah yoah to be karefo whot yoah 're abeawt, for iv yoah brun 'n this box, that mon I'll bee oth top on uz, so I'd hah yoah t' give 't im aghen. When his worship who had been his chief examiner said, heear tak it tey an lets be shut on the', an kom no mooar heear, for theaw'rt a raskot I'll uppoud tey.

By this time the affair was blown over the town,

and a great concourse of people was collected before the door of the public-house, and the constable, being anxious about his own safety, insisted on one of their worships conducting him through the crowd, reasonably supposing, that if they had been instrumental in raising the devil, it was their business to lay him at rest. Then one of them very kindly conducted him through the town, when his worship said, dus't think ot kon doo neaw?——*C.* No, yoah shannaw leeov meh while there's three foak t'gether, beside I mun hah mey tit. Ne'er heed tey tit, mon, said the Justice, so ot teaw kon get sefe eawt o' th' teawn, I'll send it after theh. So his worship left him, and poor Mr. Constable was fain to get away without his horse, and walked booted and spurred, with whip in his hand, jockey-like, six or seven miles before his horse overtook him.

Thus poor Liberty, and Mr. Constable, very narrowly escaped, the one with his life from the swinish multitude, the other from being condemned to the flames by their sedition-hating worships on the bench.

FROM

THE MANCHESTER GAZETTE

OF MARCH, 5, 1796.

MEASTER PRINTUR.

YOAH knone ot abeawt tis time twelmunt, wen yoar'n at Chester, I kawshunt yoah abeawt printink any think ot wud nettle eawr grete foke at Lunnon, bekose times wur'n so tikkle; boh I think e meh guts ot tey'r lunger an t' wur, for they'n hardly beh lookt at neaw, e sum pleks.—Yoah knone I towd yoah it wur yeasier fort' tumble into th' sedishon tub thin t' stride eawt aghen. But whot ta dule dun yoah think! boh yon' sapyed ov a printur at ——— has tumbelt into sum sort ov a tub aghen: Breawns mon, its not a twelmunt sin he koom eawt o' pris'n afore, for printink an owd Oyerish pas'n's sunk, an neaw the' sen hee's gett'n in aghen, for vexink sum mak ov e chap ot wears a rastikratikal liv'ry kooat: bith wuns! boh I'd hah teyn kare t' hah held off thoose sort o' kattle, or I'd hah seen whot had stickt on't: odds flesh. I'd naw kum within th' length ov a barbor's pow on 'em, iv e kud shun 'em; sum sen ot th' printur pood a feaw faze at

'im oz hee'r gooink by th' shop dur: sum sen ot hee'r pissink ot th' woah side, an unlukkily breek wint bakkort as th' felley went by 'im; other foke aghen sen, ot when thoose raskots wur'n shot at ————, ot th' printur put summ:not i'th' nuse ot charg't this chap weh beink guilty o' massakre or sum sitch like wort, ot tis fly-bith'-sky thout had sum spitefoo meeaniuk, an verry likely it wur summot o' this sort ot disgruntl't this nue trump't up Allixandur. Boh its no mattur, o' seyink mitch abeawt 'im; boh won mey thump it o' thinkink. Neaw measter printur, I kud like yoah t' gi' th' Monchestor thinkink tlub a bit ov a hint, ot next time ot tey meet'n fort' think reet seawndly abeawt it, whether shoot'nk thoose poor raskots wur massakre or naw, an iv theh think'n it wur, whether iv sum jakobin had bin guilty o' th' like in az gud a kaws, ot sum foke wud'n not hah kode 'im a krimson-minded skeawndril.

Boh when aw's sed an dun, I'm sooary abeawt tis printur, for monny a weel meeanink mon mey be lett'n in, neaw theese two Lunnon Bills ar' kom'n eawt; boh won thinks hee'd be karefo for th' time t' kome, for they'n lede pratty weel o' weight on 'im neaw, for I understond hee mun be a kompanyon for th' lads e limbo, for siks munths, an pey thirty peawnd: an so its very like ot veksink this chap koom to ten peawnds mooar than

printink an owd pas'n's sunk; beside e mun hah three months mooar heawse reawm neaw, thin hee had afore: For th' last job hee boh pede twenty peawnd, an wur boh three months e limbo; boh theese ar' droy shots heawe'er, when theh kom'n uppo poets an printurs oz weel oz other foke. Boh neaw measter printur, whot dun yoah think he mun bee dun weh when he komes eawt o' th' krib aghen? Sumboddy mun be bund wi' 'im for two yeors; an hooa tha' dule dun yoah think will theese tikkle times? For I think it wud set Sittiz'n Avery o' th' rang eend fort' invent muzzils ot wudd keep this mon streight i' th' geers, for he mit muzzil 'im booath frunt an reear, beside makkink' im t' wear th' hond kufts, or I deawt hee'd bee e sum mischeef theese tikkle times.

Boh, when aw jestink's said an dun, th' worst ot I wish th' printur is, ot hee mey live up to th' eears e rost beef an plum puddink weh a pot o' gud breawn ele, awlus at is elbo, an a pipe o' bakko, weh an onnist frend t' speke too, for siks munths; an when hee kums eawt, I'd hav' 'im t' be karefo, boh bite oz nee th' whik oz hee dar.

I am, measter printur,
Yoar frend an weel wisher,
Won o' th' Grunting Herd.

PORKARIA, FEB. 20th, 1796.

FROM THE SAME OF SEPT. 3, 1796.

Picture of Modern Loyalty.

TWO persons in the neighbourhood of Ashton-under-Lyne, remarkable according to outward professions, for their flaming zeal in supporting the cause of—*Kings and Princes*, versus *Ragamuffins and sans Culottes*, kept each a dog of the name of *Prince*, previous to the month of July last, one an English spaniel, subject, by the late act, to a tax of 5s.; and the other a small cur, subject to a tax of 3s. a year.—Now, strange to tell; these vehement supporters of Royalty, rather than contribute such small sums as the above mentioned, to the *very best of Princes*, towards carrying on this *just and necessary War*, took it into their heads, on Sunday the third of last month, to hang each his household prince—One would think the very name itself sufficient to have palsied their hands in the regicidical attempt, but a circumstance, which happened at the execution of prince spaniel, seems to indicate that

though the bow-string may be well enough adapted for the dispatching *subjects* in Turkey, it will not have quite so sure and certain an effect on some *princes;* for the aforesaid prince spaniel, having hung the usual time, was taken down, and laid on the ground, while his executioner fell to digging a grave—this Jack Ketch Sexton had not been many minutes at work, but on turning his head aside, he found to his no small surprise, that his Highness had risen up and walked off some paces, and was eyeing the grave digging operation with a very inquisitive look, on which the operator broke out into the following exclamation:—"Od dam thee prince, art teaw whick'nt again! I find I began at rang wark furst, boh I'll be a match for theh, for I'll be like th' owd womon, when hoo set Jannocks i' th' oon, ot clapt up th' oon stone oz soon oz hoo'd done, for fear'd on 'em runnink eawt aghen, for I'll mey th' hole reddy afore ot e tee the' up aghen." Which he accordingly did, and poor prince was executed a second time, and buried as speedily as possible, to prevent the disagreeable consequences of a resuscitation.

FROM THE SAME OF NOVEMBER 22, 1795.

ENOCH DISGRACED.

A BRIMSTONE hot, loyal son of the forge, commonly called a blacksmith, at Stayley Bridge, near Ashton-under-Lyne, (being stimulated more by interest than idleness) lately erected an instrument, on the opposite side of his anvil, to which he gave the name of Enoch, which was to do the duty of a fellow-labourer, by assisting him in turning horse-shoes, and doing other strong work. And as the nature of this one arm assistant required neither meat, drink, washing, nor even a bed to lie down upon, honest Vulcan promised to himself no small advantage. All things being now ready, in order to try the operation he puts a piece of iron into the fire, and pours forth a copious blast of wind, sufficient to have supplied all the bag-pipes in Scotland to play the *Reels of Bogy* for a fortnight. After about ten minutes nod and puff, the smith takes the iron from the fire, and lays it upon the anvil, and by the tip of

ENOCH DISGRACED

a tradle, Enoch instantly obeyed the signal; when unfortunately the blacksmith holding his head rather too low, honest Enoch struck his master full in the face: which unfortunate stroke threw poor Vulcan upon his back; after lying a few minutes he recovered himself a little, and presented a most frightful spectacle; the gnomon of his face stood awry, all besmeared with crimson gore.

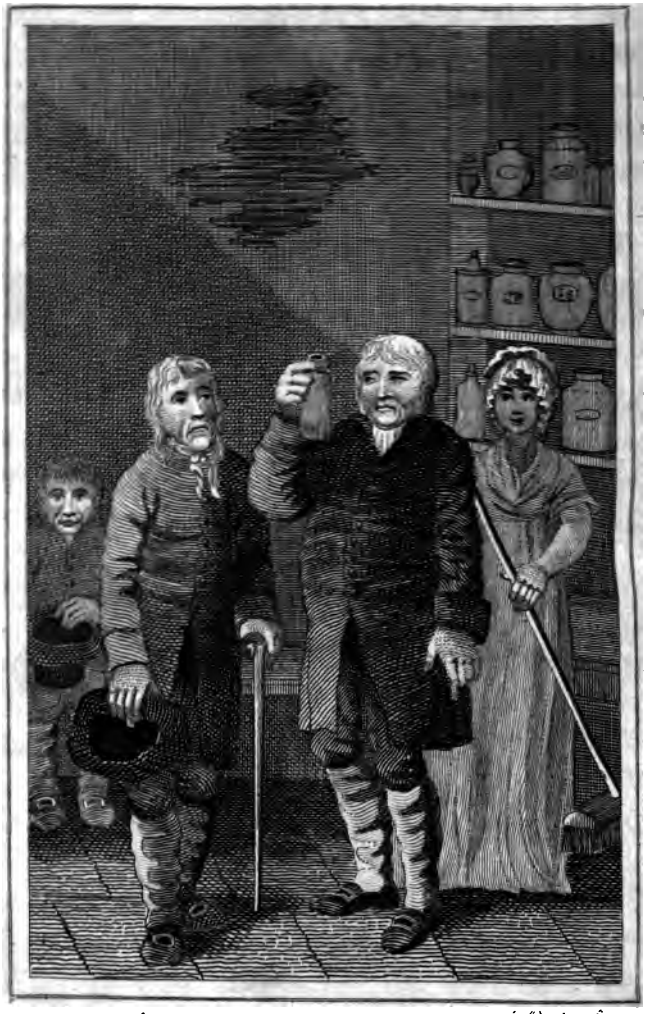
As soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he broke out into this exclamation, "G—d d—n thee, Enoch, boh I'll gi' thee the' bonds; theaws soon gett'n shut o' thy prentyship weh meh thoose mey tey theh ot wiu, for I'le hah no mooar o' thy sarvis."

Thus poor Enoch, fell under irretrievable disgrace, at the time he was yielding implicit obedience to the dictates of his master.

FROM THE SAME OF MARCH 12, 1796.

ANECDOTE.

IT is related of old Doctor Clayton, the celebrated water-caster, in this county, that it was usual with him to admit his patients into that part of the house where an arch servant girl was about her business, there to wait their turn to approach the sage disciple of Galen. It happened one morning a number of persons from different parts were got together discoursing what their business was, where they came from, &c. &c. One man said his wife had fallen down stairs, and had been poorly ever since. The servant girl on hearing this, immediately acquainted the doctor with this circumstance. When it was this man's turn to come before him, he says, "here Doktur I brout yoah meh wiv's weatur t' look at"—any person who had the opportunity of hearing the Doctor, knew him to be as rusticated in his dialect as any of his patients. After pouring out the water, and looking a few minutes at it consequentially, he said, "Why mon the' wife has fown deawn stears I see!" "Eigh!" says the man, "han



The Doctor.

yoah fund tat eawt! iv yoah kon tell that, yoah kon tell heaw monny steps hoo feel deawn." The Doctor takes up the phial of water again, and turning it two or three times about opposite the window, said, "Whah mon th' wife mit oz weel o' bin kilt, hoos fown deawn a dozen steps I find." "Whah," says the man, "yoare vere fauss,† boah oz fauss oz yoah ar, yoa'n mist it, for hoo feel deawn fifteen;" "Whah," says the Doctor, "did teaw bring o th' wetur?" "Nough," says the man, "I slat a little sope eawt, ot bot'l wud naw houd." "Ho, ho!" says the Doctor, "that's the very thing, weh theh doink so, theaw threw thoose three steps awey!"

† Cunning.

THE

Following OBSERVATIONS are taken from Guthrie's Geography,

(Page 454)

THE FOURTH EDITION PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774.

IN 1764 the empress of Russia, transmitted to the court of Warsaw, on act of renunciation, signed with her own hand, and sealed with the seal of the empire; wherein she declared, "that she did by no means arrogate either to herself, her heirs and successors, or to her empire, any right or claim to the districts or territories which were actually in possession, or subject to the authority of the kingdom of Poland, or great duchy of Lithuania: but that on the contrary, her said majesty would guarantee to the said kingdom of Poland, and duchy of Lithuania, all the immunities, lands, territories, and districts, which the said kingdom, and duchy, ought by right to possess, or did now actually possess, and would at all times, and for ever maintain them in the full, and free enjoyment thereof, against the attempts of all, and every who should at any time, or on any

pretext endeavour to dispossess them of the same." In the same year did the king of Prussia sign with his own hand, an act wherein he declared that he had no claims formed, no pretensions on Poland, or any part thereof; that he renounced all claims on that kingdom, either as king of Prussia, elector of Brandenburg, or duke of Pomerania. In the same instrument, he guarantees in the most solemn manner, the territories, and rights of Poland, against every power whatever. The empress queen of Hungary, so late as the month of January 1771, wrote a letter with her own hand, to the king of Poland, in which she gave him the strongest assurances, that her friendship for him and the Republic was firm and unalterable, that the motion of her troops, ought not to alarm him, that she had never entertained a thought of seizing any part of his dominions, nor would ever suffer any other power to do it. From which according to the political creed of princes, we may infer, that to guarantee the rights, liberties, and revenues of a state, means to annihilate those liberties, seize upon those rights, and appropriate those revenues to their own use. Such is the faith of princes, the instability of human politics, and human affairs.

Loyalty in its Dumps.

ON the very day lord Malmesbury entered the city of Lisle, for the purpose of entering into a negociation for peace with the jacobins of France, a number of blustering heroes of the town of ——, enrolled their names as a military corps to serve his majesty, to go by the name of the —— volunteers. These modern sons of Alexander paraded the streets for some time, with all the appearance of true sons of the God of war; but a report prevailing, that lord Malmesbury's embassy was likely to prove abortive, these loyal heroes fell off one or two each day for some time, in consequence of which, the following hand-bill was stuck up one evening in different parts of the town:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

"For the use of the —— volunteers, 88 bottles of Godbold's vegetable cordial. A handsome reward will be given to any person furnishing the above, or any other efficacious medicine, that may give timely relief; otherwise it is feared the whole of this valuable corps will go off in a consumption."

GLOSSARY.

A

ABEAWT, *about.*
Akkeawnt, *account.*
Aks, *axe.*
Akts, *acts.*
Argiling, *arguing.*
Aso, *Asia.*
Att, *at it.*
Attaint, *attained.*
Awhoam, *at home.*
Awlos, *always.*
Awnsor, *answer.*
Awtrekashon, *alteration.*
Ax, *ask;* pret. *ax'nt.*

B.

BAKORT, *backward.*
Baws'n, *burst.*
Beawt, *without.*
Beet'n, *beat.*
Bekoink, *becalling, vilifying.*
Bekose, *because.*
Belung'nt, *belonged.*
Bledderyed, *blockhead.*
Bo', *beau.*
Boh, Boah, *but.*
Botham, *bottom.*
Boyh, *buy.*
Breant, *brains knocked out.*
Breawn, *brown.*
Brenes, *brains.*
Breethur, *brothers.*
Bridneezink, *seeking birds' nests.*
Brunt, *burnt or burned.*
Byeat'n, *beaten.*

C

CHONSE, *chance.*
Churn-milk, *butter-milk.*
Chuz, *chuse, or let it be ever so much.*

D

DEAWN, *down.*
Deeof, *deaf.*
Deeoth, *death.*
Deskribt, *described.*
Doff, *to put off, or do off.*
Don, *to put on, or do on.*
Droyve, *drive.*
Dubb'nt, *dubbed, cut shorter.*
Dunnaw, *do not.*

E

EAWAR, *ours.*
Eawt, *out.*
Eend, *end.*
Eigh, *yes.*
Eigh! *interjection or surprise; meaning,* "*Is it so?*"
Ekspekt, *expect.*
'Em, or **hom**, *them.*
Essmiddink, *dunghill.*

F

FARRANTLIER, *better, more honourable, from fair and clean.*
Feath, *faith.*
Feawly, *foully, from foul.*

Feightink, *fighting.*
Fene, *fain, glad.*
Flaskart, *struggled.*
Flire, *fleer, or laugh.*
Flogt, *flogged.*
Foak or foke, *folk.*
Fone, *fallen, from fall.*
Fooarst, *forced.*
Forrod, *forward.*
Fort, *fault.*
Fort', *for to.*
Fotto, *fetch you.*
Foyar, *fire.*
Furr, *further.*

G

Gager, *gauger, one who guages.*
Gam, *game, or sport.*
Geawse, *guess.*
Gethurt, *gathered.*
'E Godsnum, *in God's name, according to Nature.*
Greathly, *rightly, truly, properly.*
Gooah, *go.*
Groo, *grow.*
Guthur, *a small drain.*

H

HAD'N, *had.*
Halliballoo, *clamorous, dispute, or uproar.*
Han, *have.*
Hannaw, *have not.*
Hark'nink, *hearing, or harkening.*
Hawse, *horse.*
Hawve, *half.*
Heaw, *how.*
Heawns, *hounds.*
Heawse, *house.*
Heear, *here in this place.*
Hodge-podge, *confused, mixture.*
Ho, *hall.*
Hoo, *she.*
Hoo'd, *she had.*
Hoo're, *she was.*
Hout-te-beth-woes, *hold thee by the walls.*
Hoyd, *hide, the skin.*
Hyeddet, *beheaded.*
Hyeorink, *hearing.*
Hyew'd, *hewed.*

I & J

Jannoks, *loaves made of oat-meal.*
Jorum, *an undefined quantity.*
'Im, *him.*
Inneaw, *by and by.*
I're, *I was.*
Iv t' must, *if thou must.*

K

Kersmus, *Christmas.*
Kersunt, *christened.*
Kewart, *cured.*
Klooas or tlooas, *clothes.*
Klemt or tlemt, *starved, pinched by hunger.*
Klumsy, *awkward, clownish, or clumsy.*
Knode, *knew.*
Kode'n, *called.*
Koe eawt, *call out.*
Koink, *calling.*
Kon, *can.*
Konnaw, *cannot.*
Konshonse, *conscience.*
Konsithurt, *considered.*
Koem or Koom'n, *came.*
Korner, *corner or angle.*
Kose, *cause.*
Krak, *an instant of time.*
Kratchen, *conceit or scheme.*
Kreawn, *crown.*

ɔpt.
ıgry.
kryd'n, *cryed.*
ld,

L

urine.
ɛ, learning.
her.
laughing.
:, lecturing.
ɔds, blockheads.
letter.
ɔrced.
more likely.
ɔrison, or destruction.
ɔ.

M

malt.
master.
mouth.
, meddled.
ɔ complain.
ɲany
intend, or have a
g.
ght as well.
.
ɔ.
t, *almost.*
ight or could.
or mɔny, *many.*
nk, *dunghill.*
st.
must not.

N

N, nation.
:
ɔw, at this time.

Nebors, *neighbours.*
Nee, *nigh.*
Nipe, *trick or wile.*
Noan, *none.*
Now or nough, *no.*
Nowt, *nought.*

O

OATHUR, *either.*
O' or ov, *of.*
O'erkoms, *overcomes.*
Okashon, *occasion.*
O, *all.*
Olung, *through, or by reason of.*
Oon, *oven.*
Op'nt, *opened.*
Ordthurt, *ordered.*
Ordthur, *order.*
Ot or tat, *that.*
O'that'n, *in that manner.*
Owd, *old.*
Owt, *any thing.*
Oytch, *each, or every.*

P

PARSEKUTET, *persecuted.*
Pashonse, *patience.*
Peawer, *many.*
Peawart, *poured down.*
Peawnd, *pound.*
Pecoss, *peace.*
Pecosable, *peaceable.*
Pelink, *beating, or striking.*
Pleks, *places.*
Poke, *a small bag.*
Pooink, *pulling.*
Pratty, *pretty.*
Profes'nt, *professed.*
Put'nt, *put.*

R

RABBLEMENT, *rabble.*
Raddlink, *a staff, or pike.*

Raskot, *rascal.*
Reawm, *room.*
Reawnd, *round.*
Reeam, *cream.*
Reeos'nink, *reasoning.*
Reet, *right.*
Rekk'n, *suppose.*
Reeleevt, *relieved.*
Reight th' botham, *reached to the bottom.*
Rook, *heap or cluster.*

S

SARR, *sorer, or much more.*
Seawterhyed, *blockhead, or dunce.*
Sek, *sack.*
Shawm, *shame.*
Sheawt, *shout.*
Sheeads, *surpasses.*
Shifted, *removed.*
Shoone or shune, *shoes.*
Shud'n, *should.*
Shue, *shovel or spade.*
Sin or sun, *since.*
Skawd'n, *scalded.*
Skuses, *excuses.*
Sojurs, *soldiers.*
Sosiashon, *association.*
Sperd, *enquired.*
Start'nt, *started, or first set out.*
Steel, *stole.*
Ston'n, *stood.*
Stoodhyeds, *blockish, stupid fellows.*
Stroaking, *rubbing.*
Subskripshion, *subscription.*
Summot, *something.*
Swallot, *swallowed.*
Swapt, *exchanged.*
Sweear, *swore.*

T

TA'EN to th' dur, *taken to the door, surprised.*
Takink, *taking.*
Takst *taxed.*
Tawkink, *talking.*
Tayne, *taken.*
Teres, *there is.*
That'n, *that manner.*
Theaw'd, *thou would.*
Theaws, *thou has.*
Theawsant, *thousand.*
The'rn or tey'rn, *they were.*
Thersels, *themselves.*
They'd'n or tey'd'n, *they had.*
They'n, *they have.*
Thrung, *busy.*
Tleevink, *cleaving,*
Toar, on, *just keep alive.*
Toose, *those.*
Towd, *told.*
Toyart, *tired, fatigued.*
Trecos'n, *treason.*
Trubbl't, *troubled.*
Twazzy, *ill-natured, snappish.*
Twinink, *twisting.*

U

UNEKSPEKTET, *unexpected.*
Uthurs, *others.*

W

WAMMO, *weak or faint.*
Wappink, *fleeing off in haste.*
Ward, *world.*
Warty, *week day, not Sunday.*
Waukink, *walking.*
We' or weh, *with.*
Wee'd'n, *we had.*
Wee'n, *we will, or we have.*
Wee're, *we are.*

Weh'im, *with him.*
Weh'em, *with them.*
Welly, *well nigh, almost.*
Wha or whah, *well, why.*
Whewink, *waving loosely.*
Whooa or whooah, *who.*
Whot, *hot.*
Whots, *what is.*
Whik, *alive, lively.*
Wheel, *whole.*
Winnow, *will not.*
Winthurs neet, *Winter's night.*
Worcht, *worked.*
Wough an peeos, *a few yards of a weaver's warp.*
Wud'n, *would.*
Wunse, *once.*
Wunthurs *wonders.*
Wur'n, *were.*
Wutt-cakes, *cakes made of oat-meal.*

Y

YEAWLINK, *howling.*
Yigh, *yea.*
Yoah, *you.*
Yoah'd'n, *you would.*
Yoah'n, *you will.*
Yoarsel, *yourself.*
Yurope, *Europe.*

Z

ZEAWNS, *zounds.*

To Decipher the Figures at the bottom of page 55, you must have recourse to that number of the letter in the alphabet, for example:

1 2 3 4, &c. or 6 1 3 5,
a b c d f a c e

SLACK, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

Directions to the Binder.

Head of Tim Bobbin to face the Title.	Page.
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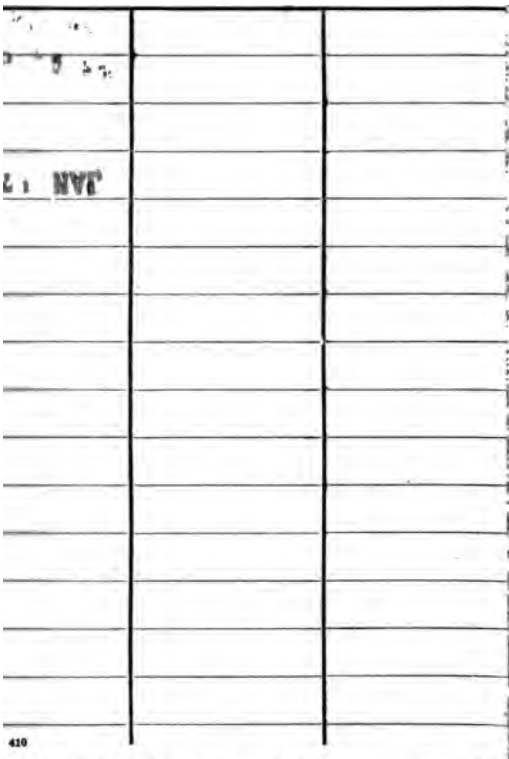

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